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CHANCES AND CHANGES

A DOMESTIC STORY

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "SIX WEEKS ON THE LOIRE."

"Of chance or change, O let not man complain."



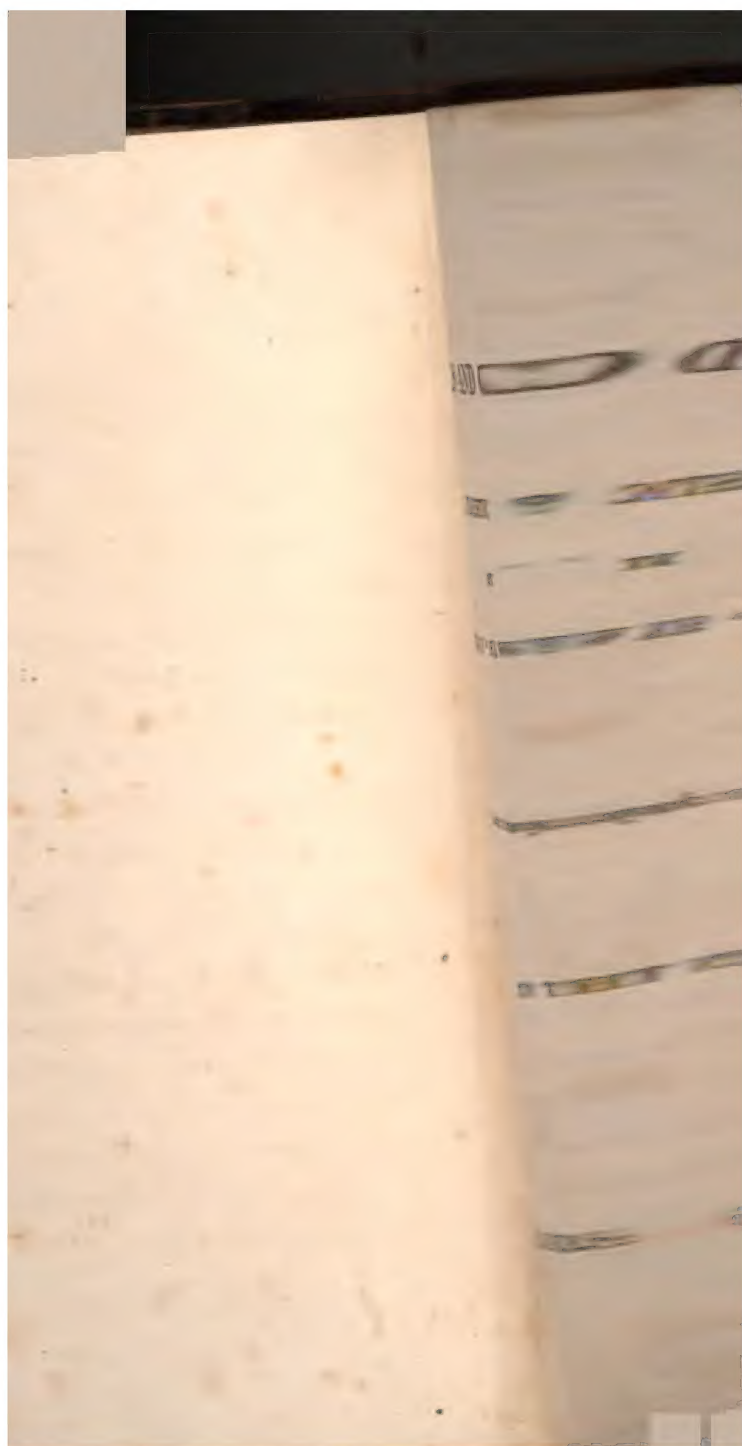
IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT-STREET.

M,DCCC,XXV.

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reminded me so of the darlings! Well! you may say what you like about parting, but I am sure those who go away have a great advantage over those that remain stationary."

"And yet you must allow that those who remain stationary, cannot be so much moved," said her father, who, though a great admirer of wit in others, and a very competent judge of it, rarely gave himself the trouble to rise beyond a pun.

"Now you shall move your fiddlestick for that," cried Catherine, running to open her pianoforte, "we will have a nice long practise, and that will get the morning over."

"So it might," replied Mr. Neville, "but unfortunately for your design against time, I must think not of quavers and crotchets, but capers and curvets;—you forget it is the visitation;—and here comes the poney, I declare! and I have neither got my bands tied, nor my spurs buckled."

"I have almost forgotten how to do such things," said Catherine, as she knelt to button her father's gaiters, "between little Catherine and Percival I was quite turned out of office."

"Ah, the little rogues! I wish they were back again," said Mr. Neville, as he went to mount his grey poney, which was as well known at the visitations and quarter sessions as himself.

"And so do I!" thought Catherine, as she slowly returned to the parlour, and looked round it with that sort of enquiring air which seems to wonder if any thing can suddenly spring out of nothing, to afford matter of occupation, or amusement. "I wish Fanny Brayswick had been at home. We might have taken a long walk: how unlucky it is! I remember she was at her grandmother's last year, too, when my sister went away. There are the Longerofts, to be sure—but Edward is at the Hall now; and I never like to go when he is

there; he grows so proud! I do think he will soon be as formal as his uncle."

Whilst Catherine thus held communion with herself, it began to rain; and she felt a little constbled in the thought that even if Fanny had not been at her grandmother's, or Edward not at the Hall, she still would have been obliged to remain at home; and she therefore began to think, in good earnest, of employing herself within doors: looking towards the window, in pensive contemplation of the weather, she recollected that the curtains which her sister had gone with her a few days before to the next market-town, purposely to assist her in choosing, ought to be cut out, and made up with all possible dispatch, or the winter would get over without any benefit from them: she determined to begin them that very day—it was just the kind of thing she should like—they would require some contriving, and her father would be out of the way, and she could have Margaret

to help her, and the draperies should be exactly like her sister's, at Blackthorn Cottage.

It is impossible to be very busy and very unhappy at the same time. Catherine soon forgot that she was alone. She ordered dinner early, and the instant that it was over she began her plan of operations. The hours flew by unperceived, on the wings of occupation, and evening came as unexpectedly as it had seemed to do, when she had her sister to talk to, and her little niece and nephew to play with. She had just mounted on her music-stool, to measure the length of the windows, when she fancied she heard the sound of wheels. She stopped, and listened :—

“Surely Margaret,” said she, “I hear a chaise! I hope my father has not been taken ill.”

“No, Miss, it can't be measter, for Cæsar keeps sic a barking—it's moast likely Carrier, it's just about his time.”

"Then very likely it may be, and I hope he has brought me my books," said Catherine, making a fresh effort to raise her hands high enough to hang a breadth of chintz from the top of the window; but whilst she was so doing, and just as Margaret was saying she knew it was the carrier, for she could swear to his step, the door was thrown open, and in walked a tall man, wrapped up in a military great coat, trimmed with fur, and braided, and frogged, in all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of modern fashion.

Catherine immediately descended from her elevation; not quite able to suppress a smile, as she thought of the ridiculous figure she must have made on it, half hidden in folds of drapery, which, sweeping to the ground and covering the stool on which she was standing, prevented the cause of her heightened stature from being at first discovered. She however advanced to meet the stranger, who looked pale and fatigued,

and who, she perceived, on looking more narrowly at him, wore his left arm in a sling. He bowed with easy grace, and after expressing himself unfortunate in not finding Mr. Neville at home, begged leave to enquire how long his absence might be protracted; Catherine replied she was expecting him every instant, and requested that in the interval she might give orders for the horses to be put into the stable. The "Unknown" chose however to keep them in waiting, nor would he even lay aside his great coat, though he condescended to throw himself into the chair, which, Margaret, after she had cleared it of its share of lining and fringes, had respectfully handed to him.

Catherine was somewhat ashamed of the confusion in which the room appeared; for she was aware that men make no distinction with respect to the cause or nature of a litter; they see something that they fancy looks uncomfortable, but what it is, or how long it may con-

tinue, they never think of ascertaining. Margaret, however, soon put every thing to rights, and then, bringing in the caudles and tea-things, greatly relieved her young mistress by giving her something to do; for she could scarcely find a word to say to her unexpected visitor, who looked very grave and very ill; and though he occasionally addressed himself to her with an air of politeness, and even of interest, yet he seemed greatly to prefer remaining silent, with his large dark eyes fixed on a wood fire which threw such a vivid light upon his sallow complexion, as made it look altogether ghastly. Tea, however, seemed to have the effect of a cordial on him; the expression of uneasiness in his countenance gradually abated, and Catherine would have begun to feel quite at ease in his presence; but she heard the rain and sleet patter against the windows, and she could not help thinking of the horses and post-boy; she ventured to say something in their behalf to her

guest, but he, opposite to the full blaze of the fire, and his great coat still buttoned, said that it was not at all cold, and that a little waiting would do neither the horses nor the driver any more harm than it would the chaise. "All machines together, I suppose," thought Catherine, "in his estimation. How Amelia would have disliked this man if she had been here!" This reflection, as well as all the reflections which it might have involved, was, perhaps fortunately for him who had given rise to it, interrupted by the well-known regular trot of the grey poney.

In a few minutes Mr. Neville rang at the gate—alighted—walked up the garden—entered the little hall—hung up his hat—put his whip into its accustomed place, and patted Cæsar on the head. The stranger smiled as he listened to all his movements. "How familiar that step sounds!" said he, at the same time rising, and advancing towards the door, at that moment

opened by Mr. Neville. They flew to meet each other "My good friend ! my dear Mr. Neville !" "My dear Hamilton ! my dear boy !" Catherine could scarcely help smiling at her father's exclamation ; but she found from it that this same "dear boy," was a gentleman well known to her by name, who had been her father's pupil at college some dozen years before, and to whose gratitude for the instruction at that time imparted by him, he owed the living of Nethercross. "You are welcome into Craven, heartily welcome," said the worthy Rector, still shaking his unexpected guest by the hand, "the first time, I think, you have been so far north ? You will find plenty of game here—I hope you are come to take up your quarters with us during the sporting season." Hamilton hesitated ; he looked towards Catherine—he was about to say something, but checked himself, and in a few minutes afterwards, requested to speak to his old friend alone. They retired ;

and Catherine, far from feeling any pique at this evident exclusion from the confidence of her new acquaintance, rejoiced in his absence, as it afforded her an opportunity to order supper, and see his bed-room made ready for him.

The secret conference was long, and when the parties returned, it seemed as if Hamilton had infected Mr. Neville with his gravity. The chaise was however dismissed—the luggage brought in—the forreel coat taken off—but the pigeons, tarts and cream made their appearance in vain; supper was scarcely tasted, and as soon as it was taken away, Mr. Neville said, “Do not let us detain you Colonel Hamilton; you are, I dare say, tired enough, with the distance you have come to day.” The Colonel accordingly bowed, and immediately took his candlestick, without waiting for prayers, which Catherine thought rather strange, as he must have seen that she was at that very moment

bringing the book to her father; and he too, no more inclined for conversation than his guest, as soon as ever the family worship was over, wished her good night.

“It is to be sure very dull,” thought Catherine, as she closed her chamber door, “to have no companion when one wants to make a few remarks, or to ask an opinion. How I do wish Amelia had just stayed over this evening with us!”

The wish however was vain, and Catherine never grieved long about impossibilities! she therefore took a volume of translations from the classics, a course of which had been recommended to her, by her father, for her winter studies, and resolved to read a book of the “Thebaid” before she went to bed: but the feuds of Eteocles and Polynices, did not tend to compose her spirits; and when at length she fell asleep, she dreamed that she was exalted on a music-stool in a tent, and that Colonel

Hamilton rode round and round it, at full gallop, on a charger, which at last made a spring towards her, and she awoke in a fright.

CHAPTER II.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

AT peep of day Catherine arose ; for she was determined that the nerves of her father's visitor should not be irritated by his seeing her bustle about. Accordingly she fed her birds, arranged her plants, finished the cutting out of her curtains, and got every thing ready for breakfast by eight o'clock. Her father smiled, as he entered the room and cast his eye towards the

table, where the green-and-gold china was set out on a home-spun cloth as white as snow. "I am afraid," said he, "all this grand display is thrown away, at least for this morning, as far as the gentleman for whom I presume it to beintended may be concerned. Colonel Hamilton requests that he may have a large basin of tea, and a small piece of dry toast sent up to him at half-past ten."

"Sent up to him! and so late!" exclaimed Catherine, "He must be very ill."

"I fear he is," replied her father, "though his lying in bed is no proof of it; we must not expect town gentlemen to come all at once into country hours." This explanation satisfied Catherine, who proceeded to make tea; and after breakfast, as it was only nine o'clock, and the sun was shining with that clearness which makes a fine winter morning, when it does occur, seem of more value than all the cloudless skies of summer; she proposed to take a walk, before

Colonel Hamilton should come down stairs. "And then," added she, "I will just call at Mrs. Braywick's, and ask when she expects Fanny home, for somehow or other I quite long to see her."

"Why my dear Catherine," said her father, with a little hesitation in his manner, "if that be all you have to enquire after, I had rather you did not call there, or indeed any where else, just now; in fact, Colonel Hamilton wishes for a few days, or it may be for a few weeks, to keep himself quite retired. Now of course if you call any where you must mention his being with us, or else your silence would appear very odd, and then we should have invitations and civilities on all sides. You know very well how a thing of that kind runs from one village to another, like wild-fire, all throughout Craven. From what little you have seen already of Colonel Hamilton, you may imagine that it would be no great treat to him to walk two or three miles to a tea-party, to meet a

dozen old ladies, and the Apothecary and myself, and play at three-penny whist: but there are many other reasons too—far weightier; I wish they were not so important—a sad thing! a sad thing—however, it can't be helped now."

But all Catherine's curiosity was swallowed up in her eagerness to set her father's mind at ease. "It is no matter," said she, "I will not go out at all to day: enquiring about Fanny will not bring her back again any sooner, and I have plenty to do at home."

Her father's smile was quite reward sufficient to her, for this little act of self-denial, and away she flew into the kitchen, to consult with Rachel, the old cook, whose idol she was, on the important point of having chickens boiled, and mutton roasted, or the case reversed.

When Catherine returned to the parlour she found Hamilton there, in his brocaded robe-de-chambre and Turkish slippers: the ever-ready

smile played round her lips, in spite of her endeavour to conquer it, as she made her curtesy to him; for she had never seen a gentleman in any thing like the same *costume* before, except, indeed, my Lord Ogleby, at Covent Garden once, when she had visited London with her sister, in the capacity of her bridemaids.

"I do not, however, remind him of *charming Miss Fanny*," thought she, as he half raised himself from his chair to return her salutation, and then sunk back again with an air of inexpressible *ennui*. Catherine wished she had been lucky enough not to have come into the room whilst he was there alone; but, however, the mischief was done, for she could not run out again immediately; she therefore sate down to her work, and as Hamilton cast a glance upon her glowing cheek, "Here," said he to himself, "begins the misery of being in the house with a pretty country girl, when one

is in no humour to make love. She must think me inconceivably stupid, or wonderfully savage."

Now it happened that, just at that moment, he felt more really in want of something to say than she did, and all he could think of was—

"I suppose you do not see a daily paper here?"

"No sir, we have only the York Courant once a week," replied Catherine—then, after considering a moment, she went to the book-case, adding, "will you give me leave to bring you any of these volumes?"

The dread of being compelled to go through the "Spectator," or "Smollett's Voyages," or the "History of England," effectually roused Hamilton from his languor.

"My dear Miss Neville," he exclaimed, "I must beg of you not to give yourself any trouble about me. Do not think because I look grave that I want amusement; and pray

do not let me put any restraint upon your employments, for I am aware that just now I am not worth the fatigue of entertaining."

Catherine coloured deeply, under the idea that she might have outstepped the frigid line which modern politeness prescribes to its votaries; but she made no reply, and her father just then coming in, and finding them both silent, cried out:—

"Come Catherine, this is the time you always give to your piano. Colonel Hamilton will fancy himself in your way, if he finds out that he makes any alteration in your plans."

Of course the Colonel declared that he should be quite unhappy if she did not sit down to her instrument, and she began to think she had indeed better do anything than continue a fruitless endeavour to keep up conversation with one who either had nothing to say, or did not think it worth his while to make a single remark to her.

"His a polished mind indeed! he must be strangely altered since my father had the direction of what I have often heard him call his fine talents!" With this reflection Catherine opened her music books.

"Now for the Battle of Prague, or the White blossom'd Thorn!" thought Hamilton, groaning in the agony of his musical spirit. His ears were, however, agreeably surprised with some of the fullest harmonies of Corelli, and whilst listening to the "thick coming fancies" and rich modulations of that exquisite composer, he was sensible only of one comparison, and that was, how far more satisfactory they were to taste and feeling than all the long flourishes, and contorted difficulties, and noisy frippery of too many modern composers, who address themselves to the finger and the eye, instead of the ear and the heart.

"How those sounds bring old Trinity before

my eyes, again !” he exclaimed to Mr. Neville, “ Do not you remember, sir, how I used to bargain with you for a set to with our violins, when I had thundered out as many Greek verses as you chose to task me with ?”

“ Aye ! and don’t you remember how I could get nothing out of you, just after your father gave you your commission, but

‘ Old Chiron thus spoke to his pupil Achilles ’ ?”

“ Oh yes !

‘ Visions of glory spare my aching sight,’

I am afraid I have never been so much of a hero since.—What is it that makes us look back with such delight on the days of our youth ? Is it novelty that gives such a zest to life ?”

“ No,” said Mr. Neville, “ it is innocence :

if you trace the thing you will always find that retrospection becomes disagreeable, precisely at the point of time when it is, in some way or other, connected with self-reproach."

Hamilton looked as if he was endeavouring to ascertain this point, and to judge by his countenance, the result of his enquiry did not appear particularly gratifying to his self-love: but Mr. Neville, who would not intentionally have wounded the feelings of any human being, whose faults he might hope to correct in a less painful manner, was led, by what he had said, into a train of thought, respecting a discourse on conscience, which he was writing, and sitting down to his desk he forgot in a moment that there was any body else in the room.

The morning passed off tolerably well to Hamilton with "the concord of sweet sounds," and Catherine began to hope, from the interest

he had appeared to take in her music, that he would condescend to make himself more agreeable; but the time was not yet come.

At dinner he spoke little and ate less, yet notwithstanding the moderation of his repast, his cheeks glowed after it with feverish heat, and his eyes sparkled with morbid brilliancy. Catherine could not help feeling greatly concerned for him, as he threw himself upon the sofa, with the most unequivocal expression of both bodily and mental uneasiness, and she took her work to the window and sate there in perfect stillness, which was interrupted only by the chirping of her canary-birds, and the rustling they made as they hopped about in their little gilded prisons.

Such gentle and monotonous sounds are more soothing than entire silence; at least so Hamilton thought, as he listened to them with half-closed eyes, and contrasted the calm employ-

ments of the worthy inhabitants of the Rectory with the ceaseless and unprofitable bustle, the noisy and heartless gaiety of the circle she had recently left ; but left like the stricken deer, with the barbed arrow accompanying him into the very abode of retirement and peace.

CHAPTER III.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the *awe* with which a character so entirely new to her had, at first, inspired Catherine, a very few days sufficed to make her feel perfectly at ease with her father's guest, who, on his part seemed, from the moment of his arrival, quite at home under the roof of the worthy man who had early gained his confidence and always retained his esteem.

The quiet habits, early hours, and simple pleasures of the rectory, suited Colonel Hamilton's state of health, and the season of the year favoured his wishes for privacy, by converting, for a time, what might always be deemed retirement into absolute seclusion.

To Mr. Neville and his daughter, the insulation which rain and snow and bad roads imposed upon them, presented nothing of dulness or privation; but to most men of fashion it would have appeared something much akin to annihilation: happily for Hamilton, years spent in all the frivolities of dissipation had not effaced the impressions of his youth; his understanding, naturally good, had been improved by an excellent education, and he had only to be thrown upon his own resources, to find that those resources still remained to him, a little rusted, indeed, by disuse, but fully capable of being brought into play again, under the favour-

ing circumstances of social feeling and congeniality of taste.

Catherine Neville's character presented that rare combination of the utmost simplicity of feminine attributes and pursuits, with a grasp of mind, and a thirst for information, which might have classed her intellect with that of masculine strength, had not the warmth of her affections, and the vivacity of her imagination, shed over it the "purple light" which though it may somewhat interfere with correctness of outline, yet renders even indistinctness a grace. It was the exact balance between her head and heart, that made Catherine every thing that was valuable and delightful; her affections would have found the circle in which they had to act, far too narrow for their exercise, had she depended solely on them for her happiness; but then her understanding came to her aid, and again, by the general superiority of her acquire-

ments could inspire her with anything like distaste for her associates, or a sense of loveliness in herself, too often the task on refinement, "above proof" her sweet affections asserted their power, and linked her sympathies with those of even the dullest of her acquaintance, the humblest of her dependents.

Still Catherine would have found Nethercross, and its adjoining hamlets, a very confined scene for her enquiring mind and ardent fancy, had she not, fortunately for her, created a world to herself in her studies, which, at all reasonable intervals between her domestic duties, being old-fashioned enough to make them her daily and primary consideration, she pursued under the direction of her father, who habitually and unconsciously imparted to her, the sound principles and taste by which his own reading had been regulated. The Church History and Polemics, however, which formed a large portion of his literary stores, would have been rather too

strong a trial, even for Catherine's perseverance, without any admixture of lighter matter; nevertheless, no romance of a more modern date, than good Bishop Heliodorus' "Theagenes and Chariclea" was to be found amongst them, and the circulating library at the nearest market-town, she had completely exhausted, from "The Abbot" down to "Zeluco," in her first half-year's subscription to it. She was therefore forced to content herself, for the further exercise of her imagination, with the translations from the ancient poets, which, fortunately for her, stood within her reach, on the same shelves, side by side, with the originals. Her father, passionately fond of the classics in his youthful days, and still justly regarding them as the foundation of all poetic taste and historical knowledge, delighted to recal in his daughter's reading his own favourite academic pursuits: he taught her to trace in the fictions of the Greek and Roman bards, their connection with the religion and

history of their countries; in their figures and imagery, the allusions to their peculiar customs and ceremonies; and in their sentiments and reflections, that similarity of chequered destiny, that same conviction of the unsatisfactory nature of sublunary things, which human life and human reason have perpetually exhibited amid the vicissitudes of revolving ages. Thus the eager relish for fiction, which in all youthful minds is attendant on lively feelings, became to Catherine a foundation for the acquisition of the most important truths: she found history, geography, natural and revealed religion, all imperceptibly linked with the reading she had originally resorted to, only for amusement; and every addition she thus made to her knowledge of facts, was associated most delightfully in her mind, with some grace of poesy, some happy illustration of her father's, or some endearing recollection of the tranquil hour, in which it had impressed itself on her memory.

At the period of Colonel Hamilton's arrival, Catherine was in the midst of the Greek tragedies which she was eagerly devouring through the versions of Francklin and Potter. He was scholar enough to comment occasionally with Mr. Neville upon the meaning of a difficult passage in the original, and poet enough, when he was in good humour, to put a beautiful one into very tolerable verse for Catherine; and the attention she paid to his remarks, gave him an interest in seeking out subjects for them, and inspired him with a wish to recal in her admiration, that novelty for himself, which gives such enviable freshness to the enjoyments of the young.

There is something so beautiful in pure, unadulterated enthusiasm, that it can rarely be contemplated without exciting correspondent emotion. It was impossible for Hamilton to sit beside Catherine, and see the earnestness with which she lent her imagination to the

theme before her, without sometimes participating in the delight his observations contributed to awaken, and feeling that she united in herself the loveliest attributes of the characters in whom she took so much interest:—the filial duty of Antigone, with the sisterly affection of Electra, and the confiding innocence of Iphigenia; and though he might not have had virtue enough to admire very warmly any one of these characteristics, for its own sake alone, yet he could not help acknowledging to himself that such an attractive combination of them all had not before fallen within his observation; however extensive he imagined the range of it to have been, in what is called, by a very doubtful mode of expression, “the best of society.”

Hamilton, however, was not always in the humour to be either pleased or agreeable. Sometimes his temper was fretted by letters, which he was always impatiently expecting

sometimes by paragraphs in the London papers, which were regularly sent to him, at least it might be imagined so by the irritable haste with which he cut out the offending passages, and condemned them to the flames; and sometimes he suffered so severely from pain in his arm, occasioned by a fracture, received, as he said, in a fall from his horse, that not all his efforts could enable him to subdue his sense of anguish, the acuteness of which was sufficiently evident in his countenance to excite the commiseration of Catherine, who had additional motive of regret for his uneasiness, in the suspension it occasioned to their readings, which became every day a source of increasing gratification to her.

“I am very sorry Colonel Hamilton was obliged to come into the country on account of his health,” said she to her father, one evening when he had been obliged to retire earlier than usual, “but for my own sake, I shall

always be glad that he happened to come when he did. It is so fortunate for me that he should like just the same kind of reading that I do; and I can remember his remarks so well; he has such an animated manner, that they make quite an impression on my mind: I shall always be thinking of the books we have read together, when he is gone. He will begin the *Argonautics* with me to-morrow!—poor *Medea*! I know I shall pity her! Jason made a bad return to her for all her father's hospitality.—Which translation is the best, my dear father, Fawkes', or Preston's?"

She mounted the library steps as she spoke, to look for both, and Mr. Neville smiled, as she lingered over each before she descended; for it appeared to him only as yesterday since he was performing the very same office for Hamilton, which Hamilton was now undertaking for his daughter; and he never failed, when he found

him thus engaged in acting the part of preceptor, to rally him upon having a much more respectful and attentive pupil in Catherine, than he himself had ever been to her father.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WINTER'S WALK AT NOON.

THE sedentary amusements, however, of books, a game of chess, and a composition of Handel's, Boyce's, or some other old master, began gradually to admit of a little change, as the rigour of the winter yielded to the approach of spring. Catherine was accustomed to go out whenever the weather would permit her; and as Hamilton recovered strength he found it

impossible to see her return from her walks, her complexion glowing with exercise, and breathing freshness all around her, without wishing to share in them.

"You never ask me to go any where with you," said he, one day to her, as she came running to the glass, to put on her bonnet.

"Because I have heard you say a hundred times," said she, "that you hate to stir beyond the gate—and besides," she added, laughing, "do not you remember, that when you first came, you charged me not to be too civil?"

"And so to punish me for my fear that you should fatigue yourself that way, you resolved you would not be civil at all. But suppose, now, that I make a humble tender of my services as your escort, you will not reject them I hope."

"No," said Catherine, "I shall be most proud of them." And accordingly the frogged

and braided great coat was brought out of the closet, where all the winter it had been left,

"To dull superfluities a prey."

and the gallant Colonel began to enclose in it his exceedingly handsome person.

"I dare say you think this a very puppyish concern," said he, seeing Catherine smile as he fastened the last strap, with a careless glance at the *tout ensemble*. "Confess, now, that you do."

"No indeed," said Catherine, "I think it exceedingly handsome, and I like it extremely. I only smile at the idea of what others would think of it, that is the ploughmen and the crows, for we shall see nobody else."

"Well then, their clouted-shoe-ships may be very much obliged to me, for I shall frighten the crows away, for them, so they may carve their

furrows without fear of the corn being stolen out of them."

"Ah, that shall be added to the reprint of Sir Thomas Brown's 'Vulgar Errors,'" said Catherine, "I won't have my favorite 'sagacious people' the crows, libelled as thieves—they only follow the ploughmen to pick up the insects that would devour the grain themselves."

"Extremely considerate," said Hamilton, "particularly to the insects—but merit is always misunderstood. I never interfered in my life, to prevent mischief, that I was not accused directly of being the author of it."

Catherine laughingly consoled with him on the quantum of injustice which, in that case, he must have met with, and full of spirits, she led the way up to the heights of Castleberg. Arrived there, she made him pause, fearing that he might be fatigued, to look on the scene, which she was proud of shewing him for the

first time, though the sweet breath of spring had scarcely yet "unloosed the frost-bound soil," and here and there a patch of still unmelted snow contrasted its spotless white with the dark brown of a winter's fallow, or the tender green which was beginning to make its appearance in more sheltered situations ; but on every naked spray a thousand gelid drops glittered to the sun-beams, and supplied the place of foliage, whilst the soft note of the wood-lark was occasionally heard, as if in emulation of the ploughboy's lengthened whistle. Hamilton looked on all around, with more pleasure than he had been sensible of for years before ; but he had now, in addition to the gratification which even the most vitiated minds will at times unconsciously imbibe, from the calm contemplation of nature, a source of enjoyment more immediately associated with himself, in the delightful sensations of returning health ; under the influence of which every

gale seemed redolent of sweets, every sound fraught with harmony.

"I have not enjoyed a walk so much since I was your father's pupil," said he; "when I used to leap every stile and ditch I came to, with my head full of the Olympic Games, and my new hunter—"

"I was sure you would be pleased," said Catherine, "when once you took the resolution to exert yourself; as for me, I am never so happy, even in the depth of winter, as when I have gained this summit, and look down on all beneath me, with such delightful feelings of liberty."

"Oh you—but you are just the model for a Goddess of the Mountains;" said Hamilton, raising, for a moment, an eye-glass splendidly mounted, and surveying her blooming countenance, and finely turned figure, as the fresh breeze lifted the curls from her forehead, and just played enough with her drapery to shew

every grace of her form to new advantage. Catherine slightly blushed under his gaze, but it expressed so little beyond mere critical examination, that the heightened colour was but for the instant.

"Do you see our village," said she, "below to the left?"

"Ah, yes, I see the tower—"

"And the old oak beside it, I hope; for we are very proud of that oak, there are so few in Craven; indeed we call the ash the Craven oak. And there is the snug little Rectory, peeping from under the shelter of its branches; you see we are great people at Nethercross; not another slated roof in the place. My father says, rightly enough, anybody may be at the top of one circle, by descending a single step from the bottom of another."

"Ah, yes! he is too wise to like the dregs of anything: but whose is that large house, of white stone, at the top of what I suppose, in

the summer, may be an avenue, but which now looks like double rows of gigantic, naked lances?"

"Oh that is Longcroft Hall, we visit the family very often; but we are a little *dreggy* there sometimes ourselves, when their titled neighbours are of the party; though Mr. Longcroft occasionally insinuates to my father, very obligingly, at such times, that he wishes always to see the clergy treated with respect in all their gradations. 'Church and State, Sir, Church and State' he says, "'must be upheld together.'"

"Longcroft!" repeated Hamilton, "aye, I know him; a formal old gentleman enough! I remember he was always talking of his seat in Yorkshire. So that's the place.—Is he there now?"

"Yes; he always spends Christmas among his tenants. We dined there just before you came to us. His daughter is a very elegant

and accomplished young woman. I think you would be greatly pleased with her."

Hamilton bowed for the implied compliment, but thought to himself, that he did not come into the country to see those who passed for elegant and accomplished young women among their humble neighbours.

"Rattles through a concerto of Cramer's, I suppose, and sings something not English, that the good people fancy Italian, and dances a waltz by herself, and christens her grandmother's cotillions quadrilles, I shall take care to keep out of the way of these Longerofts; I want to know no more of them."

Whilst he made this resolution, Fate made another; for at that very moment Catherine exclaimed:—

"Ah, yonder is Edward Longeroft, with his dogs; how pretty they look running about, at the bottom of the hill!"

"Very pretty indeed! and so does the gentle

swain himself, with his gun over his shoulder : but as I am in no humour to make new acquaintance, do have the charity to let us take a circuitous route, and avoid the enemy."

"Very well, I dare say all parties will be quite as well pleased."

"Not *all* parties, I should suppose," said Hamilton, with that habitual gallantry which becomes a part of the very nature of a professed man of the world, "unless this Longcroft junior, has very early imbibed the prudent maxim,

"Where you cannot conquer, learn to fly."

"He is flying now," said Catherine, laughing; "see how obligingly he takes the very opposite path to that which would bring him towards us."

"Ah, he is aware of the advantage we have

over him. Well, if ever I have to bring my regiment into Craven, I will take care to secure this exalted station for it; and then let the rebellious ones in the valley beware."

"Ah! if you had heard my poor grandmother describe the enthusiastic feeling that ran through all Craven, when Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender, sought shelter here, you would begin to think you were in the very country for chivalry and enterprize."

"I flatter myself I give a proof of thinking so, when I talk of bringing my regiment into it, you have no notion what a set of heroic figures it affords."

At that moment Edward Longcroft, suddenly striking out of a little copse, stood before them—he was going to address Catherine with the ease which many year's acquaintance gave him a right to assume towards her; but when his eye rested on Colonel Hamilton, an expression of surprise passed over his countenance,

and he merely took of his hat *en passant*, and walked on.—Catherine coloured, for she felt as if he had put a slight upon her, in the presence of Hamilton, but when she looked at her companion, she saw that he was thinking of any thing rather than of her; until recollecting himself, he said with an affectation of entire ignorance respecting him:—

“I presume that young man is the son of Mr. Longcroft.”

“No, he is only his nephew; but he is his acknowledged heir, and the world has given Miss Longcroft, his uncle’s only child, to him.”

“Yes, I suppose, the world of Craven is as considerate as the world of any other meridian, it finds out what would be convenient—and kindly converts it into the probable. But what does the doughty youth say to the arrangement? he looks as if he would make his own choice, in spite of the world, or his uncle, or his cousin into the bargain.”

"Oh, I do not know; he was always very fond of his cousin, and so he is still, I dare say; but we do not see much of him now—he used to come to the Rectory very often, before my sister was married; but the last two years he has seemed quite altered: his uncle is very proud, and I am afraid Edward is growing like him."

These words brought them to the little gate, which opened on the lawn before the Rectory, and by the time he had entered the house, Hamilton found out, that, after all, walking in the country was a great bore.

"One goes out," said he to himself, "without the hope of meeting a civilized being, and then is sure, at last, to stumble upon some blockhead that one would have gone ten miles to avoid."

"What a delightful walk we have had!" said Catherine, equally soliloquizing herself, "how beautiful the country begins to look al-

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ready' and then it is so pleasant to see a face one knows, in one's ramblings! I am glad we met Edward Longeneck.

So much for the different frames of mind in which events, great or small, may be regarded, and the inferences deduced accordingly.

CHAPTER V.

MORNING CALLS.

NOTHING is more annoying to a spoiled child of fortune than to be thwarted in any point, however trifling, where he has made himself sure of having his own way. Hamilton was so mortified that Edward Longcroft, whom he knew much more of than he chose to acknowledge, should find him out in a nook of

whatever time he pleased, lay aside a celebrity that had of late been somewhat troublesome to him, that the next day he resolved neither sunshine, nor southern breezes, nor ploughman's whistle, nor wood-lark's song, nor even Catherine's provoking air of healthful enjoyment should tempt him forth again.

"She is a lovely girl," said he to himself, "and happy in being so cheaply and so innocently pleased—but she must scale the mountain top, or wander in the valley alone for me. It is rather too much of a joke to be seen playing the Corydon to my tutor's daughter! I should not exactly like such a proof of my taste to get to Lady Charlotte's ears." How far his perceptions of shame were ill or well called forth the future must determine; for his meditations were put to flight, for the time being, by the entrance of the world where he had imagined he could, for

Catherine herself, who held in her hand a daffodil in full bloom.

"There," said she, proffering it to him, "there is a prize !

‘ Ask me why I bring you here,

The firstling of the infant year ? ’ ”

" Ah ! " said he, extending his hand, and taking it from hers with much the same sort of air which offended Hotspur, so greatly, in a ‘ certain Lord,’

“ Who held betwixt his finger and his thumb

A pouncet box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose, and took’t away again. ”

" This is indeed, one of the tribe—

“ That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty. ”

" are there any more of the race so precocious ? ”

" Come along with me," said she, " come

and look by the side of the little stream that runs through the garden."

"This girl, after all, can do whatever she likes with me," thought Hamilton, as he rose with affected effort, from the chair which he had just before vowed to himself nothing should induce him to stir from, until it was time to dress for dinner. Away they went to the brook, and found Mr. Neville standing there, looking at the daffodils with all the delight of the poet whose words were on his lips.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That flits on high, o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of dancing daffodils.
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing near the trees.

Continuous as the stars that shine,
And twinkle in the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line,
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee,
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought,
What wealth to me the shew had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

Hamilton was so unused to hear Wordsworth quoted in any other tone than that of ridicule, or absurd parody, that he was amazed to hear his old tutor, whose taste he revered, not more from habit than experience of its correctness, repeat these lines with the enthusiasm of Catherine herself, and conclude them with a panegyric on their author, as having formed a new school in poetry, and finding

" Books in the running brooks."
Sermons in stones and good in ev'ry thing."

This was what Hamilton could not do; he could read the world—he was fond of analysing the human mind, as far as wordly conduct was affected by its peculiarities, and he loved the higher productions of it which he could bring within Lord Bacon's axiom, "That knowledge is power," but nature and solitude spoke to him in a dead language; and he might say of them as Johnson did of musical sounds, that he could scarcely say whether he was sensible of any effect at all from them; if he were, it was, he thought, a kind of melancholy—In short, he saw very little difference between Wordsworth's poetry, and Leigh Hunt's caricature of it when he speaks of,

"Some lines he had made on a straw,
Shewing where he had found it, and what it was for;
And how when 'twas balanced it stood like a spell;—
And how when 'twas balanced no longer it fell;—
A wild thing of scorn he described it to be;—
But said it was patient to heaven's decree,
Then he gazed upon nothing, and looking forlorn,
Dropt a natural tear for that wild thing of scorn."

"Well sir, what do you think of our daffodils?" said Mr. Neville, pointing to them exultingly, "are they not enough to inspire a poet?"

"I am not poet enough to answer the question," said Hamilton, "but I remember the eldest of poets says they make very good salads."

"Ah ha!" said Mr. Neville, "I am glad you have not forgot old Hesiod—true enough—I remember he says,

‘Φίλταθ’ Ἀρμοδι’, οὐ’ τι πον τέθνηκας κ τ. λ.’

that is to say, Miss Catherine, ‘few are aware of the virtue that may lie in such humble repasts as the mallow and the daffodil can offer.’ I rather think, however, we shall find a receipt for daffodil wine in our manuscript collection of a ‘Hundred Notable Things,’ though I believe it does not pretend to be from quite such high authority—but, however, I did not think

of getting into Greek, when I quoted Wordsworth."

"Nor I of hearing any thing like common sense spring out of a quotation from him," said Hamilton. "Not but that all he says may be very fine, but I am of another school—I am a Byronian—he is the only man that is read in Town—those Lakists that go and make faces at themselves on the waveless waters, and then run home to put their reflections upon paper are quite out-voted now; even the ladies never think of them."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Neville, "any more than they would think of seeing hay-makers in their verandas, or a sheep shearing in their drawing-rooms. But 'the children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light,' and he who sings of nothing but lawless crimes, and sated vices, does wisely to address his song to the inhabitants of an overgrown and luxurious metropolis."

"Yes, yes; he is sure enough of sympathy, plenty of dancing daffodils there,—only of rather an opposite species. What do you say Miss Neville, do you like the titled Bard?"

"Quite well enough, as a poet, to wish he had made choice of better subjects. Edward Longcroft says he has in him a fragment of almost every other poet's distinguishing excellence, but unfortunately his own genius is only a fragment itself, and, therefore, he produces nothing but fragments after all."

"Very wise in Mr. Longcroft—I dare say he could prove every thing he says most mathematically; but I fancy he will find the generality of his acquaintance admire diamond sparks more than brick-bats—though one is only a part, and the other a whole."

"Very good! very good!" said Mr. Neville, "but who have we here?" he added, as he looked towards the little gate. "Ah ha! here he is himself—now we can have diamond sparks

versus brick-bats, as long as you like, and see who has the better of the argument."

It was indeed Edward Longcroft and his cousin Louisa. Catherine flew to meet them, and held out her hand to each, Louisa seized it with the utmost cordiality; but Edward scarcely touched the tips of her fingers, and she withdrew them, somewhat indignantly; convinced that he was actually become quite as proud as his uncle, and would soon be as disagreeable.

"What a pity it is that people should alter so!" This reflection was made in the moment that bows were exchanging between the Longcrofts and Hamilton, who was introduced to them, by Mr. Neville, as his particular friend, but who having his own private reasons for not wishing to extend his acquaintance just then, put on a look of polite indifference, which was amply returned by Edward Longcroft, and went into the house, as soon as he could, without

positive rudeness, withdraw himself from the party. Now this was somewhat provoking, as Hamilton was right enough in imagining himself the magnet which had drawn the Longcrofts to the Rectory that morning; though he was not altogether as correct in ascertaining their motives. To such of our readers as may be unfortunate enough to know nothing about the hospitality which increases in this kingdom exactly in the proportion to the distance that those who may require its aid are travelling northward from the metropolis, it may not be amiss to give the information, that in the district of Craven, where we have already described the Rectory of Nethercross to be situated, it is the laudable custom of the inhabitants, on the arrival of a stranger at any of the villages which are so thickly scattered over its beautiful vallies, immediately to shew their neighbourly consideration and regard by inviting the family with whom he may be taking up

his abode ; and thus giving themselves, in turn, an equal claim upon a similar act of kindness, whensoever they may require it for their guests.

Louisa Longcroft, though moving in the most fashionable circles in London, never thought of augmenting her consequence in the country by airs of superiority over any one ; and least of all over the Nevilles, whom she thoroughly esteemed not only for their own sakes, but also for the sake of Mrs. Neville, whose remembrance was inseparably associated in her mind with that of her own mother, whose "school-day friendship" with her had matured into an esteem which continued unabated till her death. No sooner, therefore, did Edward mention having met Colonel Hamilton with Catherine, the day before, than Louisa proposed to go directly to the Rectory, to invite the whole party to spend a day at the Hall, her father agreed to it, partly from respect to the antique hospitality of the district,

and partly from knowing him to be the presumptive heir to the Earldom of Winterdale—and Edward offered to accompany his cousin, not less from habitual attention to her than from certain feelings respecting Hamilton, which he was not very fond of analysing to himself, and took good care not to communicate to any other person.

“Why have not we seen you at the Hall,” said Louisa to Catherine—“I thought you would be glad to come to us when your sister left you.”

“And so I should, but I have scarcely had time even to miss her—for Colonel Hamilton came to us the very day after she went away, and he has been till very lately so entirely confined to the house, that I have been kept always occupied, in one way or other about him.”

“Aye,” said Mr. Neville, “an awkward business that arm of his—but however he is getting quite well now—and I hope it will all

be for his good. A very clever man, and a warm-hearted man, too; naturally—but the world, the world! oh dear! we are all well off that are not within its vortex.”

“I don't know that,” said Edward—“A man may contrive to drown himself in a horse-pond as well as in the sea,—The world will not destroy native rectitude, any more than the fire will scorch a salamander.”

“Yet the poor salamander runs round and round,” said Catherine, “as if it knew its danger.”

“And therein consists its safety,” said Edward, “for if it did not know that, it would run at once into the flames—I should never be uneasy for the welfare of any one who, I saw, was aware of the existence of danger.” He spoke those words in a tone of agitation unusual with him—his cousin looked towards him with some surprise; and Catherine again thought “how very odd he grew,” but her

father who was often reminded of things by their opposites, cried out,—

“Now we talk of misanthropes, look at the bottom of this old stump, and you will see the nest of dormice I showed you in the beginning of winter—this warm sun has made them begin to peep about them again!”

After a turn or two round the garden they all returned to the house, where they found Hamilton apparently very busy with a volume of Gibbon: but secretly tired of playing the student alone, and not at all sorry for an opportunity of again exhibiting the civil animal which he was very fond of displaying, when he did not feel his vanity roused to any more active excitement of attention.

After half-an-hour's chat, which Hamilton found could be carried on very well, even though he had the cruelty to refrain from taking any share in it. The Longcrofts took their leave, with a promise from the Nevilles

that they would fix an early day for their visit to the Hall.

The door was no sooner closed, than Hamilton throwing himself back in his chair, said "I suppose it would be deemed a crying sin ever to say 'not at home,' to any of the good people who walk three or four miles to make a morning call, and then require as many hours to rest themselves; but I think I should sometimes sport oak, if I found myself in danger of being besieged so unmercifully."

"Do you mean that you would take a cudgel to them?" said Catherine, laughing.

"No my dear," explained her father, "to sport oak, is to keep out the vulgar; as Horace says, '*Procul este profani*;' in plain English to shut the door—but Colonel Hamilton forgets that one great privilege of living in the country is, that we need only form intimacies with those we like. We do not say 'at home' to a hundred people we care nothing about, any more

than we should think of saying not 'at home' to friends who we really conceive shew their good-will by taking the trouble to come to see us."

"Ah! my dear sir, you must forgive me—I shall never be what your lessons ought long ago to have made me—unless Catherine will take me in hand. I have learned a great deal from her already, and the more she teaches me, the better I shall be for it."

This was precisely the kind of compliment to touch the feelings of her to whom it was addressed; and as she raised her eyes to him, to see if he were in earnest, when he uttered it, they beamed with such undisguised pleasure that he wondered their soft yet stedfast brilliancy had not before struck him as uncommonly beautiful.

"That Master Longcroft might well draw up his head," thought he to himself, "and measure me from head to foot, and then look into her

very eyes, as if he would see whether I had made any impression upon her fancy."

Few men would have needed any other inducement to admire Catherine Neville than the daily opportunity of witnessing her native graces, and the thousand amiable qualities which unconsciously rendered her the delight of all who came within her influence. But unfortunately Hamilton had lived so long in the world, that he never thought of admiring any thing for its own sake; and a single glance from Edward Longcroft, the heir-apparent to the greatest landed property in the district, had given Catherine more importance in a moment, in his eyes, than all her own attractions, and the attentions she had paid him as her father's guest, had done during the two months he had been under the same roof with her.

"And so you admire the Longcroft's amazingly," said he to Catherine, when they were alone.

"Yes, I admire them both exceedingly," said she; "my father says Edward is a most elegant scholar—and as for Louisa, I should be very ungrateful if I did not admire her, and love her too; for she has taken great pains with me—what little French I know, is entirely of her teaching; and even in my music, though my father grounded me pretty well, in the theory, yet I owe all the fingering, and execution of any difficult passage to her."

"Oh yes! and most likely your fine ear, and flexible voice, and your correct taste, are all given by her—But what makes her, and her *inamorato* look so solemn? do they always wrap themselves up in such awful majesty?"

"Louisa is always rather serious, and so indeed is Edward—but I never saw him look so grave as he did this morning."

"Except yesterday morning; when I think he exhibited much the same degree of amiability in his countenance."

“Well, do not let us abuse our neighbours, as soon as their backs are turned; that does not come at all within my system of either teaching or learning—so I shall run away and feed my chickens.”

“No, no;” cried Hamilton, catching her hand to detain her—“stay, and give me some music—‘Acis and Galatea,’ that very soul of pastoral romance— I will be your Polypheme.”

“How modest; and pray what will you do Mr. Polypheme?”

“I will drive away your Acis,” said he, and he began,—

“Die! presumptuous Acis, die!”

Catherine laughed, but she blushed a little too; and sitting down to the piano, commenced the delightful air,—

“Heart, thou seat of soft delight,

Be thou now a fountain bright.”

Whilst they were in the middle of it, Hamil-

ton could not help wondering how it happened that he invariably felt wearied and *distract*, at the opera, and the Harmonics, and Philharmonics in London ; and yet listened with such pleasure in Craven to the

“ Native wood notes wild.”

which he began to think, at any rate as warbled by Catherine, more favourable to melody, than all the execution which, in awakening that kind of admiration that is born of wonder, puts to flight the chaster offspring of taste and feeling.

“ You are so fond of music,” said Catherine, when she had finished, “ you must be, or you would not be able to bear mine, after what you hear in London ;—such delightful concerts !—and then the orchestras at the theatres !—concerts in themselves.—And the Opera ! oh how charming it is ! I went once, when I was in Town with my sister, after her marriage. I

did not get it out of my head for weeks after. That lovely Catalani! in *Il Clemenza di Tito*—and then the beautiful Ballet of Cupid and Psyche,—how pretty it is where the Graces teach Psyche to dance, and she instantly dances a thousand times more gracefully than themselves.—I can see it all this moment!"

Hamilton smiled at her animation.

"Ah Catherine!" he exclaimed, "you are an enviable being. With you it is always *once*; that expressive word, so significative of novelty, of zest, of every thing that makes life delightful! I would give half my income, nay, half my life to come, if I could say *once*, with the same feelings that you do."

The little gate swung again upon its hinges, he looked up—"Heaven give me patience!" he exclaimed.

"For *once*," said Catherine.

"Why Catherine, it is your levee-day—who have we here? I positively cannot stand another

morning call." He started up to make his exit, but ere he could effect it he was nearly run against by William Brayswick, who rushed into the room, whilst his sister Fanny was taking off her clogs in the passage.

"Well, Miss Neville, how do you do? I told Fanny I would have the first shake of the hand," he started back on seeing Hamilton, who was just escaping by the glass-door, that opened on the lawn. Fanny entered the minute after.

"Well Catherine dear! how glad I am to see you again;" and she kissed her, before she saw any one else in the room. The sight of a stranger in an instant checked her buoyancy, and she looked as demure as her brother; whilst Catherine, after affectionately returning her salute, introduced the parties to each other.

"Colonel Hamilton, my dear Fanny—Miss Brayswick, sir,—Mr. William Brayswick."

The Colonel made an obeisance the very ultra of profound, and the next moment swung out at the glass door.

"My gracious! Catherine! what a singular looking man!" exclaimed Fanny. "What makes him go away? Where does he come from?"

"Singular looking man!" exclaimed Catherine, in return. "That is a very singular expression to apply to such a man as Colonel Hamilton!"

"Oh, is that Colonel Hamilton, that your father used to talk of so often? Well my dear, I do think he is rather singular looking, he has such immense eyes."

"Immense!" repeated Catherine again,—
"no, my dear Fanny, they are not immense; they are large certainly, but I think eyes can scarcely be too large, particularly if they be dark, like his; they are so much softer then, in their expression."

Unfortunately, poor William Brayswick's eyes were small, and of a light blue; and this open avowal of admiring another colour was not calculated to do away the alarm he had already conceived at the style of Hamilton's head, the cut of his coat, and the confirmed though careless air of fashion which pervaded his whole person. His uncomfortable feelings were augmented when, after his sister had answered Catherine's questions, respecting her return, and her grand-mother's health, and the manner in which she had spent her time whilst visiting her, she, in her turn, interrogated Catherine as to what her employments had been, and received always the same answer; always something in which the name of Colonel Hamilton was somehow or other concerned.

"Do you intend to go to the assembly, to-morrow, Catherine?" at last Fanny asked.

"I did not know there was to be one."

"Not know? What have you forgotten that

there always is one on the twenty-fourth?— Well, that is strange, how you could forget *that*. I met Mr. Pugh just now, and he made himself sure I should be there.”

Mr. Pugh was the village apothecary, and every one who has lived in a village knows very well that the apothecary, particularly if he be a single man, is generally a personage of great importance among the ladies. Catherine, however, scarcely saw the blush which passed over Fanny's round and dimpled cheek, at the mention of his name; for she was weighing in her mind her disinclination to go to the assembly, against her unwillingness to disappoint Fanny, who she was afraid had relied upon her going with her.

“ I should be so sorry,” thought she, “ now that Colonel Hamilton's stay may be so short, to waste a whole evening in that manner— just too, when we are in the middle of that beautiful description of Medea's dream about

Jason—and yet poor Fanny! she is so fond of dancing, and the assemblies come so seldom!" The little dispute in Catherine's mind between what she wished to do, and what she felt ought to be done, sought refuge, as disputes of more importance generally do, in compromise.

"I shall be sorry if you will be disappointed to hear that I am not going;" said she, "but I dare say Mrs. Mason will be there, and I will call, if you like, to ask her to take you."

"Oh, but I don't like Miss Mason—she is always so cross, and she does nothing but find fault with everybody's dress, and I'm sure she needn't, for she's always fright enough herself. No, if I can't go with you, I had rather not go at all—I do so like to sit next you at tea, too—I never enjoy any thing half so much with any body else." This affectionate appeal was not lost upon Catherine; she hesitated, but William Brayswick undid all, by saying, in a tone of rebuke.

“Well sister, but if Miss Neville has more agreeable company at home, you ought not to think only of what you like.”

It was the first time in his life, that William Brayswick had ever said any thing that produced a sensation in Catherine Neville, though he had for the last two or three years been very sedulously endeavouring to do so; she now however, looked upon him with wonder, that any thing he could say had point enough in it for her to wish it unsaid; nevertheless, to alter her resolution of staying at home in consequence, would, she felt, be annexing much too great a degree of importance to it; she therefore calmly repeated, that she was sorry it should happen so; and poor Fanny, hopeless of any further success, arose to take her leave: Catherine went with her as far as the gate; Colonel Hamilton was walking up and down the gravel walk with Mr. Neville, and Fanny, regarding him as the cause of her dis-

appointment, turned her head angrily away, to avoid meeting what she termed, his immense eyes, the expression of which did not appear at all improved, either to her or her brother, under the idea that it was to amuse him, that Catherine staid away from the assembly.

Dinner was brought in as soon as Fanny went away ; and Catherine took her seat at the head of the table, with a countenance so much graver than usual, that her father instantly remarked it.

“ Why Catherine, what’s the matter—have you and my little sweetheart been pulling caps ? I thought she looked somewhat out of sorts.”

Catherine explained.

“ Poor Fanny ! said Mr. Neville—“ It is certainly a trial to a young lady of nineteen, to stay at home, when a dance is in question ; particularly as we have not much of that sort of thing going on hereabouts—only four in the

year, I believe—Aye! bless me; yes, sure enough, to-morrow's the day—how quickly the months come round! I met Mr. Pugh, now I think of it, and he asked me if we should not be there: and by the bye that's another addition to the grievance—Why Fanny's in love with Mr. Pugh, is she not?"

"My dear Father!" exclaimed Catherine, blushing, as proxy for her friend—"you should not say so—Mr. Pugh may be in love with her, if you please."

"Oh that's the thing is it—well! well!—I knew there was a little love on one side or other, I don't rightly understand which; but it is a very proper distinction, no doubt—though you know Lord Lyttleton says:—

"A maid unasked may own a well-placed flame,
Not loving first, but loving wrong's the shame."

"Well, that is loving wrong, in my opinion;

my Lord Lyttleton and I do not agree on that subject."

"What," said her father, "you like Milton's notion better—you would have the ladies know the value of their worth—

"That would be wooed, and not unsought be won."

"Ah!" exclaimed Hamilton, "how pure, how just that is! It is as true in doctrine, as it is beautiful in poetry; he is very right—all that is really valuable must be sought for."

"Yes," said Mr. Neville, "the finest stones are hidden in the earth; and by the bye," turning to Hamilton, "that reminds me of the metallic spar we were talking about; I have been applying the acid on tin, and I think I have got the effect—I will shew it to you when the cloth is taken away."

This led to a long discussion on the theory of lights and colours, and crystallizations, and

petrifications; during which, Catherine again ruminated on the assembly, again blamed herself for having disappointed Fanny of going; and then began to fear that her own absence might be more commented on than she had at first imagined—"I think I will go to the assembly too, papa, to-morrow," said she.

"I think you had better, my dear," he replied, holding up a small phial as he spoke, with a piece of zink in it, on which he was making an experiment—she looked towards Hamilton, he understood the appeal.

"I hope you do not, for a moment," said he, "hesitate on my account—I should be quite uncomfortable if I once began to think myself an obstacle to any arrangements you would make if I were altogether out of the question."

Hamilton had a pretty good guess, that if Catherine merely consulted her inclination, it would not, just at that time, take her to the

village assembly, even though it were the last of the season ; and it was this very conjecture that made him not unwilling for her to go.

“ Perhaps you will go too ? ” said she.

“ I am obliged to you, but you must excuse me.” And he spoke in a tone so cold and decided, as if it was a thing not to be for a moment expected ; insomuch that Catherine coloured, and wished she had not paid him the compliment, as she termed it to herself, of asking him.

“ It would be mighty entertaining,” thought he, “ for a man like me to go among a set of cherry-cheeked girls, and flaxen-headed youths, and dance in a room over a stable, and hand negus about, with slices of lemon swimming in it, and call for hot rolls and butter at tea—It may all do very well for Mr. Pugh, who can put his partners to stand in a draught of air, and may amuse himself with calculating how many sore throats, and coughs he will get on his list by it ; but I shall contrive to make my-

self tolerably happy at home ;" and as he inwardly settled this tirade, an air of ineffable complacency stole over his handsome features, under the idea, that Catherine would all the evening be wishing herself at home too ; quietly working her hearth-rug by the fire, with her favourite kitten at her feet ; whilst he read the ' Argonautics ' to her, in the poetical translation of Fawkes, and elucidated the beauties of his subject with comments, always listened to by her with a sweet and earnest attention, which abundantly repaid him for the pains he took to improve a mind so susceptible of cultivation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VILLAGE ASSEMBLY.

THE next morning, Catherine was busy in preparing her dress for the evening ; she therefore spent most of it in her own room ; as she found she could not get the trimming completed without the assistance of Margaret. She had sent to let Fanny Brayswick know that she would be ready for her by eight o'clock ; and had received a note from her in return, full of

such grateful acknowledgement, and declarations of delight, as sufficiently rewarded her for the force she had put upon her own inclinations in going.

Colonel Hamilton found himself somewhat solitary amidst all this preparation and arrangement; he therefore sought to beguile the time till dinner, by a ramble through the same valleys, and over the same hills that he had before explored with Catherine; but he missed at every step her playful remarks, or more serious reflections; and as the wind blew freshly over the boughs that were just beginning to put forth their first tender green, he longed to see how it would have played with her "brownie locks," and heightened the colour upon her peach-like cheek.

When he returned to the house he found that the Longcrofts had been there, to ask Catherine to accompany them to the assembly.

"They desired I would take Fanny too,"

said she, "they are always so kind and considerate; and I am very glad they did call, because now my father will not be obliged to go to take care of us; so he can stay at home with you, Colonel; and you can have a good game at chess together; without fear of my disturbing you, by asking questions, or giving you advice."

When Hamilton had, with so much gravity, declined going to the assembly, he was thinking very little of playing at chess with Mr. Neville, and still less of giving Edward Longeroft an opportunity of paying attention to Catherine unrivalled and unobserved. Men of the world, however, can always get themselves out of such scrapes, by easy assurance, as they plunge themselves into by waywardness, or impatience.

"No, indeed," said he, "I will keep no one at home, to play at chess with me—I will stay by myself, and play at patience."

"Ah!" said Catherine, "I wish I could see

you—how *impatiently* you will play, and you will lift up the cards, and cheat yourself; I am sure you will never have resolution enough to play fairly !”

“ Well then, I will go to this famous ball with you, and then I shall have some chance of keeping myself honest.”

“ And of playing at patience too ;” said Catherine, laughing; but without the slightest idea that he had any intention of going,—though when she stood before the glass, and saw how well she looked in a dress of pale blue crape, trimmed with white roses, and her head ornamented with a delicate pearl spray, a present from Louisa Longcroft, she could not help thinking it a little unfortunate, that perhaps, the only time when she had any chance of looking at all like the women of fashion, on whose elegance and grace he had so often expatiated, he would merely see her for a moment, as she went into the room to wish him good

evening. That moment, however, would have been quite enough, to decide him even if he had not before fixed his resolution—for to combine any thing of vulgarity, or ridiculousness with an amusement in which such a figure as stood before him was going to partake, was impossible.

“I certainly will make one in the throng,” thought he, “but I shall not put myself under the wing of their high mightinesses, the Longcrofts. I shall just check-mate my good old friend, and then get him to introduce me to the master of the ceremonies, Mr. Pugh, I suppose. It will be excellent to see him feeling all the ladies’ pulses, as he marshals them in the dance.”

Accordingly, to the great surprize of Fanny Brayswick, and the great consternation of her brother, and great pleasure of Catherine, and great amazement of all the room besides, excepting the Longcrofts, who very rarely indeed felt the force of that sort of

wonder which has been defused "the effect of novelty upon ignorance," just before the dancing commenced, in walked the Colonel, leaning upon Mr. Neville's arm, and attracting as much attention by his chapeau-bras, as he had before done by his great-coat. A very cold bow of recognition passed between him and the Longcrofts; he then stepped up to Catherine, and said to her, *sotto voce*, "You see what you can do! You are in conscience bound to dance with me, since you have drawn me here."

"If that would make any amends to you for the exertion of coming, I would gladly do so, if it were in my power; but unfortunately I am engaged already."

She looked towards Edward Longcroft, as she spoke; and though it was the thing most to be expected, that he should have solicited her hand for the first two dances, even if it had been merely out of civility to her, as his cousin's friend, yet Hamilton was unjust enough to feel

offended that she had not waited for him; when, in fact, she knew nothing of his intention to be there. He, however, did not trust himself with any expression of ill humour, beyond what he could convey in a scornful elevation of the eyebrows, and a careless gaze round the room; taking care to throw as much apathy and disgust into his countenance as he could render intelligible to the meanest capacity. It could not escape the observation of her whom it was meant to make uncomfortable; yet she forgave him.

“It is, to be sure,” thought she “so different a scene from all that he has ever been accustomed to.”—And whilst making this reflection she was led to her place by Edward Longcroft, whose cheek was yet blanched with the variety of feelings which Hamilton’s up-raised eyebrow had excited in his breast.

Hamilton himself, meanwhile, was left in solitary dignity, to ruminate by the fire-side;

for Mr. Neville had joined a whist table, with the lawyer and the banker, and Mr. Pugh the elder; whose son was, as Hamilton had rightly guessed, the master of the ceremonies, and had, as in duty bound, skipped up to him, perceiving that he was standing still, and offered to procure him a partner; but the cold entreaty, that he would not trouble himself, sent him back again to his place, with a countenance somewhat elongated by his failure of doing the agreeable; and he had changed sides, and back again, and danced down the middle and up again, with his smiling partner, two or three times, to the tune of "money in both pockets," before he felt quite reinstated in the dignity of his official capacity.

Hamilton, meanwhile, could not but be entertained at his own situation, as he threw a careless glance around the room, which, though not literally over a stable, was yet not far removed from one; being in the principal Inn in

the place, and consequently subjected to the noise of all the coaches, and carts, and horse-men, and footmen that resorted to it.—What a contrast did its walls, and tallow candles, and three fiddlers, and long wooden benches covered with faded cloth, present to the elegant ball-rooms, the silken hangings, adorned with wreaths of flowers, the alabaster vases, the transparencies, the chalked floors, the luxurious ottomans, the sounding orchestras he had so lately left ; and wherein he had been accustomed to guide the brightest luminaries of fashion, through the mazes of the quadrille, or support them in the yet more enchanting movements of the waltz ! And what a contrast—and stranger still to him, was it to find in the scene before him, an air of heartfelt enjoyment, and cordial familiarity, which he vainly endeavoured to recollect having witnessed in the more brilliant assemblages he had been recalling to his memory ; but what surprised him

most of all was, to see Miss Longerost, who was used to as good society as that in which he prided himself, on being one of the leaders, sitting with an air of perfect contentment, in conversation with a young man whose "customary suit of solemn black," somewhat rusty with wear, proclaimed him to be, in all probability, the curate of some adjacent village; whilst Catherine herself danced like Terpsichore, the attraction of every eye, and perfectly satisfied with an admiration, which to her made up by sincerity for what it might want in refinement.

Before he had accounted for these singularities, the first dance was ended, and he derived a temporary feeling of pleasure from the thought, that Catherine would, for a few minutes at least, in all likelihood resume her seat beside him. He was however disappointed: the place was taken up by Fanny Brayswick, who threw herself into it, panting and fanning

herself, with a countenance so full of Mr. Pugh, that Hamilton could not even seek consolation in his vanity by thinking that she had any other motive for choosing a seat so near him, but simply that it was the first she saw vacant.

And now began indeed the full force, or rather agony of contrast; instead of the elegant refinements of fashionable conversation; the mysterious intimation, the covert reply, the bolder avowal, the affected rebuke, the *bon mot*, the repartee, the *ben trovato*, he was condemned to listen to all the whispering and laughing about nothing, the for shames! and oh dears! the giggling and blushing that constitute, with young ladies in the country, between sixteen and twenty, the very essence of wit and gaiety.

"Well, Miss Brayawick, why I declare you look quite blue, I'm afraid you are cold!"

"La, now, Mr. Pugh, I'm sure now you

mean red, and I dare say I am a fine figure, it is so hot!"

"No, surely you don't think so,—I was just going to ask if I might bring you a little fire on your fan."

This was a standing joke with Mr. Pugh, who never failed to avail himself of it, so long as the fire itself afforded him an opportunity,—and Fanny as constantly delighted him with laughing, and telling him that he might bring it in his pocket, as she could not spare her fan.

It was too much for Hamilton's nerves—he started up, and strode across the room towards Catherine, who was sitting with her partner near Miss Longcroft and the gentleman in the rusty coat, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a head, with a very long nose attached to it, which popped itself into the door, without introducing any more of the body thereunto belonging than the shoulders, and exclaimed:—

"Ah! is it you, Hamilton! and in this nook of the world? I might have looked to all eternity for you on the Continent."

"And you too, Halston!" he said, "we may well be surprised to see one another in such a place as this."

The head and body of the first speaker now came forth from the other side of the door, and presented altogether a person of fashionable appearance—that is to say, cut in at the waist, and stuffed out at the shoulders—an enormous cravat, and every hair on the head twisted in a way exactly different from what nature had intended. After he had shaken hands with Hamilton, they retired together: about an hour afterwards, a chaise-and-four dashed off from the Inn, and Hamilton returned to the assembly; his consequence much increased in the eyes of the waiters and landlord, by his intimacy with the gentleman who had taken a

chaise-and-four all to himself, and evidently in much better humour with every thing around him.

The company were just sitting down to tea, and he not only condescended to take his place among them, but even to pour out the coffee and hand the hot rolls, with a grace that induced many to accept them, solely that they might boast of the attention they had received from Mr. Neville's elegant visitor. He likewise entered into conversation with Edward Longcroft, informing him of the latest news, which his friend Mr. Halston had brought from Town and repeated it to Mr. Dacres, Miss Longcroft's partner; whom he now discovered to be, not merely a village curate, but also, a gentleman of very prepossessing appearance and address. Fanny Brayswick and her brother, and Mr. Pugh himself, all came in for a share of his attentions; and Catherine was delighted to see

her own admiration of him gradually pervade the whole circle in which he so graciously condescended to appear agreeable.

There was only to be one more dance after tea; and for that one Hamilton solicited the hand of Catherine, with more fear of finding her engaged than he was willing to acknowledge to himself. He obtained it however, for in fact she had reserved it for him; and as he led her to the top of the room, he was conscious of more actual pleasure than he recollected ever to have derived from the most flattering attentions of the belles of Almack's, where, in spite of its avowed exclusiveness, a perpetual search after novelty sufficiently proves that the members are not, amid all their variety, in actual possession of any thing that suffices for enjoyment.

Just as they had reached the bottom of the dance Mr. Neville was coming out of the card-room, buttoning up his purse, with two additi-

onal half-crowns in it, the earnings of his evening's recreation. Hamilton took him by the arm, and, turning him half round, communicated something in his ear, which evidently imparted no small degree of satisfaction to the worthy Rector; who, unused to conceal any thing he felt, shook him by the hand, saying—"God be thanked! How happy you must feel—it relieves me greatly.—But, my dear boy, let it be a lesson to you. What a miserable man you might have made of yourself, at least if you are the man I take you to be."

He shook him again by the hand, as he concluded, with an emotion that affected Hamilton, whose heightened colour, and moistened eye, caught Catherine's attention; and she looked at him with such enquiring, though unconscious earnestness, as instantly brought him to her side again, and as instantly drove Edward Longeroft away from it.

How strange a sympathy there is in human

souls ! how mysterious the study it might afford ! Hamilton spoke not to Catherine—she knew not the nature of the communication between him and her father—she had not even the remotest idea of it ; yet was he assured, as he sat by her side, that she entered into all his feelings, and that all her own happiness was the reflection of that which beamed in his countenance,

CHAPTER VII.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

For some days after the ball, if the meeting at the King's Arms might be honoured with so dignified an appellation, Colonel Hamilton entered upon every thing around him with new feelings. Not Catherine herself was more ready for a walk in the morning, or her father for a philosophical experiment after dinner, or both of them together for Purcell and Corelli.

in an evening—It was impossible for Catherine to be insensible of the pleasure which such a companion diffused over the Rectory.—Her father had loved Hamilton as a son, and in the retirement under which he now contemplated him, he saw only the same blameless vivacity, and noble warmth of feeling which had characterised him when a boy. Whilst Catherine, whose elegant tastes and highly cultivated intellect were only rarely excited, even for a moment, in the sequestered and monotonous life to which her father's studious habits, and limited circle of acquaintance subjected her, felt as if a new sun had risen on her hitherto narrow, though cloudless horizon. To detain a man like Hamilton so long in comparative solitude might have flattered the vanity of any woman, but in Catherine it excited a better feeling—it made her think well of him, rather than of herself.

“He cannot be much hurt by the world,”

she would say, "if he can be contented so long out of it—and then how fond he is of my father!—it must be a good heart that retains so warmly the affections of its youth, after so many years' separation from their object."

Mr. Neville had taken great pains to cultivate his daughter's understanding, and teach her to value mental excellence; but he had likewise invariably impressed upon her, that the qualities of the heart are far beyond those of the head, with reference both to their influence on the individual, and on those around him. Catherine, therefore, was much happier when she discovered a good feeling in Hamilton, than a brilliant thought. Sometimes she felt a sweet consciousness that he was indeed all the better for the time he had passed with her; and this conviction converted their *tête-à-tête* walks into a series of familiar ethics, playful on both sides, but delightful to each; for Hamilton himself felt, when he saw her counte-

sance lighten up, with all the triumph of generous sentiment, or listened to her voice, naturally soft and melodious, and still more so when her sensibility betrayed itself in the exquisite modulation of its tones, that if any thing can reclaim a man whose perceptions of excellence have been early vitiated by the world, it is the society of an amiable and intelligent woman, in whom refinement of pursuits is accompanied with simplicity of habits.

One morning Catherine and Hamilton came, in their walks, to a pretty cottage with the inhabitants of which Catherine was well acquainted, and whose thatched roof had often been a landmark to her from some eminence, as the smoke rose from its chimney, above the little orchard in which it stood. Her attention was immediately arrested by a small cart at the door, containing a bed, covered with a patch-work quilt, and other articles of household furniture.

"What is all this about!" she exclaimed, "I'm afraid I'm going to lose an old neighbour;" and instantly she entered, with all the ease of one assured of welcome. Hamilton instinctively followed her, not without admiration at himself, for the submission with which he waited on the steps of a country girl, who did not even seem to consider him of sufficient consequence to require an apology, for interrupting him in his walk.

"Why Alice! What is the matter?" exclaimed Catherine, at the same time extending her arms for an infant, which was sleeping on its mother's breast. "How is your husband? Are you going away? What are your things packed up for?"

Alice burst into tears—"Hav'nt you heard, Miss, that John was ballotted for a soldier, six weeks sin, and was forced to gang to Hull, to join 'um?"

Catherine blushed, for she felt that for the

last six weeks her father's poor parishioners had come much seldomer into her mind than during any former period of her acquaintance with them.

"No," she said, "I never heard a word of it. This pretty little creature has been born then since he went away; and you about again so soon!"

"Yes, Miss, I'mun stir mysel', but God knows what'll become of us; for Mr. Longcroft's steward says, I shall niver be able to manage bit o' ground by mysen; and he says, if I leaves quiet like, he'll allow me some'at out of crops for this year; but if I don't he'll strain for rent, and mak' me put every thing in repair besides; and so I'mun leave my poor homestead, and my bairns, poor things, mun gang about warld like fatherless ones as they are."

Catherine's eyes filled with tears, at the sight of the mother's lip, quivering as she

spoke, and, to conceal them she turned round to a fine chubby boy, who was keeping guard over a fat pig, which was tied by the leg; and as he stood twisting the string in his fingers, it was easy to see that his sorrow for his mother's grief, was very nearly balanced by his joy at being entrusted to drive the recent tenant of the sty along the road, to his grandmother's, where all the little troops of emigrants were going to seek a temporary shelter: a pretty little girl, six years old, was kneeling beside a basket of chickens, putting down the crested heads, which ever and anon popped through the interstices of the cabbage-net that confined them in their wicker prison; and a terrier dog, with one foot lifted from the ground, as if ready to obey the first signal to depart, gazed wistfully in the face of his mistress, in order to penetrate her designs; whilst the cat, regarding herself as a fixture, remained seated on the hearth, with half-closed eyes, in immoveable gravity; which

would not condescend to be diverted, even by the gambols of her kitten, that frolicked round her; free, for a time at least, from the tormenting caresses of the children, whose play thing it had been fated from its birth to become.

"Capital subject for Wilkie," thought Hamilton, "too *sombre* though! wants a little touch of the humorous; that 'Distraining for Rent,' was too solemn for John Bull—he could not look at it without putting his hand in his pocket to pay the bailiff."

Whilst he thus clasped the miseries of life and the fine arts together, Catherine's hand was wandering towards her purse, for she had asked Alice if she had not heard from her husband since he went away; and the reply went to her heart.

"Oh yes Miss, I's vary vary sure he would write—but poor folk can't afford post-letters; if there was one for me at post-office, I couldn't

lay out a shilling in *loosing* it, when my bairns have no' but me to look to, for bread."

"I will give you the money for the post—" age, Catherine was going to say; but meeting Hamilton's eye, she changed her expression into, "I will enquire for you if there are any letters."

"If there ben't," replied Alice, melting afresh into tears, "I know vary weel, his heart's all same to us—it can't be altered sae soon; though they reckon that nobody's ever good for much, after a soldier's life; and indeed I may say if it please God the same, I had sooner wrap that boy," pointing to the pig-driver, "in his shroud, innocent as he is now, than I wad see him in a red coat, twenty years hence."

"Ah my good woman," said Hamilton, "what would his majesty do for recruits if all your sex thought as you do? but," added he, more seriously, seeing Catherine look grave at

his ill-timed levity, "what is the name of your husband's colonel?"

"It's Rawlinson, Sir—he is vary strict, they reckon with men, when he's sober, and vary per-ticklar about his regiment—so my husband had noa chance of getting off—for one does'nt often set eyes on a better looking straighter made man."

"And what would it cost to get his discharge?" enquired Catherine.

"Why, Miss, Willy Simpson, wheelwright's son said he would have gone for him, for forty guineas; and he's sic an a wild one, that he could'nt hae been made ony warse, let him be waat he would, but all we have in the varsel world would'nt fetch forty guineas; and then steward was very angry we had'nt mended roof, and so we should have done, but we were hard set all winter; and when this poor bairn was born, there was a fall of snow, you might have taken a peck off my bed, it came in so starving-like; but God's so good he gets one through everything."

"He cares for all alike, Alice," said Catherine, "and whatever way he tries us in, it is all for our good—but I will send Margaret to your mother's to see after you, as soon as you've got settled; or, if you like, she shall come to-day and help your children and you to remove."

"Noa Miss, thanks to you all same; but I'd rather see her a bit after; for I shall be sac dull at leaving—and I should like to say good-bye to every thing, and happen it wad seem foolish to a young thing like her, that's had no troubles of her own; but woeae's heart! nobody knows, nobody knows what they may hae to come to."

Catherine, then, fearing that even she might be a restraint on poor Alice at such a time, took a kind leave of her, but not without turning to the little girl with the chickens, and contriving to slip a couple of shillings into her hand, under pretence of bargaining with her for her poultry.

"Quite a moving scene," said Hamilton, by

way of rousing Catherine from the reverie into which the distress she had witnessed had involuntarily plunged her, "quite a Goldsmith,

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain."

and then the delightful doric in which she told her tale, gave it such admirable effect!"

But Catherine made scarcely any reply, and instead of pursuing her walk, she turned towards the Rectory, and arrived there before she recollected that she had taken her direction homewards—Hamilton however seemed determined not to lose the morning's exercise.

"Well, fair lady," said he, "since of the two hours I had promised myself, more than one remains, I shall try if I can so far realize the idea of your presence, as to make my walk as agreeable by thinking of you, as it would have been in your society."

He was out of sight in a moment.

“ Ah !” Catherine thought to herself, “ my father says rightly enough, that he who has no eye for the beauties of nature, has seldom any feeling for the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures.”

Catherine did not see her father till dinner-time, and then she informed him of poor Alice's sorrows ; in which he sympathised as became one who looked upon himself, as the father of his flock.

“ Better, however, my dear,” said he, “ have sorrows like these, than vexations more immediately springing from her own heart. ‘ It is better to fall into the hands of God, than of man,’ that is, my dear, it is better to endure the trials sent us by heaven, than those for which we have to reproach ourselves, or which embitter us against our neighbour—but, however, we must do something for her, poor thing ; and yet I scarcely know what ; for such an honest, industrious creature as she is, would not like

to live on mere charity; even if we could afford to maintain her: and as to her having any parish relief, that is quite out of the question; it would break her heart to mention such a thing—I think we must increase our home establishment of ducks and turkeys, and make her the overseer; and then again, there are her poor little ones, that's the worst of it—they would drive them about so."

In this perplexity the worthy minister silently swallowed several mouthfuls of Yorkshire pudding, till roused again by Hamilton's saying—

"Then Mr. Edward Longcroft does not play the Quixote so far as to go about redressing the wrongs of his uncle's tenants, and portioning the damsels in marriage, and fathering the orphans."

"Why you know, my dear Sir," said the Rector, "it would not be quite the thing for him to say to the world, my uncle is proud and avaricious, and ruled by a rascally steward; but

I am generous and noble, and when I come into his landed property, you see what a different use I shall make of it! He does a great deal of good in a very unostentatious manner, and so does Miss Longcroft; and I dare say when they get to hear of poor Alice's troubles, she will not be without help."

"Oh," said Catherine, "but I want her to remain in her own little cottage, where every cabbage in the garden is of her husband's planting, and every bud that comes out in the spring is like the return of an old acquaintance."

Catherine's heart was, indeed, so much set on this object that she would have gone immediately after dinner to interest Louisa in it, had she not been certain that darkness would overtake her before she could get there—she resolved, however, that the next morning nothing should prevent her; but unfortunately, when the morning came, the rain came with it, and

fell in torrents, which confined her effectually to the house, to the evident joy of Hamilton, who seemed as if he was resolved to frustrate her design; for the next day and the next, he went out by himself on a ramble, and contrived to keep her waiting both times, in expectation every instant of his return, till again it was too late to attempt walking to the Hall, nevertheless, she blamed herself for her procrastination.

"I am determined," thought she, "I will not be put off again, by any thing whatever. This very day I will call on Fanny Braywick, and ask her to walk with me to Louisa's, and Colonel Hamilton must learn to amuse himself for a few hours."

That very day, however, he set her at ease with respect to his amusements, by telling her that he had an engagement to dine out, and that he should set off early to fulfil it. Catherine was a little surprised at this information, as she

did not know of any acquaintance that he had in the neighbourhood; and yet that he was more than usually interested in his visit was evident, from the impatient prognostics he made respecting the weather, and the exactness with which he set his watch, when the village clock struck twelve.

"Come," said he, "you are going to call on Miss Brayswick, you say. I shall just have time to escort you so far; and confess the truth now, that you are very glad I can go no farther. I must be a most unmerciful *gêne* sometimes,— I would give half my income for your patience."

"And I half mine for your humility," said Catherine laughing, as she ran upstairs for her pelisse. Hamilton was all spirits as soon as they got out of doors.

"I was so afraid it would rain," said he, "a shower would have upset all my philosophy."

"He must be greatly interested in this visit,"

thought Catherine; and whilst she was wondering where it could be, they arrived at the end of the lane where Alice lived, and which they had to pass in the road to Mrs. Braywick's: Hamilton turned towards it.

"Here then we part, I suppose," said Catherine.

"No—we will take a look at the deserted cottage; it is not a hundred yards up the lane."

"Well, then, go with me to Fanny's, and then we can take it in our way to the Hall: the next turn in the road brings us to Mrs. Braywick's, you know."

"I do; and therefore I beg you to let us turn before we get there. Your friend Fanny's round, laughing face is so un sentimental;—and then her brother William, with his white hair and red cheeks. What a pair to visit the Paraclete, or Rousseau's tomb with!"

"But we are not going to visit either the

one or the other, at present—then, however, you are so easy, certainly I shall not intrude either Fanny's smile, or William's blushes upon you—so good morning."

"No," said he, catching her extended hand, and detaining it, "you shall not go away without a look at the cottage."

A few steps brought them to it: newly whitewashed, and its little ornaments put into complete repair, it seemed already destined to the possession of some more fortunate tenant.

"That hard-boured Richardson!" exclaimed Catherine, "he has not lost much time—it is of no use my speaking to Louisa now—I'm glad poor Alice will not see it repaired and beautified, as the churchwardens say—but bless me! surely that's her little boy looking out at the door."

"Ah, the young forgerer, sure enough—let us ask him how his pig bore his journey."

Catherine went up to the cottage, her sur-

prize increased—Alice herself was there—not weeping and disconsolate, but in her best gown, the cloth laid for dinner, and a smoking piece of beef, and hot apple pie waiting on the top of the oven, ready to be put on the table.

“Well! this is a new kind of distress,” said Catherine.

“Quite the German style though,” said Hamilton, reconnoitring the viands through his glass, “misery and bread and butter; a pocket-handkerchief in one hand, a knife and fork in the other.”

Alice now came forward with grateful courtesies to Hamilton, as the author of her comforts, and to Catherine as the instigator of his benevolence; for she had penetration enough to see that going about to befriend the poor and helpless, was not his habitual employment.

“Well, we are punctual you see,” said Hamilton, “I told Miss Neville I was engaged to dine

with you, and so she was good enough to say she would come with me."

Catherine could not help laughing at the gay impertinence with which he uttered this falsehood, but she was too much pleased with him at that moment to contradict it; when, however, he took out his watch, and said they must wait a few minutes, as he expected a gentleman to join the party, she looked a little grave, but he might mean her father; and when he went to the door to look if his guest were coming, she asked Alice if she knew who he was expecting.

"Noa Miss, I no'but know that he gi'd money yesterday, on purpose to get things for dinner to-day, and telled me he should bring company; —he's been a kind friend, Miss, to me, and my poor bairns; and I know I has to thank you for it—morning you seed me he cam back directly, and telled me not to fret, an tak on

sae, for he wad tak care I should n't leave this here spot, as I was so fond on't like; and he gi'd me a whole ten-pound bill, and telled me to send for bricklayer and glazener, and get every thing mended and set to rights, and cleared up, and he would pay for it—he's made me as happy as I can be, whilst John's away—poor fellow, if he was but here to see me, and his poor bairns sae comfortable! but it must be as God pleases."

Just then the "twanging horn" proclaimed the York coach was going past the end of the lane, and Hamilton entered with an exulting air, saying,—

"Well, we may sit down, our visitor will be here in a minute."

Catherine hesitated: when the door opened, and in rushed John Pierson himself! his wife shrieked with surprise, and joy! "daddy! daddy!" the little ones called out, "daddy's

comed back again ! daddy we've gotten meat and apple pie for dinner."

The poor fellow himself was for a few minutes so overpowered with his feelings, that at first he saw no one in the room but his wife and children ; soon however recovering himself, he gave the infant, which he then beheld for the first time, back to its mother, and taking off his hat with some of the air *à la militaire* which he had acquired under the instructions of his drill serjeant, short as they had been, he turned round to Hamilton, and said, " My Colonel telled me Sir, a gentleman had been so good as to send money for my discharge—if so be as how you be the gentleman, I'se sure, Sir, I'se very much obliged to you ; and to you too, Miss Neville, I'se sure."

Catherine blushed at the implied connection between Hamilton and herself, but in truth she had never felt more kindness towards him, than

at that moment when she saw him surrounded by a whole family, whose sorrow he had turned into joy: he was in fact just then in the condition of Pope's Flavia, who—

* Made a widow happy, for a season.

and his countenance was all animation, with an excitement to which he might perhaps have applied the envied adverb *once*.—But Catherine viewing the action through the glowing medium of her own benevolent disposition, it became, in her eyes, one of the most exalted virtue, and she expressed her sense of it by a smile so refulgent, that it conveyed more meaning than volumes of acknowledgement, and threw a light upon Hamilton's inmost soul, which showed how large a portion of it had hitherto lain in sterile darkness. They soon left the happy pair to the enjoyment of their beef and apple-pie, and children's prattle;

and proceeded to call on Fanny Brayswick, for as Catherine had made the appointment with her to walk to Longeroft Hall, she would not break it; though she was delighted to think that the immediate motive for it had ceased to exist; Hamilton only accompanied her to the door, and then took his leave, much to the joy of William Brayswick, who happened to be at home, and volunteered his company to take care of the ladies on their way. Fanny soon saw by Catherine's sparkling eyes, and lively enjoyment of the walk, that something had occurred that morning to raise her spirits, even beyond their usual pitch; and Catherine scarcely waited for an enquiry into the cause, so well pleased was she to have an opportunity of relating any thing that redounded so much to Colonel Hamilton's credit. The surprize expressed by her auditors could not however be deemed very flattering, as it shewed that they

had formed an opinion of him, quite the contrary to any that this account might be calculated to inspire.

"Well to be sure," said Fanny, "I am astonished; because, somehow, he does not seem a likely man at all to care about poor people, and distress, and things of that sort."

"No, indeed," said William, "I should have thought him much more likely to order a man up to the halberts, than to try to get one discharged."

"You do not often think so ill-naturedly," said Catherine, "and why should you now?—Colonel Hamilton has not been in the way of seeing humble life as familiarly as we; it is not, therefore, very surprising, that he should not seek out the distresses it is liable to—but it does not follow that he would knowingly do any thing to aggravate them."

"No, to be sure, that's a different thing,"

—Fanny, "at any rate, he has shewn him-

self very generous with respect to poor Alice; and how rich he must be too!—I wish he had employed Mr. Pugh, when he first came to your house, and was so ill."

"Fanny's always thinking of Mr. Pugh now;" said William, "I do believe she was glad when I had a kick from my horse, last week, because my mother made me send for Mr. Pugh to bleed me."

The denial of this charge, and the bringing fresh proof in corroboration of it, employed the parties concerned till they got within sight of Lougcroft Hall, which supplied them with another topic, in wondering whether the family were at home, and what they should talk about.

"Do you speak, pray Catherine," said Fanny, "if there's a pause, for I never know what to say when there has been a long silence; and you always come out with something so nice, and just what I should like to have said."

Louisa Longcroft had so much the happy art of setting every one at ease, that she elicited the nothings of William Brayswick and his sister with as much satisfaction to themselves, as they had expected to derive merely from listening to the conversation which they had calculated on being confined to her and Catherine; and much were they gratified at being further included in an invitation to dine at the Hall, the next day, with Mr. Neville and Catherine.

"Quite in a friendly way," said Louisa; "walk here if the day be as fine as it is now, and our carriage shall take you home."

"No," said Catherine, "my father would not hear of that, I know: but we can walk, and he can ride his poney, and we will have the chaise" (there was but *one* in the place) "come for us in the evening; and Mr. William Brayswick will have the kindness, I am sure, to mount the poney home; and then my father

will return with us in the chaise, and he will run no risk of taking cold."

"Very well—then you shall have cards sent this evening: not that I should stand on that ceremony with you, dear Catherine, or with Miss Brayswick either, but of course we should wish to include Colonel Hamilton, as he is Mrs. Neville's visitor, and, therefore, we must observe the proper form of the thing."

Louisa spoke so pointedly of asking Hamilton merely as a matter of politeness, which could not be avoided, that Catherine felt grieved at the distinction it implied; and could not help wondering how it could happen that persons in the same rank of life, alike gifted by nature and by fortune, and who must, in all probability, be liable continually to meet in the same parties in town, should seem anxious to have as little as possible to do with each other in the country where it might be reasonably imagined there was every cause for them to be glad of each

other's society. She longed to tell Louisa of Hamilton's kindness to the Piersons, the knowledge of which, it appeared to her, must effectually remove every prejudice against him, if any such existed; but still there was something so unpleasant in the idea of holding out a sort of bribe in his behalf, that she resolved to trust him with his own cause. "They cannot become acquainted with him and not like him," thought she, "and I had rather they should form their own opinion of him, than that I should seem to wish to bias them by mine."

At dinner, however, Catherine found no such restraint upon her tongue, and she informed her father of the whole adventure of her morning's walk, in the presence of Hamilton; who smiled to hear how much a very simple incident might gain interest from the manner of its being related; and Mr. Neville smiled too, with pleasure at the thought of the good action his pupil had done, and that by its timely appli-

caion, an industrious, honest pair had been saved from the wound, *once* so mortal to the feelings of an English peasant, of seeking relief from the parish—"You have done more good Sir," said he, "even than you calculated upon—everytime a poor man is rescued from parish relief I count upon a loyal subject being preserved to the state, and a good member to society. I thank heaven hitherto I have preserved all my parishioners from the injustice, and disgrace of being paid any part of their lawful hard-earned wages out of the parish rates; setting them the example, by so doing, of extortion and ingratitude, which we are loud in accusing them of when they follow it; as they naturally enough are but too ready to do, when we have once deprived them of every feeling of honest independence, and confounded all their notions of right and wrong—Give me my text-book, my dear, I have long thought of giving a discourse on the words 'Thou shalt not sleep with th

wages of an hireling in thy hands' and I will do it this very next sunday; for somehow or other, I did not quite like the looks of one of our overseers, last vestry meeting, when I objected to his proposition for raising the rates, and lowering the wages."

Just then the cards arrived from the Hall.—The Rector put on his spectacles, seeing there were two.

"Every man his bird I see;" said he, handing one of them to Neville, "quite in style. I suppose we must go; indeed I shall be glad of it, for I want to have a little talk with Mr. Longcroft, touching the poor widow that they have been trying to find a settlement for, in his parish."

Catherine had not said a word of the expected invitation before; she now placed the inkstand and paper before Hamilton, according to his request; but she was greatly mortified to see him scrawl, in his most careless manner, a

negative, couched in terms as concise as the commonest forms of civility would admit of. The rudeness was not merely to the Longerofts, she felt it fully as much to her father and herself; but true politeness can be taught by the heart alone; and Colonel Hamilton, with all the polished profession of perpetually sacrificing his own inclinations to the wishes of others, retained far too much of the selfishness which indulgence and flatteries must inevitably generate, even to do so in reality. She nevertheless wrote her father's acceptance, and her own of the invitation, and could not help feeling a little triumph in the discovery, that Hamilton was piqued at the readiness with which she did so.

"And why would not you, then, accept the civility, which you knew very well was meant as such?" she replied, to a reproach he made her between jest and earnest, for being willing to leave him so long to himself.

"Because it is a bore," he exclaimed, smothering a yawn at the thought ; " to dine out when one comes into the country to be retired. No man in his senses would seek the wilds of Craven to see plough-boys dressed out in livery coats, run against each other with boiled turkies, and roasted pigs, and jingle the glasses in the ears of the guests, before they can get them unfisted—and then I suppose Miss Brayswick and her brother will give toasts and sentiments—the *single married and the married happy* ; and *champaign to our real friends, and real pain to our sham friends* ; and then such of the party as are blest with *singing faces* will be called on to *favour the company with a song*, voice or taste unnecessary."

"No, Sir," said Catherine, somewhat resentfully, " your description might have done very well for a country christening fifty years ago ; but it has nothing to do in the present day, with such people as you would meet with

at Longcroft Hall. I dare say you would find any difference between a party there and your own drawing-room in London."

"Catherine is right enough," said Mr. Mordaunt; "all places and all persons are much the same at the present day. The mail coaches, and the levelling principle, they equalize all. Bless me, Sir, I can remember when it was no matter getting a new bonnet from London, or the envy of all her neighbours; and when a visit to the metropolis, it was much more of a distinction then, than it is now to run all over the continent; and indeed few private gentlemen saw it oftener than once in their life-time."

"And so much the better for the country," said Hamilton—"country gentlemen, as I have often told them, are best at home; there, at least, they are like ships in rivers, and make a good figure, and in London they are like ships in a canal, scarcely seen at all."

"Yes, yes; I don't like absenteeism."

sort," said the good Rector—"You must set a good example, Hamilton, when you are Earl of Winterdale, and stay at home and improve your estates, and make your people about you happy."

Hamilton did not seem to have made up his mind very exactly as to his future plans—but however, he saw he had offended Catherine, and it was quite occupation enough for him at the moment, to try to restore himself to her good graces; which a little raillery on his side in return for a little pouting on hers, an extra game at chess, and a fine sonata of Beethoven's, enabled him to accomplish, long before the evening was concluded.

CHAPTER VII.

A DINNER AT THE HALL.

A visit to Longmott Hall had always been one of Catherine's greatest enjoyments: but, whether or other, it happened this time, that she was so busy with her *affaires de ménage*, that when the Stangericks called for her she had not even begun to dress; so away she ran to seek, and Fanny after her, to help her, exclaiming—

"O do make haste, there's a good girl!—
What a delightful day it is! we shall have such
a nice walk, and William is in such spirits!—
Why wouldn't Colonel Hamilton go?"

"I don't know—I think he does not like
Edward Longcroft, but I don't know why."

"No, indeed, I think not, nor he neither, I
dare say. Well, he'll be fine and dull by him-
self! I hope we shall have a party."

Now Catherine hoped not—for she was so
fond of Louisa Longcroft that she never wished
for any other company, when she went to the
Hall: just now, however, her head was full of
so many other things, that she scarcely heard
what her friend talked about, whilst she was
tying her sash for her, and fastening her brace-
lets; and as soon as ever her glass informed her
that her toilet was finished, she ran down stairs,
putting her bonnet on as she went, and looking
into the kitchen for the third or fourth time—
"Now Rachel," said she, "be sure you re-

member that the chicken must be boiled just twenty minutes, no more,—and parsley and butter,—mind,—not white sauce,—remember that Rachel ;—all Londoners hate white sauce."

" Ah Miss, well they may—they've not such cream as ours to make it with—but I'll take care, and I know the Colonel will like the tarts—you never made greater beauties."

" Oh take care of their complexions, then, my good Rachel, and don't let that wicked oven scorch them."

Rachel laughed, and away flew Catherine, but meeting Margaret, again detained her.

" Now, Margaret, mind and set some filberts on the table, after dinner, with the fruit and biscuits—for Colonel Hamilton will want something to amuse himself with, as he will be all alone—and remember that he likes coffee early—and mind that it is strong and clear—on a good cup—he never takes more."

Margaret was just promising obedience

when the object of all this solicitude appeared, and cut short the remainder of the injunctions; for it was a maxim with Catherine, which she in general most happily realised, that the comforts of a house should be the result of habitual regulations; not of directions at the moment.

"I will walk part of the way with you—if you will give me leave," said he; "I shall find the day quite long enough, let me do what I may to get it over."

"No, I hope not," said Catherine, "I would not go, if I thought you would feel uncomfortable at being left alone. Ah, you smile! you were only jesting then—indeed I might have known you could not be in earnest."

"Why not?"

"Because you have so many resources."

"I shall find one quite enough for me."

He expected Catherine would ask him what that one might be; but she did not, and, there-

fore the answer which he had prepared remained known only to himself. He, however, walked half-way to the Hall with the party, and then took his leave, much to the joy of William Brayswick, who, when he was fairly out of sight, ventured to shew his politeness to Catherine, by helping her over the stiles, and his wit to his sister, by leaving her to climb them by herself.

Fanny's wish to find something more than a family party at the Hall, was not gratified, as no other visitors had been invited—still her ready good humour, and innocent vivacity, found abundance wherewith to be pleased, in the novelty and elegance of every thing around her—and her admiration of the side-board of plate, and the dessert service of cut-glass, betrayed itself so strongly in her countenance, that Mr. Longcroft condescended to note it in the tablets of his memory, and say after the day was over, that really that Miss Brayswick

however, under his daughter's direction, so much in Mr. Longcroft's establishment to be admired, even by those who were accustomed to greater luxuries than Fanny Brayswick was, and such an air of comfort joined to refinement, that Catherine, as she looked around, wished Colonel Hamilton had been with them, if only to see that the wilds of Craven could shew a party surrounded by as many elegancies as could be attained even in the metropolis, out of which he had often said it was not desirable to exist. Her thoughts did not, however, stray back to the Rectory for more than a moment : they were now recalled by Edward Longcroft, who sat next to her, and who extended his attentions to her friend Fanny, with that genu-

when she said he was growing like his uncle. But in spite of all his endeavours to make the conversation general, he could not prevent Mr. Longcroft and Mr. Neville from getting upon the corn question, and the landed interest, and the composition of tithes; and then, in common charity, he was obliged to ask William Brayswick about his horses, and that brought on an account of coursing, and covers and guns and dogs, and divers other subjects of that kind, which generally give the ladies a hint that they have favored the gentlemen with their company long enough; and accordingly Miss Longcroft rose, and led the way to the drawing-room.

Here Fanny found fresh subject of admiration in some beautiful medallions and designs, with which Louisa was going to ornament a cabinet, in imitation of Mosaic work; and whilst she was looking at them, and receiving instructions, most good-naturedly given, respec-

ing the method of fixing them. Catherine, who was already acquainted with it, took up the newspaper, on which they had lain, and finding it to be the "Morning Post," began to look at it with the interest which a remembrance of her happy visit to the metropolis, with her sister, had left, ever after, in her mind. Her eye glanced rapidly over the advertisements and politics, to come to the account of the different exhibitions, and theatricals; but it was arrested in its progress, by a paragraph, under the head of the "Mirror of the Mode," which was marked in the margin by the stroke of a pen.

"The honorable Mr. Halston has returned from his continental trip, and is at present at his seat in Westmoreland. Colonel Hamilton we believe has not left the country, as was reported; having preferred rustivating in the wilds of Yorkshire, where it should seem he has found

a cure for the wound he received in his rencontre with Sir William Forsyth, who is now, we are happy to add, considered entirely out of danger."

The letters swam before Catherine's sight as she inclined her head over the paper, to consider and reconsider this paragraph, which seemed to have been put purposely in her way that it referred to her father's guest was too evident, and that it referred likewise to some event, which, however sanctioned by modern notions of honor, was disapproved of by her father, was also but too probable; as well from the concern which she recollected him to have betrayed on the first night of Colonel Hamilton's arrival, as from the silence which the Colonel himself had invariably observed, respecting the cause of his sudden visit to the Rectory.

A feeling as new to Catherine as it was pain

ful and indefinable, shot through her heart, as she wondered, to herself, whether Sir William Forsyth was a married man.

"Bless me! my dear Catherine!" exclaimed Fanny Brayswick, who had just turned her head to look towards the cabinet, "how pale you are—what's the matter?"

"Am I?" said Catherine, turning in an instant like crimson—"I don't know, I'm very well."

But she burst into tears as she spoke, and Fanny's eyes instantly filled, as she reiterated her enquiries as to what could be the matter.

"I am afraid Catherine, my dear, you feel the effect of sitting with your back to the fire, at dinner time," said Louisa, "I thought then, that it seemed too much for you."

"I think it may be that," replied Catherine, "I feel in such a tremor, and such a flutter in my spirits."

"It is that, I dare say," said Louisa; "the

air would do you good. It is too cold I am afraid to walk in the garden now, it is getting late;—but we can go into the greenhouse a little while—and when we come back you shall hear my new harp music;—who knows but I may charm you as David did Saul."

"But I am not like Saul—I hope you don't think I am possessed with an Evil Spirit."

"No, I cast no reflections," said Louisa, with a smile, the archness of which drew forth another on Catherine's countenance; and by the time the gentlemen obeyed the summons to coffee, the roses had also returned to it.

After tea, Catherine reminded Louisa of her promise, and Edward Longcroft brought her harp forward. She had got all the new airs and divertimentos of the season, and played them so pleasingly as soon to turn the thoughts of her listeners into the channel of gaiety.

"Come," said Edward, taking Catherine's hand, let us make up a little dance. Louisa

will play some of Niel Gow's reels to us—Come, Miss Brayswick—Mr. William, let us see what we can do.”

Accordingly they began, and danced reels for about half-an-hour, though Catherine did not feel herself in that happy frame of mind which had given elasticity and spirit to all her movements, the week before, at the ball.

When they sat down, Fanny Brayswick began to declare how much she devoted upon dancing, and how she should like to see quadrilles and waltzes danced.

“They are pretty enough,” said Louisa, “for show dances; but for real cheerfulness and sociability, there is nothing like the good old-fashioned country dance.”

“Oh, no,” said Edward, “for there is no sitting down with your partner, when you get to the bottom; and that, after all, is the best part of the dance.”

"Oh, what a lazy notion," said Catherine.

"And a bull into the bargain," said Louisa.

"I'm sure," said William Brayswick, "I should never do to dance quadrilles, if they are like cotillons; for I never could manage them at dancing-school, the figures changed so often, I never could remember half of them."

"Then waltzes would suit you better," said Louisa, half smiling at the thought of seeing him attempt one; "for there is no great variety of figure in them."

"Oh, but they must be as bad the other way—you only go round and round the room in them, like a horse in a mill, my sister says."

"No, brother, I didn't say like a horse in a mill—I did say they went round and round, to be sure; and so they do, don't they Miss Longcroft?"

"Certainly," said Louisa, rising from her harp, and sportively gliding half round the room, with her arms uplifted, and humming the "Hanoverian Waltz."

"Ah, now," said Catherine, "there's a good creature! pray shew us this fine dance—remember we can see nothing of the sort here—nothing beyond 'Money in both Pockets,' and 'Drops of Brandy.'"

"And very good things in their way," said Edward; "but Louisa never waltzed in her life, any more than you, or Miss Brayswick," and as he spoke he looked at his cousin with an approving air, which shewed that he thought all the better of her for not having done so.

"Well, but Louisa has seen others waltz," said Catherine, "and I dare say she will be good-natured enough just to shew us how it is."

"Oh yes," said Louisa, "that I will; and so will he too—demure-looking creature, he waltzes often enough himself."

Edward laughed; but declared his readiness to help his cousin to display her graces, and Catherine went to the pianoforte to play to them.

"What will you have?" said she, "here is the 'Hanoverian,' and the 'Tyrolese,' and the 'German.'"

"And the 'Honorable Miss Legge's,' said Fanny, helping her to turn over the leaves. "And 'Lady Charlotte Forsyth's.'"

"Ah, that will do," said Louisa, "for it is quite new, and a very pretty one; play it slowly first."

Catherine looked at the name so intently, that Louisa thought she was reading the notes. "It is not at all difficult," said she.

Catherine began, and as she listened to the air, at once simple and soothing, and saw the graceful varieties of step and figure which it was adapted to display, she began to think that this Lady Charlotte Forsyth, if she danced a

waltz with as much taste as she had shewn in the composition of one, must be a very fascinating sort of personage.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Fanny Braywick, at the end of it; "and what sweet music! and is it really written by a lady?—how clever she must be!"

"Yes," said Edward Longcroft, "rather too clever, in a great many things. She does very well however, for a leader at Almack's—there she is in her element,

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen;"

and is certainly as complete a specimen of the modern travelled fine lady, as any gentleman, mad after continental varieties, need desire to see."

"I suppose Lady Charlotte waltzes?" said Catherine, looking at the name again as she spoke.

"Oh, yes! and dances the shawl dance, and recites and composes too; a complete *Corinne*.

"She must be very much admired," said Catherine.

"A great deal more than I should like to see my wife admired, if I were fortunate enough to have one; at least, I should not like to see her excite the same kind of admiration."

"Perhaps if she were married she would not seek it so much."

"I do not know that matrimony is a radical cure for vanity; in Lady Charlotte's case it certainly is not, for she has tried it a good many years."

"What, then, Sir William Forsyth is her husband," said Catherine, with an emphasis so strongly expressive of an interest in the matter, that Edward Longcroft gravely said—

"Is there any thing in that so very surprising?"

"No," said Catherine, crimsoning in an instant, "nothing very surprising; but I did not think of her being married, as she is called

Lady Charlotte—it was very ignorant in me—I might have recollected—but I do not know any thing about fashionable people—I don't wish it."

Her quick manner of speaking, and the tremulous flutter of her lip was not unnoticed by Edward.

"If there was any thing about them worth knowing," said he, "you would not be ignorant of it; at least it would have been the first time I should have found you ignorant of any thing really desirable to know."

This compliment, much as she esteemed Edward Longcroft, could not draw Catherine's eyes from the words, "Lady Charlotte Forsyth's waltz." She played a few bars of it again, but she struck the wrong notes, and at last rose from her seat, observing that it must be growing late. When one person in a party makes this discovery, all the rest wonder they did not find it out before; and it proving, on enquiry,

that the chaise from Nethercross, had been waiting half-an-hour, the usual ceremonies of leave-taking ensued.

“What a pleasant day we have had!” said Fanny Brayswick, as soon as they had all got into the chaise; “how very agreeable Miss Longcroft and her cousin are! I really never could have thought Mr. Edward Longcroft was so handsome; but, somehow, his eyes!—how beautiful they are!—they grow darker and brighter the longer they look at one, and how very attentive he is! I am sure I don’t think he’s proud at all; what a nice couple they will make!”

“They will, indeed,” said Catherine, with a sigh, which startled Fanny; who began to be afraid that Miss Longcroft’s happiness with her cousin might be a delicate subject to touch upon: but Catherine was, in fact, thinking of neither of them; nor, when the subject was changed, did she speak much more to the pur-

done on the next that was introduced ; so the whole party, at last, agreed to think it a fine night, and a beautiful moon, on which they were to gaze in silent admiration, till, to their great surprise, they found themselves at home, about ten minutes sooner than they expected.

CHAPTER IX

AN EVENING ALONE

Mr. Brown had not often listened with so much impatience for the most elegant equine locomotion as he now did, for the post-chaise which was to bring the little party from Leinster Hall. He could not hide this entire

—however, as he had no remedy except employment, he began, in self-defence, to make a rational use of his time, by translating Claudian's beautiful description of Proserpine's seclusion in the Vale of Enna, for Catherine, who, charmed with his account of it, in the course of their classical reading, had expressed a great desire to see it in English verse. Accordingly he drew the candles nearer to him, stirred the fire, opened his magnificent writing desk, took out *quantum suff* of satin paper, walked to the book-case for Claudian, not forgetting Ainsworth's Dictionary, returned to his chair, sat down, and looked around the room, with a most agreeable feeling of self-satisfaction—in short, it was the luxury of positive occupation that was so delightful to him, and one of which a man of fashion rarely knows the enjoyment.

The tranquil frame of his mind was at any rate favourable to the influence of the Muses, and with a more charming prototype present in

his imagination, than perhaps Claudian himself
ever dreamt of, he began—

“ In these fair halls sits lovely Proserpine,
And soothing with sweet song the tedious day,
Plies the swift loom, expectant of the hour
When Ceres should return—her needle paints
The birth and order of the elements ;
And shows by what true laws Nature appeased,
Pristine confusion, when her parent hand
Assigned each unfixed principle a seat.
Up springs each subtler essence, while below
Matter more pond'rous sinks ; transparent floats
The ether ; ocean swells,—Earth's pictured orb
Hangs in the firmament ; rich colors grace
The various web ; stars glitter bright in gold ;
Dark purple flows the sea ; the rocky shores
Sparkle in gems ; so well the threads deceive
That whilst the enchanted eye fancies the waves
To swell and ripple on the moving floods,
The ear, deluded, seems to catch the sound
Of murmuring waters—breaking on the sands,
And sea-weeds dashing on the marble rocks.
Five zones she forms : one the rich scarlet woof
Displays, as parched by fierce and burning suns,

Barren and dry ; two others, temperate
And habitable, glow with softer hues ;
Joyless and cold the last, with sullen tract
Cover each pole—wrapt in perpetual gloom.

• • • • •
" Nor were the regions undisplayed, which lie
By melancholy Styx, nor omen sad
Was wanting ; sudden tears obscured her eyes,
And dimmed the moistened colors of her web !
And now, with undulating line, her hand
Began to trace the limits of the deep,—
When the rent filaments and woof reversed,
Declare the presence of th' ethereal powers ;
Straight she forsakes the half-unfinished work,
While crimson blushes paint her besauteous cheeks,
Beaming in modesty ; so ivory glows
When Lydian artists tinge its pearly hues
With rich Sidonian dyes. Meanwhile, the Sun
Dipped in the western wave,—and dewy eve
Led on the train of night, whose gentle sway
Shed sweet repose upon the wearied world."

"I did not think I had so much of my school-days learning left," said Hamilton to himself,

as he paused to read over his versification, this rustication makes one obliged to look every cranny of one's pericranium, to see one can conjure out of it," and with the conscious eulogium on a country life, he the sofa nearer to the fire, and throwing himself on it, fell into a sort of waking dream, in images of "retirement books," Croxford Almack's, chased each other in succession at intervals were all put to flight, by the onset of a dry March wind, which, sounding in the wide chimney exactly like a carriage wheel along the rough and wooded lane which led to the Rectory, twice gave the Colonel trouble to half raise himself on his elbow to ascertain the matter more precisely.

When, however, the chaise really stopped at the gate, he thought it more consonant with the manners of the day to assume an air of indifference, rather than betray any too much more interest; accordingly, he slowly

his head towards the door, still keeping his recumbent posture, as Mr. Neville opened it.

"Well, my good Sir ! and 'Ah, Galaten, the fugitive Galatea !'" he languidly exclaimed, extending his hand towards her ; but to his amazement, it was not even seen, much less accepted : for his Galatea as he called her, made only a slight curtsy, with an inarticulate murmur of enquiry after his health, and in the course of a very few minutes, her father expressing a wish for a glass of toast and water, she left the room to order it ; and instead of returning with it herself, sent it by Margaret, whom, at the same time, she commissioned to say, that finding herself fatigued, she hoped to be excused from reappearing that night.

Hamilton bit his lips, and crushing the Vale of Enna and the lovely Proserpine in his hand, consigned them in an instant to the flames ; and as soon as he saw his evening's labour vanish into "thin air," wished for it back again ; to

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write you.
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longing his absence from town he should stand a great chance of seeing himself supplanted in the circles of fashion, by some newer object; for in London, every season has its Lion, and the butterfly that could contrive to see two summers, would not be a greater phenomenon in the eyes of the naturalist, than the man who could command exclusive attention, for two winters, would appear to the polite world, in the metropolis.

CHAPTER X.

A DEPARTURE.

mand, the moment after, by a feeling of indignation at the abruptness with which he thus announced his intention to depart.

"How rude my father will think it," she said to herself, and imagined that the glow which she felt upon her cheek was raised by her resentment of the disrespect thus shewn to him; but, had that been its real cause, it would have been, nevertheless, most needlessly called forth; for Mr. Neville quietly replied—

"Very well, Sir, very right. You should get out as much as you can; and you will enjoy our rides, now that you are getting better, and the weather coming in mild."

"Rides! my dear Sir.—No: it is a journey, not a ride, that I must think of; you forget the unconscionable visit I have paid you already—a visit fit for an antediluvian. I never was so long in any place before, since I had the honor to sit under your wings at College.—No—I

must take my leave, and I think you must be very glad to get quit of me."

"No, Hamilton, you know better than that; and besides, we have shewn you nothing of Craven yet.—Bless me! why how long have you been? three weeks, or a month, I do verily believe; and you have neither seen Malham, Cove, nor Gordale Scar, nor even our famous Ebbs and Flows, though it is quite at hand, as one may say."

"My dear, good Sir, I have been nearer two months than either three weeks or a month; and in all that time I have never wished to see any thing beyond what I saw every day at your own fireside."

Catherine's heart swelled at the tone in which these words were pronounced; but she durst not look up to ascertain the expression which accompanied them: and she envied the simple turn of her father's mind, which always led him

to take every thing in its most literal acceptation as was now evident in its reply.

"I am glad of it, my dear Hamilton, I am glad of it! I wish, with all my heart, you may take the same willingness to be contented with your own fireside back to London with you: for you may depend upon it, that alone will make you the happiest and most enviable man there—you know what Horace says—

*' Licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.'*

When Mr. Neville once got on a classic ground he generally set off on an exploring excursion which led him far from his starting point; but at this moment he was called back to it, by the entrance of Rachel, with the keys of the vestry.

"If you please, Sir, Peter's brought keys, and says what time would you please to have him pull in bell, for old John Long's funeral?"

"Ah! bless me!—yes, poor old John Long! he would try to plough against a hale young fellow his master had put over his head; and he had had water on his chest a good while, and so, poor fellow, he hastened his end—but as Horace says—

** Omnes eodem cogimur.**

Sure enough, however, I told his poor widow I would call on her this morning at nine o'clock, and now it is past ten."

So up the Rector got, and marched out of the room, leaving his guest to clap Cæsar on the head, and make him the unconscious medium of conversation with his mistress.

"Well, old boy! will you go to London with me? How you would be annoyed there, old fellow, among the carriages; you would miss your lawn, and your green lane, and this famous hearth-rug. You'll soon forget me, won't you, old boy? The absent are soon for-

gotten—aye, that's right—you turn your eyes to your mistress, to ask her if it be not so."

Whilst he thus went on in the strain so easy to a man in long practised habits of assumed feeling, so trying to a young and inexperienced heart, Catherine remained with her eyes fixed on her work, and her breast filled with the most painful and contradictory emotions. One moment she was shocked to think that Hamilton could have so far felt the coldness of her behaviour the preceding evening, as to have determined so suddenly on leaving the house—the next she was angry that he should have resolution to do it so immediately—and this anger was just then the best feeling that could have come to her aid.

"He is, after all," thought she, "a mere selfish man of the world; he has staid with us till he is tired, and then he takes his leave with as little ceremony as he came among us."

Still her heart fluttered when he, finding Caesar only a poor interpreter of what he wished her to understand, drew his chair nearer to her, and twisting the cotton with which she was working round his fingers said—

“Can I do any thing for you in town, Miss Neville?—I shall be there in about a fortnight.”

“Miss Neville!” thought she, for the appellation sounded strangely formal in her ear, after the friendly one of Catherine, or the playful title of Galatea, by which he had of late been accustomed to address her. She was so far, however, mistress of herself, as to say with assumed composure—

“You are not then going there immediately?”

“No, I promised Halston to go down to him in Westmoreland, first—fine weather for the lakes—these Scotch mists will make it amaz-

any overture towards doing so; and now I would not speed your parting, if I had any motive to urge, sufficiently powerful to tempt you to stay."

"Do not say too much, Catherine, you could tempt me to any thing you really wished;—shall I tell you what would tempt me to stay?"

"If the chaise is to be here at twelve, you must have some refreshment before you go," said Catherine, and she ran out of the room as if to order it—but the moment she was on the other side of the door her fluttered spirits sought the relief of a burst of tears, and more than half of the little time that remained was passed by her in her own room, trying to obtain sufficient command over herself to make her appearance in the parlour again, with an unruffled demeanour.

Hamilton was too well skilled in the ex-

thought she, "and it was indeed rude in me, and most inhospitable, to shew him such coldness, whilst he was our visitor."

In her confusion she rose to leave the room.

"Is there any thing you want?" said she, "Shall I put your books together?—Can Margaret do any thing for you?"

"Yes, if she'll be kind soul enough to huddle all my things into my trunks—she'll save me half-an-hour's labour; and just now I would not willingly lose a moment that remains to me."

"She shall do it directly."

"You are very considerate," said he, reproachfully, "I see you remember Homer's definition of hospitality—

'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.'

"No," said Catherine, "I could not welcome your coming, for you would not let me make

any overture towards doing so; and now I would not speed your parting, if I had any motive to urge, sufficiently powerful to tempt you to stay."

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Hamilton was too well skilled in the ex-

pression of Catherine's countenance not to see in it all the workings of her heart; and the conviction it brought home to his vanity was so gratifying, that it made him quite sufficient amends for the violence he had committed against his own inclination in summoning resolution to leave her;—that he should leave her unhappy was no drawback to the triumph of his self-love.

“It would be delightful to return and console her, at some future time, provided that he should continue to wish to do so; if not, of course, there would be an end of the whole affair?” Thus reasoned the man of the world.

By the time Mr. Neville returned, the chaise was at the door; Hamilton was profuse in his acknowledgements to him for the kindness he had received under his roof—the good man's eyes glistened.

“My dear boy,” said he “you have made us

your debtors,—you have enlivened our most dreary season, and you have been so kind to Catherine, I shall not easily forget your attentions to her—you have opened a new world to her,—you have given her thoughts and feelings she will be all the wiser for—she will read with redoubled industry when you are gone—you have pointed out so many beauties to her, and till you came she had in fact nobody among her acquaintance who had any pursuit or taste like her own.”

Catherine could not look up whilst her father spoke—every moment seemed to be bringing her nearer to her doom—even Hamilton himself was affected by the expression of feeling in her countenance, and when he turned round he saw old Rachel wiping away a tear as he looked about the room for his parcels, and even the ruddy-cheeked Margaret covered her face with her apron; for he had become so thoroughly domesticated, that he had often run into the

neat little kitchen, when Catherine was busy with her pastry and jellies, to admire

" Her household movements light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;"

and Margaret thought it was a very fine thing to see so handsome a gentleman, and a Colonel too, and from London, so free, and lively, and asking the use of every thing, and saying such droll things to her young mistress.

" The country is the place after all," thought Hamilton, " and the only place for the genuine feelings of the heart; I might have been at Long's hotel, half a century, without a soul caring whether I was alive or dead, if I did but pay my bill ;" and with this reflection, he seized Neville's hand, shook it affectionately, and turning to Catherine, she was going to give him hers, but he was not to be so contented ; he pressed his lips upon her cheek, which one moment glowed beneath his touch, and the next became pale as

monumental marble—he uttered a few words, they reached no ear but hers; and then sprung into the chaise, from which he distributed his money in profusion, not only to all who had ever rendered him any assistance, but also to the gazing urchins who had gathered round the vehicle to witness his departure: and in a few minutes even the sound of the wheels was lost in the turnings of the lane where he had so often lingered with Catherine, to conclude some argument, or avert some playful charge which he used to accuse her of always bringing against him, just before they reached home, when it was too late for him to retort it or to defend himself.

CHAPTER XI.

QUE FAIRE POUR S'AMUSER?

POOR Catherine again felt, and more forcibly than she had ever done before, that it on those who are left the anguish of separation falls most acutely. Her father, after making final eulogium on his deportment, whilst had been with them, seemed to forget that Hamilton continued in existence, and busied himself, as usual, in his parochial duties,

classics, and his natural history. Catherine was amazed at his self-possession;—yet she would not have had it if she might: but when she sat down to her work after dinner, she was dismayed at the stillness, almost the vacuity, that seemed to reign around. She sat in the same window-seat, where she had sat the day after Hamilton's arrival—her canary birds made the same indefatigable rustling—Cæsar lay on the same centre spot on the hearth-rug—every thing looked as exactly the same as if the intervening weeks had been only the dream of a moment—but how altered were her feelings.—Still it was “delightful misery!” it was better, far better, to be even painfully interested in the welfare of one superior and intelligent being, than to find all society the same insipid blank. O yes! she was sure she should be quite happy in thinking of Hamilton—and hearing of him sometimes—and she was not at all sorry that she had so

few acquaintance,—for she suddenly found that it was much more agreeable to be alone than to associate with those from whom she could learn nothing.—It was not, it was that day that Catherine fully felt herself the flutter of spirits into which Hamilton's departure had thrown her, was of itself an agitation which still seemed to associate him with her. The feeling he had evinced at the moment of leaving her, she recalled and treasured upon, until it seemed to console her for her parting with him; her cheek still glowed with the only kiss he had ever ventured to impart upon it, the only kiss to which her heart had ever thrilled, and which she held sacred, the purest pledge, at such a moment, of true friendship: her ears still vibrated with the tones of his farewell, as he had thrown his arms around her, and still she felt the fondness of that momentary embrace,—a hundred times she repeated his parting words

what were they?—an inarticulate murmur, yet uttered with all the fervour of a blessing,—it was the sincerity of it that gave it such a charm to Catherine; and sincerely, indeed, was the benediction responded, whilst she again and again found it on her lips—and then she delighted herself with the thought that he would write—he must write—he could not be so unpolite, so ungrateful as not to write to her father,—and then his letter must be answered;—perhaps she should have to answer it! and that *perhaps* was enough to give employment to her imagination for all the rest of the afternoon. She thought of every thing she could say, every thing she ought to say, every thing she would like to say, every thing she might say; and again her heart melted over all the kind expressions of regret for his departure, and anxiety for his health, which she silently indulged herself in framing; though she would not for the world have ventured to put any of

them in a visible form, by entrusting them paper.

It was not until the next morning, on waking, that Catherine became sensible of all the difference in her feelings and situation; naturally active, she was an early riser, both from principle and habit; and between her own studies and pursuits, and the family cares which she took upon herself, in order to minister effectually to her father's comfort, and do the good in her power, she had never known what it was to think the day long; or to doubt how to amuse or occupy herself, a single hour; but for the last two months her mind had been so unavoidably turned to Hinton, to thinking of procuring what might be agreeable to him, or beneficial for him, by any means to render his stay pleasant to him, and how to derive advantage herself from his society, that it was no wonder, if now that he was present, she, at first, seemed to have neither, in

ment, nor end, in her usual employments. Glad of any interruption to her own reflections, she was pleased to see Fanny Brayswick coming up the lawn, with her work-bag on her arm, as a sign that she meant to pass what the ladies call "a long day," with her; and Fanny was precisely the kind of companion she just then wanted; affectionate, unassuming, and devoted to her—Louisa Longcroft might, perhaps, by her superior understanding, have withdrawn her more forcibly from the indulgence of her own thoughts; but there would not have been that sympathy between them; for Catherine was obliged to acknowledge to herself that Hamilton was evidently no favourite, precisely in the quarter where she most wished him to be one.

"Well Catherine, my love," said Fanny, as soon as she entered, "I have come on purpose to see you; I thought you would feel so dull, just at first, after Colonel Hamilton left you."

"What, you heard he was gone then?"

"Oh, yes; Mally Garbott told us that he went, yesterday, and had ordered his letters to be sent after him to the Post-office, at Ambleside."

"At Ambleside?" Catherine repeated in a tone of surprise, which was caught by Fanny, who re-echoed it, exclaiming:—

"Yes, Ambleside! why, don't you know his direction?"

"No—I know he's gone into Westmoreland, but he did not mention the exact place; and of course I did not ask him."

"What, then, you do not intend to correspond?"

"Correspond! no, indeed, why should we?" said Catherine, scarcely able to check the tear which was ready to start into her eye, as she repeated to herself, why should we? "He can do very well without hearing any thing more about us."

"Then he has not declared himself?" said Fanny, hesitatingly, for she was equally afraid of appearing indelicately curious, or of being thought to remain silent, through indifference to her friend, on a subject which, judging by her own feelings, when dear delightful Mr. Pugh was the theme, she thought must be more interesting to her than any other she could introduce.

"Declared himself!" said Catherine, almost angrily, "what do you mean, Fanny?"

"Mean? why I mean, that is, you know what I mean—I mean declared his sentiments."

"On what subject?"

"Nay, now, Catherine, you must know very well what I mean—but you look vexed, and you may be sure I don't want to know any thing more than you like to tell me; but I don't know why you should look angry, and seem not to understand what I mean."

Catherine's tears could be no longer restrained,

for she let herself every way to blame; Fanny
was grieved at sympathy, and her affectionate
heart, it even, entered into all Catherine's mis-
adventures, and enabled her to soothe it with a
calmer consideration, which is far more effectual
than argument, with the unhappy.

"But why should you have taken such a
heavy load upon your head?" said Catherine, when
she had a little recovered herself, "as that
unhappy situation was in love with me?"—half
saying it that some words given, which might
be necessary to herself.—"You must have

same manner—and whenever you went out of the room he used to be dull in a minute, and seemed to think it such an age till you came back again; he scarcely ever spoke a word to me all the time you were away.”

To arguments like these, which Fanny would have continued to suggest with unabated fluency, Catherine could have listened

“ From eve till morn, from morn till dewy eve,
A summer's day—”

but she was resolved not to indulge herself in so dangerous a sophistry: thinking it wiser to “assume a virtue,” though she had it not, she made a grand effort to speak with firmness.

“ It is not at all surprising, you know, Fanny,” said she, “ that I should miss Colonel Hamilton, after his having been with us so long; and confined so much to the house as he was by his health, he seemed almost more my companion than my father's; but I have not

...and he
...and he
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"Well," said Fanny, "I'm glad
...and he
...and he
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...and he

"That very well." What objection
...and he
...and he
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"Oh, I don't know—yes, I don't
...and he
...and he
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won't speak a word, and looks as if he could eat any body up; and Mr. Edward Longcroft's groom told our James, that he fought a duel in London, and left the gentleman, it was thought, dead on the ground, and that he had to fly for his life—isn't it a horrible thought!—but I'm sorry I told you, for it has turned you quite pale."

"Horrible indeed!" said Catherine, faintly, for she was quite overpowered by contending feelings. After a few minutes, however, she began to reflect that this information was nothing more than what she had already conjectured, allowing, perhaps, for the exaggerations which the account of any thing unfavorable to a person's character always collects, as it is circulated from one to another.

Fanny, however, saw enough in Catherine's countenance to convince her, that it would be better to chuse any other subject than Colonel Hamilton's qualities, either good or bad; and

[illegible]

her subsistence depended upon the quick-
needle-work she could manage to get through
the course of it. Her father never having a
secret, himself, which he wished to conceal,
was always understanding the thoughts of
Elizabeth literally, by the expressions in which
she might chuse to exhibit them, beheld no-
thing more in this fit of industry than the
exertion which he had always seen his
daughter exhibit, whenever it seemed requisite,
in large or small matters. Nevertheless,
it struck him, one day, that she sate too
long to her work, for she scarcely tasted any
thing at dinner; and when he looked up in
time, at her sending her plate away almost
empty, as he had helped her, he saw that she
was pale and languid.

"Why, my dear," said he, "you must not

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eyes glistened in sympathy, and
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hoping to hear some reason give
be convincing to herself.—“Y
forgotten how much older he is
how different his rank in life, i
tions are.”

“Oh! but that’s nothing.
Reevesly, of Reevesly Park, was a
Eliza Thornton, and a great de
way, and yet he married her.
Colonel Hamilton used to pay ye
sort of attention, and look at y

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the folly to think that he can have found the same attractions in my company, that I did in his; and of course, I look upon him as an acquaintance, or rather friend, whom I shall always think of with pleasure, and be very glad if we ever meet again—but it is just as probable that we never may.”

“ Well,” said Fanny, “ I’m glad your mind is so easy about the matter—to say the truth, my dear Catherine, I’m every way glad of it, for Colonel Hamilton is not, after all, the man I should like to see you married to.”

“ And why not? What objection can there be to him?” asked Catherine, with a quickness not quite consistent with her protestations of indifference the moment before.

“ Oh, I don’t know—you know I don’t know much of him—but I think, somehow, he is unequal in his temper. Sometimes he’s so polite and agreeable, and says such clever things, without the least study; and at other times he

won't speak a word, and looks as if he could eat any body up; and Mr. Edward Longcroft's groom told our James, that he fought a duel in London, and left the gentleman, it was thought, dead on the ground, and that he had to fly for his life—isn't it a horrible thought!—but I'm sorry I told you, for it has turned you quite pale."

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Fanny, however, saw enough in Catherine's countenance to convince her, that it would be better to chuse any other subject than Colonel Hamilton's qualities, either good or bad; and

she was soon enabled, by that kind of good sense which is always the companion of a good disposition, to turn the conversation into other channels, which, if they did not afford much interest, at least awakened no uneasiness.

Catherine had another motive for liking Fanny's company, at this juncture, besides her own partiality for her ; she was a great favourite with the Rector, and Catherine was in hopes that the innocent vivacity and good humour which recommended her to him, would likewise prevent him from remarking the abstraction and restlessness, she was but too conscious of, in herself ; and so it did for that day, but the next, all was to begin over again.—She still felt as unequal as ever to exerting her former cheerfulness ; fresh means of hiding its absence were to be devised, and she could only have recourse to a dozen shirts, which, under pretence of having been for a long time shamefully idle, she now attacked with as much assiduity as if

" Ah, yes, Atropos—a very appropriate allusion—

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
Comes the blind fury, with the abhorred shears,
And slices the thin-spun life."

got a good appetite, and looked as rosy as a milk-maid; and then, in the evening, if you chose to work a little, he amused you with reading, and you had always some little joke going on; but now, you see, you neither walk, nor read, nor play, nor eat, nor do any thing, but brandish your dagger of Lilliput.— I won't have you work in that manner; I would sooner go without a shirt to my back, as thousands of my brethren have done before me."

Catherine coloured up to the eyes; but persisted in it that she liked better to work, just then, than do any thing else.

"Men hate to see work going on," said she, forcing a smile, "they envy us the calm amusement of it; you know I used to tell the Colonel so, when he would teaze me with catching my thread with the scissors, every time I drew it out, and telling me he would be my *Atropos*."

lusion—

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Comes the blind fury, with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.' "

CHAPTER XII.

COMING IN OF THE POST.

A WEEK had elapsed in this state of languor and inquietude, when, one m the sound of pattens announced the arri the post; nor let the gentle reader smile blunder, as he may conceive it to be, village of Nethercross, not being in th of receiving dispatches from Governme the whole number of letters directed to

year, not being quite sufficient to defray the expence of bringing them, the mail, if so it might be called, was entrusted to the care of a female, who, for the sum of three shillings and sixpence per week, walked two miles every day, in all weathers, to meet the coach which brought it, at the nearest point of the road to Nethercross.

Mally Garbutt, for that was the name of the post-woman, like many other persons in official capacities, consoled herself for the smallness of her salary, by the importance which her employment gave her among her neighbours—not like Cowper's Post-boy, who

" Careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn."

" To him indifferent whether grief or joy,—
Births, deaths, or marriages;"

She had an intuitive sagacity in guessing of every letter that came between her finger and

thumb, whether it was from the son of aged parents, whom he chiefly supported out of his wages, or from the sweetheart of a young damsel, who was impatiently waiting for him to see how business might answer in the neighbouring town, ere he led her to the church; or from whatsoever other branches of the families in Nethercross, all whose concerns she knew; and as she generally gleaned considerable information in the domestic politics, at every door where she had to stop, she was always hailed with pleasure, not only for the written tidings of which she might be the bearer, but also for the abundance of news she was always so kind as to impart, gratis, by word of mouth;—she was, moreover, a pensioner of Catherine's, to whom she had recommended herself by her active and unrepining spirit, and she was always glad to have a letter for the Rectory, as she was sure of being desired to keep every little overplus from the postage for herself.

Abundantly, therefore, did she rejoice in the long stay of Hamilton with the Rector, as he was continually having letters, or papers, or parcels, by the coach, and used to take great notice of Mally; puzzling her brains by calling her his Mercury, and telling her it was not the first time she had worn the habit of an old woman, by way of disguise.

"Nothing for you, to-day," said she, laughingly, to Margaret, who opened the door to her, and whose sweetheart had been compelled to leave her by the same chance that took John Pierson from his wife,—“never mind, he'll neither write nor send, but come—and so your betters must be served before you—there's a handsome letter! see what fine large writing, and a seal, merciful me! with split crows and wild cats upon it; and big enough to take six-pen'orth of wax at a time.”

Catherine heard this curious description, and was certain it could only apply to a letter from

Hamilton; he had then at last found time to treat her father with the attention due to him, and she ran to the door herself, saying, "Well Mally, how are you to day?—So you've brought a letter for my father?"

"No marry hav'nt I, Miss—but I've brought one for your father's daughter," and in laughing at her own wit, she remarked not the crimson glow which overspread Catherine's features, when she saw the letter really addressed to herself—she instantly put it in her pocket, and giving Mally Garbutt double the amount of the postage, returned to the parlour; but not feeling sufficiently secure from interruption there, she flew up stairs, to her own room, and locking the door, drew forth the letter in an indescribable flutter of spirits, and pressed it to her lips, whilst tears started into her eyes; and the next moment she smiled at the excess of her own feeling.—"But it is so delightful!" she said to herself, "to hear from a friend!"

At that moment she thought not of any thing but what Hamilton had been to her—the duel, his variable temper, the selfishness he too often exhibited, the manner in which he had left her—all the little disagreeables, towards which she had tried to turn her sole attention, when she wished to teach herself to think of him with indifference, were forgotten in the delightful certainty, that she held in her hand a letter from *himself*,—on which *his* hand had leaned—on which *he* had breathed *his* thoughts—on which *his* eyes had dwelt, as hers did then; and again she pressed the senseless paper to her lips. At length she opened it—and first glanced her eyes over the whole at once.—“Oh, surely there is a physiognomy, a countenance in a letter,” thought she, “how pretty the lines look—the very writing is graceful;” then catching sight of the words, “loveliest of friends,” and “fruitless regret,” and “delightful hopes,” she, miser-like, refused

herself the pleasure of reading immediately the sentences which contained them, but sought to prolong it, by slowly dwelling on every line, from the first.

“I owe your father many thanks, dear Catherine! for the boundless hospitality shewn me during my happy sojourn beneath his roof; and I trust he will permit me to make the acknowledgment of my obligation through the medium of her to whom I am scarcely less indebted—the most affectionate of daughters and the loveliest of friends. Tell him too, dear Catherine! that now I am separated from him I find the truth of all his wise aphorisms—that

‘Man never is but always to be blest.’

that, in fact, the present is a nothing, a mere fleeting shadow, gone in the instant that we try to grasp it; and that all we can call our own is regret, fruitless regrets for the past, and vision-

ary anticipations of the future, which may never arrive to us.

"When I think of Nethercross, and its inhabitants, I find myself in the condition of Shenstone's Swain, and say with him—

"I prized every hour that went by,
Above all that had passed me before,
But now they are gone, with a sigh
I lament that I prized them no more."

"But alas! here the comparison between myself and Mr. Damon ceases—I may indeed say,

"I gazed as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could scarcely discern;"

but I cannot add,

"So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

Ah! Catherine!—but I will not reproach you—a look from you sent me away—a word would bring me back again. Halston finds me miserable company; fortunately he can talk all day

in the day, and in the evening, we read the poems; but it is not as when I read the *Argonautica* and *Zarphades* with you—surely the translations have graces that belong not to the original—at least the images and descriptions which then charmed me, in every page, now appear wonderfully forced, and cold; and *Thucydides* smooths them out, just in the same way that he would not to stop his horse in a gallop. Perhaps, however, the fault is in myself, for even the beauties of this far-famed country, appear to me to be vastly over-rated—I know what you will say, that I am no lover of nature; but I cry you mercy—I am a lover of nature in Croydon, if not in Westmoreland—I admire a river, though I do not care about a lake; I like a snow better than a rock; and I had rather see ‘*Fennyngat, and Puddle Hill, and Rive Ingledungh,*’ than

so you see I am compelled to acknowledge myself a *Craven Knight* altogether.—And will you take me into your service then, Catherine?—take me as I am—with all my imperfections on my head?—Ah! how I wish I could see the expression of countenance with which you will read this request!—will wonder at the impertinence of him who makes it, be chased by pity for his discomfiture, at the negative your scorn will immediately put upon it! Yet my *Galatea*, my guardian-goddess, there are times when I indulge the most delightful hopes that my welfare, and well-doing are not matters of indifference to you. Both are in your hand—I resign myself, my character, my fame, my happiness, to your guidance—I know your father used to tell you that he often found me a rebellious pupil—but, trust me, his daughter should have no reason to complain of my want of docility. Halston has just come in, booted and spurred,

to claim my promise of riding on the margin of Winandermere—I shall quote Wordsworth out of compliment to you ; that is to say, if I shall be able to recollect a line he has ever written ; and Halston will shout to the echoes, and wonder how deep the water is, and we shall both declare we see the trout at the bottom, and there will be an end of our conversation. He thinks I am writing to my banker, and expresses much concern to find so many words necessary to persuade him to accommodate me.—He certainly is not quite out in his conjecture—I write to those who have my greatest treasure in their keeping—but I wish only for fair bills of exchange—Catherine, dear Catherine, answer me this letter!—We will have a regular correspondence, sentimental and literary, and stand forth another “ Henry and Frances,” to the admiring world. I trust your father will sanction the laudable undertaking. Give him my warm remembrances, and condescend to look upon

me, not as your Polypheme, certainly, nor as your Acis, for I have no desire to

glide a crystal bowl.

except as your image might then be outwardly, instead of inwardly, impressed upon my bosom, but as one who, whilst that bosom can retain a thought, must feel himself,

"Your devoted servant,

"ARTHUR HAMILTON."

Catherine read and re-read this letter; unable to define whether she was pleased with it or not. It was Hamilton's own style, the same mixture of playfulness and serious feeling, which had often lent equal piquancy and interest to his conversations with her. But she felt that now, when they were separated, raillery and jest were far from being so agreeable as when they could be instantly exchanged for

more flattering expressions of individual regard.

"If he thought of me really with the regret he pretends," said she to herself, "he could not write with so much vivacity; yet if he did not wish to keep up a friendly intercourse he would not have written to me at all—for it was no way necessary; a few lines to my father would have done just as well, as far as mere civility was concerned, and would not have subjected him to keeping up a correspondence; which, indeed, I know he would not do, with any creature on earth, if he did not like it—he is too idle."

So that, upon the whole, she resolved to be pleased and gratified with this mark of the consideration in which he held her; and to submit his letter to her father's perusal, in the hopes that he would tell her she must answer it.—Thus, then, what would her father think of the passages which were so equivocal in expression

that even she herself could not make out their tendency? She forgot that her father was not quite so much interested in affixing a meaning to them; and she was amazed, as she followed the direction of his eye down the paper, to find that he went steadily on from the first line to the last, without any more variation of countenance than if he had been reading a church brief. The good Rector had, indeed, less than any man, the talent on which Boniface piques himself, of "finding out a plot," and though a smile played upon his features as he slowly folded up the letter, with the utmost exactness, it was merely excited by the affectionate association, in his mind, of Hamilton at thirty-six, with Hamilton at fifteen.

"A very good letter," he said, as he returned it to Catherine, "and very like himself—quite gallant—politeness to the ladies, and bravery in the field, is his *code d'honneur*. He would

have made quite a *preux chevalier* in the day of chivalry—but they are gone by, sure enough as Mr. Buske said,—I like his pun, though, calling himself a Craven Knight—it's very good—like the latin derivation of grove, *lucus a nullo lucendo*; it's curious to see how words come, in time, to take a meaning exactly opposite to that which they were originally intended to convey. recluse, now, from *reclusus*, gives us the idea of a man shut up, whereas it is rather one of liberty—and the Greek *θωαζειν* which at first signifies *currere*, to run, and *sedere*, to sit at, also in our own language, nervous, *strong*, and nervous, *weak*—reach me my dictionary of derivations, my dear—it is wonderfully pleasant to hunt all these seeming contradictions up to their root."

Catherine obeyed, and whilst her father pored, with never-wearied patience, over his favourite folio, she fixed her eyes again upon Hamilton's letter, as if she, likewise, was go-

to analyze the meaning of every particular word in it, philologically.

The very next morning, Fanny Brayswick called to congratulate Catherine on having heard from the Colonel.

"And, pray, who made you so wise?" asked Catherine, her face once more radiant with smiles: she received the answer she had anticipated.

"Mally Garbutt had *just* called in, as she went past, and had *accidentally* mentioned it."

"Oh yes!—and I dare say she would just call at every door in Nethercross, and accidentally mention it to every body she might chance to meet. It's well I've no secret correspondence—but, indeed, I should be clever to keep it so, if she were the depositary of it."

She, then, to prove that she had, as she said, no secret correspondence, took the letter out of her pocket—remember, gentle reader, Nethercross is two hundred miles from London, and,

at that distance, pockets are not only allowable, but deemed indispensable, for young housekeepers—we repeat then, she took the letter out of her pocket, and gave it to Fanny to read, looking over her shoulder as she did so; though it will be readily believed that its contents were already pretty well known to her by heart.

“What a clever, nice letter,” said Fanny, when she had finished it, “it certainly is not a bit of a love-letter, but it is so nice and lively, and affectionate too, that it’s almost as good.—And, now, you’ll answer it—and you write such a nice letter! you may well like to write; but as for me, I don’t know what I should do if I were to get a lover that would want me to correspond with him. I should be afraid my letters would soon cure him; I should come to you to tell me what to say.”

“Nay, my dear Fanny,” said Catherine, “now you do yourself injustice, as you often do—and you know I told you once never to be

so ready to acknowledge to yourself that you cannot do this, or the other, well; for it only makes you easy, under the consciousness of mediocrity, without trying to do any better."

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTER WRITING.

For all Catherine had began and ended many letters to Hamilton, in imagination she sat at work, she yet delayed answering epistle from day to day, scarcely knowing what to say to him, till at last her father told her it would appear unkind and unpolite to remain any longer, and she

mention of it would at any rate afford her a beginning to her epistle.

"I'm sure," thought she, as she seated herself at her writing table, and looked over all her pens, one by one, "Fanny need not have complimented me upon my readiness in letter-writing, for I declare I neither know how to begin, nor what to say." Yet in a very few minutes, no one who had looked at her would have imagined that she had felt any difficulty in the matter, so quickly did her pen fly over the paper; whilst the tender smiles that played unconsciously round her mouth, and the animation that sparkled in her eyes, as she occasionally raised them, as though to bring with more precision, his image to her recollection, shewed how entirely she was hurried away by the current of feeling which she had, for a while, vainly endeavoured to stem; and which she had now an excuse for abandoning herself to, at least during

the time that she was in a manner compelled to address herself to its object.

If Catherine had felt some reluctance to begin her letter, she beheld the termination of it with much more regret—it was like breaking off a conversation, but, alas! without the same power of renewing it as *Abigail*. She blushed, too, when she saw to what a length it had run; so much longer than his own. Yet she would not endeavour to abridge it, lest she should do as *Richardson* did, in his *Clarissa*; when, on being accused of prolixity, by dint of writing the portion complained of over again, and leaving out every thing good and sprightly in it, he found he had made it just twice the length it was at first.

“He will make no remarks to my disadvantage, if he have a real friendship for me,” said she, “and if not, they are not worth thinking of, either one way or the other;” and with this

reflection she gave the letter to her father for his approbation; he was, at first, unwilling to read it.

"My dear, you know," said he, "I never like any restraint in matters of friendship; and, therefore, I'm sorry if you wrote this letter under the idea that you ought to shew it to me: there is something in the certainty of a letter being seen by any other than the person it is written to, which must a little fetter both the thoughts and style; for, in fact, even in conversation, you cannot very well address yourself to two people at once."

Catherine assured him, and truly enough, that she never once thought about him whilst she was writing; and he then declared himself willing to look it over, as it was the first she had ever written to a gentleman.

"Just to give a little of the *limæ labor*, if there should need it," said he, putting on his spectacles, "though, in fact, I am not sure that

our sex does not rather like in yours some little negligences and incorrectnesses—we like to feel ourselves the wisest of the two, you know—and we should do so; wisdom is not the distinguishing attribute of the female mind.”

He then hummed over the letter in a monotonous tone, not very likely to put Catherine in love with her own composition.

“Bless me,” thought she, “how stupid it sounds! it didn’t seem so to me, when I was writing it,” and, as if fearful that its little remaining spirit would all evaporate, if it continued any longer open, she sealed it up as soon as ever her father had given it his approving nod: and Mally Garbutt had the satisfaction of conveying to the coach the epistle, as follows:

** Nethercross Rectory, April 18.*

“My father tells me, my dear Sir, that I shall appear both unkind and unpolite in delaying any longer acknowledging the receipt of

the letter to him, which you kindly paid me the compliment of addressing to his daughter.— My friendship for you, and my respect for myself, are equally concerned in avoiding an appearance of inattention, which would do great injustice to my feelings; I have, therefore, at length, summoned sufficient resolution to become my father's amanuensis, though, I can assure you, it is not without trepidation, that I submit my unadorned phrases to the inspection of one so skilled in all the nice felicities of language, and so fastidious a judge of its elegance. Nature, however has, I believe, endowed most weak animals with a degree of policy, in proportion as they are destitute of other advantages; and as a proof that I come in for my share of benefit in this her wise arrangement, I shall immediately endeavour to divert your attention from my style by fixing it on my subject; with this view I am justified in choosing one which I dare say you will think could not

well be exchanged for a better, when you find out that it is neither more nor less than yourself. But few words, I hope, are necessary to convey to you an adequate idea of the effect your departure makes at our fire-side. I have always heard my father express the affection of a parent for you; judge then what pleasure must have given me to see you treat him with the attention of a son! It seemed to make at once my brother; and as I have often wished for the delightful exchange of sentiment which such an endearing tie must produce, no wonder that I felt its value, when you were kind enough to assume it for me, to stoop your intellectual mine, and to endeavour to raise mine to yours by refining my taste and quickening my powers for studies, the beauties of which you daily exhibited to me in new lights. I ought to judge by the past—I agree with you, that the measure of it is all that we can call our own: Can we thank the Gods, that it is what all the world

of fortune cannot deprive him of. But it ought to be turned to better account than a mere field of retrospection, or else how bitter the regrets that might arise at every turn of view ! I know I ought to make all that you have already taught me conducive to my future improvement, and I am angry with myself that I have not yet done so. Not one page have I advanced in the volume which you ran from, in the middle of its most beautiful episode. You will say that, even by my own account, I shew at least equal indifference to its attractions ; but the attempt to continue the lesson by myself, only reminds me that the master is gone.

“ My father tells me, I ought to say by my friends, as Petrarch did by his books, they would have been of little use to me, had they not taught me to bear their loss ! This lesson of wisdom I suppose never came into your head, Mr. Philosopher—at least, you never attempted to put it into mine ; for which I am very angry

with you. But, after all, it is the weakness of Petrarch that has immortalized him: how few know or care about his fortitude, how many sympathize in the sensibility which nursed a hopeless passion, even beyond the grave: to maintain, however, that feebleness is better than strength, would be an argument too strictly feminine; therefore away with the subject:—and now for domestic news.

“You are as much missed in the village of Nethercross, and all “its tofts and crofts,” as Buonaparte was in the island of Elba, when he took himself away in such a hurry; for, be it known, all great men form sudden determinations. Your Mercury regrets you much; she says you were a nice gentleman, for you were always having letters, or parcels. I say *she* still; for his godship persists in disguising his radiant form, in a duffield cloak, and still hides his “feathered feet” with the iron rings which you used to like the sound of so well, when you

were growing impatient for the news. Cæsar bears your absence *en philosophe*, probably, from his instinctive sagacity, knowing that you do the same. But your favorite Polish hen, the coquette in the French bonnet, as you used to call her, with her shaking plumes, still comes under the window at breakfast time, and holds her pretty tufted head on one side, watching for the crumbs she used to receive from your hand, and of which, you may be sure, she is not suffered to be disappointed—particularly as she now comes with a dozen additional claimants at her heels; having taken upon herself the cares of a mother, and acquitting herself of her duty to her young brood, with much propriety, *maugre* her constitutional vanity. Every thing around us is beginning “to prosper, bud, and bloom,” a thousand vegetable beauties have made their appearance which you will never see, and would scarcely look at if you did.—Rousseau says, he hopes there will be flowers

in Heaven—flowers of rhetoric are, I believe, all that you have any real admiration of—and as that reminds me that you will not find many of them in this epistle, I will forthwith relieve you from the further perusal of it. So here ends part the first of our “Correspondence, Sentimental and Literary.” How could you mention such ill-omened names as “Henry and Frances?” After a secret engagement of years, embittered by jealousies, caprices, and reproach, they were, at last, enabled to promulgate their union to the world, and Frances lived to be made miserable by the infidelity and ill-usage of the man to whom she had offered all the the warm affections of her youth, devoted all her intellectual acquirements, and sacrificed all her worldly prospects. When I erect an altar to friendship, may far other tutelary deities condescend to preside over it!

“Adieu! my father sends you his *benediction*! —never did papal one emanate from a purer

heart, I beg, therefore, you will value it accordingly ; and accept, along with it, the esteem and good wishes of, my dear Sir,

“ Most sincerely yours,

“ CATHERINE NEVILLE.”

Catherine felt as much agitated, as the time approached for Hamilton to receive her letter, as if she had been obliged to see him read it in person : and her cheeks glowed as she thought of the remarks he might make to himself on perusing it. But this kind of anxiety was so much better than the languor she had experienced in the dearth of all communication with him, that her spirits, for a time, regained their elasticity ; and she began once more to scale the heights of Castleberg with her usual activity and enjoyment.

She was, however, unconsciously to herself, supported by the expectation of hearing from

him again ; but when day after day elapsed, and the hope raised every morning in her breast, by Mally Garbutt's pattens, as she passed the end of the lane, was condemned to gradual extinction, as the sounds lessened in distance, she again drooped, and once more plied her needle, absorbed in silent reveries. Sometimes she would draw scenes of future happiness, in the imaginary contemplation of which her countenance assumed, unconsciously to herself, the angelic expression of every lovely feminine attribute ; at others she would abandon herself to regrets that she had ever cultivated tastes and feelings which, in the confined circle of her associates, she could never expect to be shared ; and which, therefore, only exposed her either to perpetual loneliness of the heart, a solitude above all others afflicting and terrible, to the mind of youth, or to catch, with an avidity which might be still more destructive to her

peace, at any appearance of that congeniality of sentiment and pursuit, for which she longed with all the eagerness of a miser, who is impatient to turn to the utmost advantage some newly discovered source of wealth.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ADDITION TO THE PARTY.

It happened fortunately for Catherine, that her father's attention towards her, and hers to herself, received a temporary diversion, at this period, by the arrival of Mrs. Barton, her married sister, who came to spend a few days with them, her husband having some business at the markets in the neighbourhood. The domestic circle of the Rectory was therefore once more enlivened,

not only by the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Barton, and their two children, but also by the friends who hastened to see them; for Amelia was beloved by all who had ever known her; and Catherine's gratification, in her sister's society, was always heightened by seeing how warmly she was greeted by her old acquaintance—and what pleasure it gave her to renew her intimacies with them, whenever her brief absence from her own home allowed her the opportunity of doing so.

Among the foremost who called to request that they might have a portion of Mr. and Mrs. Barton's visit, was Louisa Longcroft, whose play-fellow and companion she had been, from infancy. Edward Longcroft never omitted to accompany his cousin to the Rectory, though of late he had rarely visited it without her.

"My dear Mrs. Barton," said he, as he flew towards her to take her hand, with all the affection of a brother, "I am fortunate, in being

for once, in this part of the world, at the same time with yourself; for I think, the four or five last visits you have paid at the Rectory, I have been away; and I have the honour to see your little daughter, too, for the first time—Aunt Catherine's pet, I think I have heard;" taking the little girl in his arms, for he was fond of children, and like all persons who are so, had a happy art of conciliating their affection. Whilst he was playing with her, Louisa was making arrangements with Catherine, to dine at the Hall, the next day, which she gladly acceded to, and with the more pleasure, as she found that Mr Longcroft was gone to York, for the assizes; being upon the Grand Jury.

Louisa insisted upon sending the carriage for Mr. Neville and his daughters, and then," said she, "Mr. Barton can take a seat upon the box, and protect you, and you will be altogether, and we shall have your company so much the longer in the evening."

Accordingly, the next day, the whole party found themselves after a delightful drive, at the Hall, where they likewise met Mr. Dacres, who was a gentleman of ancient family, but unfortunately the remembrance of its honours being nearly all that time had spared of its possessions, to its present representatives, he, as a younger branch of it, was glad to accept the situation of head-master to the richly endowed school of G——, in the vicinity of Longcroft Hall; where, devoted to the duties of his profession, he buried himself in the strictest seclusion, immersed in learning, and knowing no other recreation, but what he found in the culture of flowers, of which he was passionately fond.

“They are beautiful, but they have no utility,” said Mr. Longcroft, one day, when having called at the school on a matter of business, Mr. Dacres shewed him some carnations exquisitely tinted,—“and I believe in philoso-

phy it is admitted, that beauty, to be perfect, ought to give some idea of use also."—This remark was made with all the pomposity of one, accustomed to lay down the law to his country neighbours.

"It depends upon what you may think useful;" said Mr. Dacres,—“to me, flowers appear to possess the most sublime of all uses; for they shew us the love of God, in calling objects into existence, for no other end, as it appears to us, than to delight our senses, by their hues and fragrance: they seem to authorize enjoyment, and therefore ought to teach us gratitude.”

Mr. Longcroft thought this argument might do very well for a clergymen, or a parson, as he generally termed any of the clerical professions below a bishop, that might happen to differ from him in opinion; but a political economist would, he believed, annex a good deal more value to the florist's art, if it could be

rendered any way conducive to the sparing of corn.

He invited Mr. Dacres, however, to the Hall, because he was a gentleman, and, though poor himself, allied to the rich and powerful;—and Mr. Dacres accepted the invitation, because he heard that, notwithstanding her father's lack of taste and feeling, Miss Longcroft had one of the most beautiful green-houses in Craven. Thus commenced an acquaintance which Edward Longcroft was delighted with, for Mr. Dacres possessed a taste in common with him, as well as with Louisa,—if with her he cultivated flowers, with him he cultivated the graces of a pure style, founded on the finest models of Greek and Roman eloquence—to become an able orator, was Edward Longcroft's highest ambition, for the most disinterested patriotism glowed in his breast; and “to teach the passions to move at the command of virtue,” and promote the interests of his country, by gaining

the hearts of his auditors, was what he ardently looked forward to, through the interest of his uncle, in procuring him a seat in the British Senate.

Amelia had never seen Mr. Dacres before, and was much pleased with the fine expression of thought, which his countenance exhibited, and with the general suavity and composure of his demeanour. Mr. Neville had often met with him, and admired his learning, which he said would do credit to lawn sleeves, whilst he revered the piety that made him find sufficient excitement in the fulfilment of the noiseless though important duties of his situation; these were precisely the qualities which Mr. Dacres, in his turn, always admired in the worthy Rector; and, in short, by a chance which even in small meetings rarely does, and in large ones never can occur, all the party felt the most cordial good-will, and esteem for each other; inasmuch that the expectations they had indi-

vidually indulged, of a day of refined and cheerful enjoyment, were exceeded by the pleasure it actually afforded them together.

Perhaps the absence of the elder Mr. Longcroft had some share in the exhilaration of spirits which every one was sensible of; for Louisa and Edward Longcroft, were that day evidently more at ease without him; and indeed, at any time in his presence, few were unconscious of the chilling effect invariably produced by a substitution of the politeness inculcated by rule, for that which springs from the heart.

"What a charming garden yours is, Louisa," said Mrs. Barton, as she walked round it to see some beautiful auriculas of Mr. Dacre's planting, "how much it is improved, even since I was here in the autumn."

"Oh, but do you remember the fine garden we made in the corner of your father's orchard, Amelia," said Edward Longcroft.

"Yes, very well; and I remember how frightened I was when I saw what you had robbed his favorite beds of

"And how affronted we both were when it was finished, and Catherine would have run through the fairy plantation on her legs, and knocked down all its glories, as she turned the corners;

* The lily, lady of the flowering fi
The flower-de-luce, her lovely be

but she always was a mischief-maker.

As Edward spoke thus of her, his hand with affectionate familiarity rested on her with a fullness of sensibility which awakened a thousand innocent and pleasant recollections, had she not felt almost of her claim upon his friendship; she would not have hid from herself, that there was for whom, although too probably far less worth, she still entertained

of much more warmth; and this consciousness clouded her countenance, for the moment, with a gloom which was instantly reflected in that of Louisa, whose eyes seemed as if they would penetrate into Edward's innermost soul—but he was not sensible of their scrutiny—for he was still talking to Mrs. Barton of “days lang syne,” and had then got into the middle of some adventures that had befallen them, on an expedition to Gordale-Scaur.

“Do let us have another day there,” said he,
 “I should like a pic-nic, among the

‘Antres vast, and deserts idle.’

what do you say Dacres? Will you join our party? You will find your favorite *Polemonium Caruleum* in abundance there.”

“Aye, and the *Gentiana Amarella*, too,” said Mr. Neville, “and the *Primula Farinosa*, with its elegant pink blossoms, only that does

the Tower all day long; and the *Compostria*, and what is better than all the rest, the *Lichen* *Amphibolus*, which you won't very often see any where else, I can tell you."

"I feel no want of inducements to join a party like the present," said Mr. Dacres, "but those you hold out would draw me even alone to the spot; therefore, unfortunately for my gallantry, my compliance must be placed to the account of self-gratification."

"Well," cried Edward, "all the world is actuated by the same motive, at least so says Hobbes. I know, at my rate, I am myself, in the measure; so reward my sincerity, Mrs. Dacres, and let us fix to-morrow for our expedition."

"Not to-morrow," said Amelia, looking affectionately at her husband, "it is the visitation, and Henry must dine at Skipton, with my father."

"Well, then, the next day."

"Yes, the next day;" every one echoed, and
so the next day was "carried," *next con.*

CHAPTER XV.

A SURPRISE

Mr. Smith was very fond of
his wife when she was a speci-
al nurse. He generally accompan-
ied her when he came to the

he studies he had engaged in, since they had last met; having no one near him, at Blackthorn-cottage, of pursuits congenial to his own. Now, however, for the first time, she found deficiencies in him, which made him appear a less agreeable companion than he had ever been before.

"Henry Barton," said she to herself, "is a good creature, as ever was born; and he has great merit, too, in cultivating his mind so sedulously, surrounded as he is only by the clodpoles his father has brought him up amongst. But, after all, he is such a mere matter-of-fact-man, that one soon tires of him—he tells one an anecdote just as he reads it, and there's an end of it. And then he moralizes, too, in such a common-place way, and wonders how the Romans could degenerate so as to suffer themselves to be conquered by the Goths, and finds out that it was an abominable thing in Henry VIII, to cut off his wives' heads, and not much

better in Queen Elizabeth, to sign Essex's death warrant. There is no play of imagination about him—no whim, no wit—he would as soon think of launching a man of war, as maintaining a paradox."

Henry Barton was not, however, so deficient in quickness, but that he could perceive, on his side, that Catherine was by no means the lively companion she had been.

"I think your sister is altered, Amelia," he remarked, as they were retiring to rest, after their visit to Longcroft Hall.

"She does look thin," said Amelia, "I observed, yesterday, that her clothes seemed to hang upon her, and she has lost a great deal of her colour."

"And of her spirits, too, which is worse," said Henry, "you don't think she's in love, do you?"

"In love, my dear! who can she be in love with? you know she quite laughs at William

Braywick ; and Mr. Pugh, she told me herself, is engaged to Fanny—and there is nobody else.—Oh yes ! to be sure, there is Edward Longcroft, but she knows that he has been engaged to his cousin, ever since they were children ; besides, that's quite out of the question—she has too much good sense, and too much honest pride, to think of a man, whose uncle would conceive it the greatest condescension in the world to look upon her.—I should like to see old Mr. Longcroft giving his consent, even supposing he would give it, to receiving any body like us, as his niece.”

“ Well, but that is not all ! you forget Colonel Hamilton, and well you may, for Catherine does not mention his name now, perpetually, as she did in her letters.”

“ For a very good reason, I dare say ; now that she has no longer the trouble of entertaining him, and thinking of ordering what he would like, I don't suppose she ever thinks

about him—it is not likely she should—
twelve or fourteen years older than herself
in quite a different sphere of life beside
very dissipated sphere too; I am afraid
Amelia, as she spoke, was pinning the
of her night-cap, the exact plaiting and
whiteness of which formed an appropriate
blem of the regularity and purity of her
mind; and as she bent over her sleeping in
to imprint the kiss of maternal love upon
rosy cheeks, Henry thought that, however
pated a man might be, there was something
the portraiture of a young and tender in
that would go a long way towards rendering
him enamoured of virtue.

Catherine was not sorry to see her father
Henry mount their horses, the next morning
go to the quarterly sessions; for she could
help remembering that it was three months
that very day, since she had first seen C
Hamilton; and so many recollections cre

into her mind, at the same time, that she felt it would be quite as much as she could do, to prevent her gravity from being noticed by her sister.—With the assistance of the children, however, the day passed off, in a kind of affectionate tranquility, as soothing to her spirits, as it was endearing to her heart.

Mrs. Barton was four years older than Catherine, and of course, on the lamented death of her mother, she was deemed capable of directing the household affairs, whilst Catherine remained comparatively a child. But the precedence which this difference of age necessarily gave her, had no other effect upon her behaviour towards her younger sister, than that of making her still more anxious to supply to her, as much as she was able, the place of the parent they had lost; as well as to continue her companion, and almost her playfellow.

The sweet sedateness of Amelia's manners, the evenness of her temper, and the correctness

of her judgment, were all calculated to excite respect and love, even in those who had no particular interest in studying her character: Mrs. Weston, who could never look at her without remembering the kindness she had received from her, in her earliest youth, these feelings were heightened by a consciousness of individual gratitude, which rendered her constantly anxious to show her that her tender care had been well bestowed; and as she now looked upon her sister's countenance, serene as the untroubled lake, which reflects only the aspect of the heavens, she felt her own suffused with temporary crimson, as she imagined the pain she must suffer, if ever she should entertain a thought which she would blush to acknowledge to one whose mind and heart were the repositories of practical wisdom, and well-regulated affections.

Mrs. Barton always consoled herself, in her husband's occasional absences, (for they did not

occur often enough to enable her to become reconciled to them) with an additional share of her children's company, provided she was so situated as to be able to indulge her own inclination—and with Catherine there was no fear of opposition to it. Master Percival, therefore, and Miss Catherine took their places at the dinner table, to the great pleasure not only of their mother and aunt, but also of Margaret, who waited upon them, and old Rachel, who came into the room to gladden herself with looking at them, under pretence of seeing how they liked their pudding.

Catherine was resolved to make it a gala-day altogether to the little ones; and, therefore, as soon as dinner was over, she sallied forth with them, into the great barn, where, with the aid of the clerk, who was as much the good Rector's assistant in temporal as in spiritual affairs, being superintendant both of the stable and gardens, and compounder of the small tythes, she put

up a swing; but not chusing to risk her sister's treasures in it, by themselves, she took them alternately in her lap, till, at last, finding the acknowledgment that they had had swinging enough, would never come from their cherry lips, she was forced to have compassion on her own head, and, after running races round the garden with them, to return to the parlour, where they were promised they should have their bread and milk, on condition that they sate very still, on the carpet, to build houses with cards, "whilst mamma and aunt played pretty music."

"And what shall we have?" said Amelia, turning over the leaves of a thick volume, with every page of which she was familiar, "I do love all those things, so, though I have heard them over and over again—indeed every one brings its scene along with it—what must we have?"

"I think some of the duets in 'Acis and

"Galatea," are very pretty," said Catherine, her eye lingering on every note.

"Oh they are beautiful!—I remember my father used to laugh at me, for singing

'As when the dove
Laments her love.'

when Henry left me; but it always was my favourite song."

"It is very pretty—but I am so fond of duets! and you take a second so well."

They accordingly agreed to begin with

'The flocks shall leave the mountains.'

"You shall take Galatea, and I will be Acis," said Mrs. Barton; "but what shall we do for a Polypheme? we shall miss him in

'I burn! I rave!'

"Yes," said Catherine, "we want a Polypheme," and she sighed involuntarily—for the

name had no association in her mind with a savage monster.

"If Henry were here, he would do well for that; he could manage these things as well as they are so easy," said Mrs. Barton, "and wait for him, and sing something else."

"No," said Catherine, "we will not sing out 'the monster Polypheme,' although he will have something else."—Accordingly she began

'Hush, hush, ye pretty, pretty, warbling

and never had Catherine sung more fully; for her thoughts reverted to the time when she and her mother, who had so often accompanied her, had sung this note was fraught with the full expression of tender and elegant feeling which is characteristic of the composition. Suddenly Mrs. Barton stopped,—

"There is a knock at the door—
"who can it be, at this time of night?"

"Very likely William Brayswick," said Catherine, "and Fanny with him."

"How well you sing this, Catherine," said Mrs. Barton, "let us finish it before they come in."

Accordingly they continued, regardless of the little bustle in the passage—they imagined William was hanging up his great coat, or Fanny was taking off her clogs; when lo, the door was opened, and in walked Hamilton himself!—Catherine in an instant felt as if all the world, or at least all that she wished for in it, was secured to her in the narrow compass of the room, and by the eagerness with which he flew to her, the undissembled joy that flashed from his eyes, the fervour with which he pressed her trembling hands, she felt, also, that, however he might have passed the time he had been away, he experienced as great a delight as she did, in this, to her, most unexpected meeting.—She knew not what she said—she would

have smiled, but her very soul fluttered in her lips, and she felt them quiver in despite of herself, whilst tears started into her eyes, and for one moment fixed themselves upon him with unconscious earnestness, and fell from beneath his ardent, answering, enquiring gaze. She then recollected that she had suffered her hands to remain in his, nay, she was sure that they had not returned his impressive pressure, and covered with blushes, she made a strong effort to recover her self-command.

“How little I thought of seeing you to-day,” said she, “or indeed ever again! how do you say my father will be! was not Margaret surprised when she opened the door?—But I forgive him, he is my sister, Colonel Hamilton—Mrs. Barton—Colonel Hamilton has so often heard of you, Amelia, I dare say he does not look upon you as a stranger.”

Mrs. Barton made the prettiest little manly curtsy imaginable, in return to Ham-

profound bow—but that curtsey was all he got in reply to his compliment, when he said that he should be sorry indeed to consider any of Mr. Neville's family as strangers, or to be regarded as a stranger by them."

"My dears," said Mrs. Barton, "it is time for you to have your bread and milk."

"You said we were to have it with you and aunt, when you got tea mamma," said the little boy, without venturing to take his eye, for a moment, off the house, two stories high, which he had raised with the cards his little sister held in her lap for him.

"Oh, the darlings!" exclaimed Catherine, "and so they shall; I know you'll excuse it, Colonel Hamilton."

The Colonel, of course, professed he should be infinitely delighted to see the young ones busy with their spoons and basins; and Catherine said she would hasten tea, for she was very glad of a few minutes to recollect herself, and

still more glad of the office which again devolved upon her, of giving orders to get the room ready for Hamilton, which he had before slept in. She flew up stairs.

"O so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!"

Margaret and Rachel were both delighted with Hamilton's return, and Catherine could not but see their affection for herself, in the alacrity with which they prepared every thing for the accommodation of *her* guest, for so they seemed now determined exclusively to consider him.

Catherine made her re-appearance in the parlour, at the same time with the tea-things; and as Hamilton took his usual place at the table, she gave him a smile, which bespoke such fulness of content, that he felt sufficiently satisfied as to the degree of happiness with which his return had inspired her breast;—her little

nephew and niece sate on each side of her, and lavished their infantine caresses on her, whilst she shewed them every indulgence which their mother, judicious as she was affectionate, would suffer them to be treated with.—It was a pretty family scene, and so greatly did Hamilton enjoy it, whilst his eyes were fixed on Catherine, that, when Mrs. Barton observed, by way of adding something to the conversation, it was a pity her father was not at home, he pitied her for finding out, that any thing was wanting, to the completion of it.

“Oh but there is another old acquaintance,” said Catherine, “who will rejoice, I was going to say, as much as any of us, in seeing you again—I declare I had quite forgotten him—I must witness the meeting.” So saying, she ran to the door, calling “Cæsar, Cæsar!” and Cæsar instantly made his appearance, and welcomed Hamilton, by barking, jumping, wagging his tail, and returning the caresses lavished

upon him, with a rough heartiness, which it required some management to cope with. The children, however, became anxious for a share of Caesar's notice, and Colonel Hamilton soon won their hearts, by lifting them alternately on his back, and making him walk round the room with them; nor was Mrs. Barton herself quite insensible to this proof of his politeness: retaining, however, good sense enough to recollect, that he was most likely to be tired the first with the exhibition of it, she soon released both him and Caesar, and retired with her little prattlers to put them to bed, an office which she very seldom deputed to another.

The moment that her sister shut the door, was one of mingled delight and embarrassment to Catherine: but it was only for a moment that she could remain silent; for Hamilton instantly brought his chair close to hers, and throwing his arm round her with an air of affectionate familiarity—

"Catherine," said he, "tell me if you are glad to see me."

"Tell you, Colonel Hamilton!" she repeated in a faltering voice,—her eyes met his, and sufficiently said how unnecessary the question. "You saw how glad I was," she went on, in a firmer tone, "I was so surprised! so astonished—I scarcely know how I felt."

"But how could you imagine that I meant to return to London, without coming again to Nethercross?"

"How could I imagine you would come again," said Catherine—adding, in accents of the tenderest reproach, as the recollection of the anguish his hasty departure had given her, filled her eyes with tears, "you took leave of us—you did not even give us a day's notice of your intention of going; how could I imagine that you would ever think of Nethercross again, or find any thing in it worth coming back to?"

"But how could you imagine me devoid of gratitude, of common sense, of every other consideration out of my mind, as to make such a leave-taking of your excellent father, after all his hospitality to me—and as far as possible, Catherine, that you may at this moment, do me such a cruel wrong as to think me capable of bidding you to leave even the appearance of company, and be looked upon that farewell as the last of any length of time."

"If I did you injustice, it be my punishment," said Catherine, "let us talk of it now,"—she added, with brilliant light in her words and kindled eyes, that he annexed a meaning to what she would gladly disavow, even when we take leave this time, with regrets."

"That will depend, to me, a

which we are to meet again," said
and he seized her hand; but just as
ing to insist upon being allowed to
ll he had finished his speech, Mrs.
red, and he threw himself back in
with an air of impatience, which
erine into an agony, lest her sister
ceive it. Mrs. Barton, however,
on shunning any observations on
an making them on others, went
candlestick on a side-board, and
er sent by the fire, and drawing
ble before her, soon appeared so
engrossed with the art and mystery
oming, and satin stitching, that both
and Catherine began to comprehend
them to consider their *tête à tête* as
rupted. Hamilton, however, could
shing in his heart, that she had either
visitation dinner, with her husband,
in her children; nevertheless, as it

was necessary to say something to her, and as he had nothing else to say, he asked her, according to the invariable usage in such a predicament, to *favor* him with some music; but she begged leave to decline, with so much real trepidation, that he saw she was in earnest in her refusal, and therefore forebore to press her any further—he next tried to lure Catherine to the instrument, but she felt herself unequal to perform with the correctness which she should wish, in her sister's hearing, and she pleaded having already played, till her fingers were weary, before he came in.

“ Well, I cannot deny that excuse, certainly, for I must confess to having heard you singing; and, if I mistake not, Mrs. Barton was taking a part with you.”

Amelia coloured in the thought of having been overheard; but it only made her form a still stronger resolution to expose herself to no further criticism, and Hamilton, full of one

subject, and impatient of a forced conversation on any other, was not sorry when Mr. Neville and Henry Barton made their appearance.

"Ah! ha!" said the Rector, when he saw Hamilton's great coat hung up; "who have we got here!—I rather think we shall find an old acquaintance." And as soon as he opened the door, Hamilton flew towards him, with a warmth of cordiality that raised him no little in the estimation of Mrs. Barton, whose husband, regardless of the presence of a stranger, greeted her with as affectionate a salute as if their separation had been for nine or ten weeks, instead of as many hours.

"And so you have been dispensing justice, my dear Sir," said Hamilton.

"Yes, Sir, or dispensing with it;" replied the Rector.

"And Mr. Barton, I presume, goes with you, to take a lesson for the time when he will be on the bench himself."

Henry bowed. "It will be a long time, Sir, before I shall even anticipate any such honor."

Hamilton was disposed, just then, to think well of every body and every thing; he therefore put the most favorable construction on the turn of Henry's head, and the colour that mounted on his cheek as he spoke, and set him down for a sensible, modest young man.

After a good deal of conversation, which no one possessed the happy art of rendering general more than Hamilton, when he chose to exert it, he arose to depart, judiciously choosing the moment, according to a rule he laid down to himself, when he wished to be favorably spoken of, that he had concluded some remarks, which he had made in his most brilliant style.

"But, my dear Hamilton, you are not going to outrage our *Lares and Penates*, so far as to prefer the King's Arms to the Rectory?"

"Your room is ready for you," said Catherine—"Rachel will be disappointed if you do not sleep here."

Mrs. Barton said nothing; for she thought it would be just as decorous and convenient for him to be at the inn.

"As to myself," said Hamilton, "believe me, I would neither go to the King's Arms, nor the Queen's Arms, so long as you kindly offer me a lodging under the same roof with you—but the fact is, I have got my friend Halston with me, and I promised him that I would not leave him to himself any longer than eight o'clock, for he has a great dread of too much of his own sweet society."

Now, if the spirit of old English hospitality, still lingers in any corner of the kingdom, it is in that part of it y'cleped Yorkshire, and in no division of it, more than in the romantic little district of Craven, some of whose inhabitants it has fallen to our lot to describe.

No sooner therefore did Hamilton, after his having left a friend at the Inn, as the reason why he must take his leave so early, the exclamations of surprise and reproach burst from the lips of Mr. Neville and Catherine at the same moment.

A friend with him, and not bring him home! what could he mean! what would his friends think of him? they would send him away directly;—Mr. Neville would fetch himself,—this, however, Hamilton would not do, so it was settled that he should go to Halston, with an invitation from the lady, and during his short absence, Catherine was busily employed in preparing her own room for the reception of this new guest, and ordering a small bed to be got ready for herself in Margaret's chamber; for the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Barton, and their children, to the party, left her just then no other accommodation.

In half an hour, every thing was com-

arranged, and Catherine was just giving her last directions to Rachel, as a loud knock at the door announced the return of Hamilton with his friend, whose long nose and small eyes she immediately recognised to be the same that had peeped, some weeks before, above an enormous bolstering of cravat, from behind the door at the ball.

To Henry and Amelia Mr. Halston presented a singular phenomenon. His hair straight, his whiskers curled, his waist laced in with a tightness which even the female sex have, at last, become rational enough to lay aside, his eye-brows corked in exact semicircles, his cheeks stained with a colour too glowing to be consonant with his spindle shanks, and rendered still more conspicuous from the whiteness of his teeth, displayed as they were by his thin lips, wavered in perpetual and unmeaning laughter; all which peculiarities, joined to the studied observance of the newest mode in every article

duction, into a family circle, of
and persons of different pursuits.—
and Halston talked of Tattersal's and
Rooms; Henry Barton and the Rec-
Curwen's drill plough, the Horse-
grave, and the Yorkshire Agricultu-
ry; and Amelia and her sister, in an
one, of the art of cutting out sleeves
gussets, and skirts without gores, and
mysteries of female management. At
nine o'clock struck, and

"Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,"

supper, which Halston imagined to be
and no one undeceived him. He got
little credit with Mrs. Barton by taking
rant wine for frontiniae, and the green
erry for champagne, and professing his
want of belief when assured that they
ome-made; and the readiness with which
listened every simple dish upon the table

by a French name, raised him opinion of the Rector; who, w length rose to separate, observe Hamilton had left the room, dently a travelled man, and h conversable enough when he w adding, however, a wondering what part of Europe his costume

"It seems," said he, "to every country in it; the *tout ens* singular enough, but I suppose *faut* to those who have sufficien stand it."

As soon as ever Hamilton room door, an indescribable fec tion, at the thought of being c the same roof with Catherine over his breast: but in thinkin dely came into his mind, that given up her own apartment to was well enough acquainted wit

of the house to be certain that there were no more spare bed-rooms in it, than those occupied by the Bartons and himself; and he as suddenly resolved that if Catherine's apartment were indeed destined to admit any other occupant than its lawful mistress, Halston, at all events, should not be the occupier.

"Her dressing-glass would take fright at his long nose poking against it," said he, as he seized his portmanteau, and gathered up the things he had scattered about the floor; "and well it might; it is used to very different reflections."

In a minute he was at Halston's door, and found his *compagnon de voyage*, in the act of binding a broad ribbon round his head, in order to keep his hair as he had previously arranged it, that is to say, as he did many other things, the wrong way.

"My dear fellow," said Hamilton, "when you have settled your brain-belt, you must come

along with me. I want to shew you something in my room."

"But perhaps I don't want to see it, he! he! he!—what is it?—a ghost, or a rat, or a pretty face! he! he! he!"

"Aye! there you've guessed it. Come, make haste."

"By-the-bye, talking of pretty faces, what a sly fellow you were to tell me so much about the old parson, and so little about his daughters. Egad! I like your notions of retirement! he! he! he! with such companions I would turn hermit to-morrow."

"Don't tell them so, Hally, for fear they should forswear the world in a hurry. But what do you think of Mr. Neville?"

"Oh he's a venerable; a better looking old fellow than my old Big-wig was, that hummed Greek and Latin into me."

"That *tried* to do it, I suppose you mean."

"He! he! he! well it would have been all

the same by this time—Greek and Latin are so thoroughly out. The Persic and Moslem are the things. Egad! I should like to have the teaching of them to that delicious little prude, that sate next me at dinner; I would be her Bulbul;—who is she?”

“Mr. Neville’s eldest daughter, and wife to the young man Catherine speaks so affectionately to, and calls Henry.”

“She cannot call him Solomon, at any rate, he! he! he! Zounds! the fellow never opens his mouth.”

“A proof, perhaps, that he is more of a Solomon than you give him credit for: however he has opened it wide enough, at one time or other, to catch a very pretty little woman for his wife.”

“Ah, the sly little rogue! what a pattern of purity she looks, in her plaited cap, and her lace handkerchief, pinned up to her chin! and then her slate-coloured sarsenet! I don’t know

some good folks fanc
he! he! Egad, I al
challenge."

"Here, however,
devil, I fancy you wil
in your rule."

"Egad I don't kno
how she blushed ever
looking at her?—and
her eye, did you notice

"Oh yes," said Han
self-conceit of Halston,
ed him from the laugh
against him on this very

'Twas kind, but
and so her husband -

Oh the bumpkin ! Nature does, to be sure, her gifts strangely away, sometimes ! to such fellows with their sound teeth, and red complexions, and Herculean figures !”

“Yes, they beat the Halstons, and the Hamiltons, as far as the raw material goes,” Hamilton, casting an approving glance at her, as he spoke.

“Raw material indeed,” said Hulston, “look at Neville, for raw material—there are no graces, and beauties unadorned:—and when he comes into a room !—egad, quite a Lady Charlotte !”

“No ; she is not,” said Hamilton, “she has nothing of Lady Charlotte in her whole composition.”

“Well, she can’t help that,” said Hulston, “it wouldn’t be fair to try her by such a standard. Yet the girl would make a figure at the balls, as well as the best of them ; her eyes and complexion would astonish some of our

fashionables, after all ; and then she has !”

“ Aye, it would be worth c would it not Hally ?” said Ham and out it would be a good bargain now, pray, my dear fellow, finish your own skull, such as it is, and come don’t begin with your eye-brows will not wait another minute.”

So saying, Hamilton hurried and when he had got him into he pushed him towards the glass said he, “ give me your opinion of my face I promised to shew you—you wait it till I come back, for I am going to show you your gim-cracks.”

“ What do you mean ?” cried

“ I only mean,” replied Ham almost instantly with Halston “ to change rooms with you, for I am fond of the curtains, and you are not fond of

"No more I am; one wakes too soon by half in those cursed white beds. I like a scarlet or a crimson the best; the more positive colour I have about me the better I look."

"Ah, you will look very captivating in this, I dare say, when you are fast asleep. You are like old hock, you look best in green."

And so saying, Hamilton wished his friend good night, and left him to meditate upon the theory of colours, as far as it concerned coats, curtains, and complexions.

Hamilton had no sooner shut himself securely into the room from which he had so dexterously contrived to eject Halston, that he looked round it with feelings almost amounting to reverence. The perfect neatness of its arrangements, the unassuming witness that it seemed to bear to the innocent and rational pursuits of her to whom it belonged, all struck so forcibly upon his mind, that he was overcome with a tenderness which seemed to spi-

ritualize him in the purity of her thought.

"Dear Catherine," he exclaimed, pressed to his lips a book of devotions, which he found on her toilette which opened of itself at a discount examination. "How 'sweetly good-nocently gay!' Of such a woman may be said, that 'the believing wife shames the unbelieving husband!'"

It was many years since he had made passage of scripture to his mind, on the purpose of making a travestie, or quotation; it was now suggested, by his head, but by his heart. He walked in his room, for some minutes, in a deep reverie; a few sketches in pencil were pinned to the wall, over the chimney piece. He had been with Catherine to the theatre, and he delineated, and he deliberately took notes, and put them carefully in his letter

then looked at her book-shelves: they contained about fifty volumes, chiefly of the British Essayists and poets,—the works of Moore and Byron were not, indeed, to be found among them: a gap in fashionable literature, which her country education and distance from the metropolis sufficiently accounted for, and **Ma-** **milton**, notwithstanding he had them by rote himself, was well pleased to see their places supplied by Spenser, Milton and Thomson.—All the translations from the classics, which he had read with her, during the winter, were likewise there, with papers of reference in the passages he had pointed out to her particular attention. Could he even try to sleep, under such feelings as these objects inspired? No—he undrew the snowy curtain, and placed his repeater in the watch-pocket, and then again walked about the room, as lonely as Adam in Paradise—he went towards the window—Catherine's canary-birds were

hung there, for she never trusted the night from her own protection. Little heads were hidden under the trees, conscious of the absence of their mother. The moon was just disappearing—a faint star steadily in the deep blue concealment of the heavens, and not a sound was to be heard but the gentle waving of a laurestine win'ow, and the distant bark more faintly answered at intervals in an opposite direction.

“How beautiful is night,” said he, “but it must be night in a scene not in London.”—And as the vicissitudes which exist in that vast and overgrown metropolis, arose before his imagination, a bitter reproach passed his mind, that he had added his share of selfishness and of indifference towards the poor, who almost envied the quiet and guiltless life which had fallen to the lot of his work-

he contrasted it with the glare and mischief of his own. "I am not what poor Neville wished to make me," thought he,—“but however, I may yet be destined to owe my reformation to him,” and under the influence of this reflection he did what he was by no means in the habit of doing, he implored other aid than his own strength, to assist him in the victory over himself, and then retired to rest; soothed by that sweet serenity which is invariably inspired by the hope of being, even for a moment, in such a frame of mind, as may be acceptable to the Author of our being, the Great Source of all Perfection.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

HAPPINESS is ever wakeful. Hamilton rose soon after six ; but, early as he thought himself, Catherine was before hand with him. He drew back the window-curtain, and beheld her, with her nephew and niece on each side of her, waiting for a draught of milk for them, from the cow ; a small basket of barley hung on her arm, and when the little ones had drank

their milk, she, to their great delight, called all her feathered-dependents about her, and, scattering the corn among them, enjoyed the busy scene as much as the children. Once, only, did she look up to the window, and then for such an instant, that Hamilton was uncertain whether she saw him or not; and when he went down stairs, to join her in her morning avocations, she had returned into the house, and remained in Mrs. Barton's room till breakfast.

"You are come just in time to settle the matter," said Mr. Neville to Hamilton, as he entered the parlour. "You must know, Sir, we had engaged ourselves to-day, little dreaming of the pleasure of seeing you here, to go to Gordale Scaur—we are to meet our friends from the Hall there; we shall take some provisions with us, they will do the same; so you see it will be quite a fashionable thing—a *pic-nic*, I believe you call it; and the rooks and the goats

will look down upon us, and wonder what we are about."

"And I hope they will look at me, as well, and at Elizabeth too: what have we done, that we may not be of the party?"

"Aye, what indeed! that's the very thing I wanted to establish: I said you would like the ride; but Miss Catherine, forsooth, must be wiser than her father, and find out that you would neither of you be at all amused, and that you would find it a great deal more entertaining to stay at home with me: so, you see, she very readily gave up the pleasure of my company; and she and all the rest of the party, were to be as merry as youth and fine weather would make them, whilst we are to sit looking at each other, till they please to come back again;—wouldn't stay at home herself, you mind."

"No," said Catherine, deeply coloring as she spoke: "you know, my dear father, the

Longerosts proposed going, quite in compliment to my sister and me, and I thought it would look so extremely selfish in me to stay away."

"Certainly," said Colonel Hamilton, very gravely; "if the Longerosts are concerned in the affair, I should think it a dangerous thing to fail in all due etiquette."

"Yes, yes," said the worthy Rector, "it will be the best for us all to go together; we shall be all the better for the excursion."

Hamilton only bowed, for he scarcely knew at that moment whether he would go or not.—He had not much inclination to spend the day with Edward Longerost, in so small a party that they could not get out of each other's influence, but he had still less to leave Catherine to him, without any competition; least of all to spend the day with the Rector and Halston, who would interrupt the rationality of a *tête-à-tête*, without adding any thing to the

vivacity of a trio. He was, nevertheless, piqued at receiving no invitation from the ladies; for Mrs. Barton, always timid and retiring, was particularly so in his presence, and absolutely shrank from Halston, whose attentions, the evening before, had only excited in her a singular mixture of risibility and disgust; indeed she heartily wished that they had both staid at the lakes, or any where else, till she had returned to Blackthorn Cottage, and even Catherine also, was at that moment wishing that they had postponed their arrival, at any rate for a single day.

Whilst the ladies were thus occupied with their own thoughts, Hamilton's impatience of their silence increased every moment; for, unable to divine the cause, he placed it all to Edward Longcroft's account; and that idea determined him to make one of the party, in order, that he might judge for himself, how far the Squire Junior, as he contemptuously called

him, might be intending to amuse himself with Catherine, whose consequence, he at that moment fancied himself called on, from his regard to the Rector, to assert. A message from Halston, however, desiring to see him immediately, broke the chain of his cogitations, and he swung out of the room, in no very good humor, which was not much improved by finding Halston only half-way advanced in his toilette, and looking all the misery he felt, at being, for the first time in his life, deprived of the services of his valet.

"It does not signify, Hamilton," cried he, "I cannot do without Beaujeu; I have been trying, for this last hour, to dress myself, and I cannot get on a single inch!"

"Then you must depute me to the honor of finishing you," said Hamilton, "for I swear you shall have no other assistance. I did not bring any of my own rascals with me, because I deemed them not meet personages to intro-

that will suit a house as this, and as I managed to wait on myself three months, I shall make you try to do the same for three days, or else you must take up your quarters again at the King's service: for Master Benjen shall not bring his important face here, if I can help it."

Hamlet was one of the best-natured creatures in the world, and in reality he had much rather have done without his valet, than introduce him to the annoyance of any one; he therefore very readily acceded to Hamilton's offer of assistance, and begged him to have the goodness to buckle his belt, and tie the strings of his coat. Whilst Hamilton was endeavouring to screw him into a proper wasp-like circumference, (and he had certainly nothing of the wasp in his composition, but the shape) he could not help smiling at the absurdity of fashion, which could thus make a man naturally one of the sparest of forms, have recourse

to such artificial means, to make himself still more slender.

"One cannot say to you, Halston, as the Justice does to Sir John Falstaff, 'you live in great waste,' but one may venture to say, he that buckles in your belt could not live in less; for my part, I only wonder how you can live in so little."

"Oh, enough, and to spare," cried Halston, endeavouring to take a long breath as he spoke; "you would have one look like an alderman—nothing's so bad as a show of flesh in a gentleman."

"What, it takes from the blood, does it? very well; we must grant the dandies the same essentials as their race-horses—long pedigrees, shining coats, and slender legs; but apropos of that, I believe, at last, Monsieur Beaujeu must be admitted as far as the gate; for we shall want the curricie and his attendance this morning, as Miss Neville has got a sort of

pic-nic party arranged, and we are to have a cold dinner among the rocks, and to be monstrously agreeable and happy all the day long, or all the long day; perhaps that's nearer the mark."

"I don't know why a happy day should not be a long one—it's what every body would wish; I shall take the pretty little puritan in my curriole, and I dare say we shall not find time very tedious.—He! he! he!"

Now Hamilton had been thinking of asking Halston for the curriole, in order that he might drive Catherine; but he began to suspect this was to be one of his unlucky days, and under this impression he rejoined the breakfast-table, with a still more moody countenance than he had exhibited at it before.

Halston, *au contraire*, was in perfect good-humor with himself and every body else; Mrs. Barton was forced to cast her eyes down, as he took his seat, lest she should betray the smile

which she found it impossible to repress, at her husband's wondering survey of his studied morning dishabille; the consciousness of it suffused her cheek with a fine crimson, which did not escape the notice of Halston, who, flattering himself that it was excited by the hope of his renewing his attentions, instantly drew his chair nearer to her, and recommenced his court with a zeal which was no way lessened by his conviction that it was beginning to be appreciated.

The conversation, during breakfast, turned entirely upon the ride. Mr. Halston offered Mrs. Barton a seat in his curriele, but she declined it, with a conciseness that might have dispelled the delusion in which he was indulging respecting her admiration of him : he chose however, to attribute it to her fear of exciting the jealousy of her husband ; and as he had never before awakened the "green-eyed mon-

ster," he felt his consequence no less by the imaginary discovery of a fault he had hitherto, with all his vanity, to pique himself upon possessing.

"Then, perhaps, Miss Neville will like me."

Catherine replied she was much obliged to him, but she intended to ride her own poney.

Poor Halston looked discomfited at the thought of having to exhibit his elegance without a lady in it; and still more so when he heard that he should not even have the opportunity of exhibiting it at all; and when he observed that they had much better go out horseback, the most beautiful party being inaccessible to carriages.

"But so many of us!" Halston cried out in dismay, "we shall be quite a party, he! he! he!"

"Like Chancer's Pilgrims setting out for Canterbury," said Hamilton, "and you shall be the

'yonge squier,
A lover and a lustie bachelor,
With locks cruli, as they were laid in presse,
Of twentie years of age he was, I guesse' "

"And how will you go then?" resumed Halston to Mrs. Barton.

"I shall ride behind my husband, Sir."

"Behind him! what you have a jaunting car then?" and again hopes of exhibiting his curricule arose.

"No Sir, we have no carriage of any description."

"Except carts, waggons, and wheelbarrows," added Henry Barton.

"Then how do you travel behind Mr. Barton?"

"A double horse, I meant, Sir."

"A double horse, he! he! he!
of a creature is that?"

"Did you never see a lady on a
said Mr. Neville.

"I do not recollect having had
Sir."

"Then, Sir, you would never
the old enigma—

'Come tell me this riddle without any
Five legs on one side, and three on th
Two eyes in my forehead, and four on
One tongue that is silent, and two that

"Excellent," cried Hamilton,
that is Catherine's composition;
called the Craven Sphinx."

"He! he! he!" chuckled Hal
mous beast that would be, to shew
Change."

"Aye Halston, and you to exh
with the show, and the showman,

quite the rage; Chien Munito and the Sword-swallower might go hang themselves; and the Bonassus, and the Boa Constrictor into the bargain."

Halston laughed again, for fortunately it was all one to him whether he laughed at himself or any thing else: but, however, as it was necessary for him to make some arrangement, in place of the curricie, he went to the King's Arms, to give his orders to Monsieur Beaujeu; as that gentleman had been positively interdicted by Hamilton from making his appearance at the Rectory any further than the gate.

As soon as he was gone Mrs. Barton retired to her children, and Henry and the Rector went to look after the horses. Catherine waited a few minutes in the expectation that Hamilton would make some remark on the arrangements for the day; but finding that he continued silent, she attributed his gravity to his dislike of the excursion altogether; as she knew

he was too fastidious in his ideas of pleasure to find it merely in the simple enjoyment of natural beauties.

"I hope, Colonel Hamilton," said she, gravely, "you do not join our party this morning, merely out of ceremony. I should feel much more comfortable if you would stay away, or contrive some little plan for yourself and Mr. Hakten; now pray do not go with us, unless you really feel an inclination for the ride."

"You are very considerate—very kind to give me leave to ride if I feel inclined."

"No, Sir," said Catherine, with more spirit, "I could not possibly mean to dictate to you—I was only afraid your politeness might induce you to act in opposition to your inclinations."

"And you will find I am not quite so polite as you imagined," said he, "for you must allow me to say that I shall go, simply because it will give me pleasure: I can have no other inducement, for I dare say all the rest of the

party would very readily excuse my attendance."

"How can you say so seriously what you cannot think?" said Catherine, her voice melted as she spoke—he seized her hand.

"Ask Longcroft," said he, as he pressed it to his lips—his voice trembled as much as her own. Catherine, with the intuitive perception of her sex, felt that it was jealousy that agitated him thus. Could any declaration of love be more explicit? A flash of feminine triumph shot through her eyes—it was but for a moment, the next she cast them to the ground, but that moment was long enough to shew Hamilton how much he had betrayed himself.

Just then the horses were brought to the door. Catherine had yet her habit to put on. Scarcely did she feel the steps, as she flew up stairs, buoyant in happiness and hope.

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T. C. NEWBY, 11, LITTLE QUEEN STREET.

CHANCES AND CHANGES

A DOMESTIC STORY

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "SIX WEEKS ON THE LOIRE."

"Of *chances* or *change*, O let not man complain."
BEATTIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES

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CHANCES AND CHANGES.

CHAPTER I.

RURAL PIC-NICS.

HALSTON returned just as all the party were mounted.

"For Heaven's sake what is that?" said he, as he reconnoitred, through his eye-glass, the horse and its pillion, which carried Henry Barton and his wife.

"It is an animated velocimanipede," said Hamilton, as he put his foot in his stirrup.

"You are a very fortunate man, Mr. Barton," said Halston, seeing Mrs. Barton put her arm round her husband, as she seated herself on the pillion, "I don't wonder at your being an advocate for that mode of conveyance, he! he! he!"

Henry smiled, and Mrs. Barton blushed, so prettily, that Halston stuck closer to her than ever; whilst the Rector jogged on quietly, on the other side of his son-in-law, and talked of the road, and the crops, and the cattle, and mangelwurzel, and many other subjects equally removed from the comprehension of the beau, though listened to by the little matron with the utmost deference.

Catherine was an excellent horsewoman, for she had been accustomed to riding from her infancy; and, delighting to point out the various beauties of her native district, she now fearlessly led the way with Hamilton, round many a winding path, and up many a precipitous ascent,

which abundantly repaid the trouble of exploring them. Towards the right, Ingleborough and Pennygent reared their proud heads, over the beautiful extent of valley watered by the Ribble, sparkling with tarns, and richly studded with villages; Pendle Hill, in the distance on the left, marked the borders of Lancashire. Around these famous sister-hills many gentler eminences gradually rose and fell, in ever varying succession; clothed with verdure, and covered with herds of lowing cattle and flocks of bleating sheep, whose mingled sounds reverberated to the liberty, and expansiveness of the widely spreading scene. As they advanced, however, the country gradually lost its more beautiful features, and assumed only those of wildness and grandeur.—At length they came

‘ To Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair,

Where the young lions couch. ’ ”

On entering the little narrow valley which these wonderful masses of rock enclose, they

found the rest of the party, already gazing on the foaming waters, and long over the beetling cliffs.

The approach of the horses with the roaring of the torrent, but croft, at that moment, turning look towards the entrance, and instantly sprung towards to alight. Her glowing and tenance, so rivetted his eyes, the companion of her ride, the patient of the admiring look watched her, expressed his hope find herself fatigued. At the Edward turned hastily round, him with an expression, in which disappointment were so plainly Hamilton scarcely sought to a haughty triumph, with which l sance to him, much more pr , would have exhibited at any ot

one of such imaginary victory over him to whom it was addressed. Edward Longcroft returned it with the slightest bend of his fine though slender figure, which he drew up, the moment after, to its utmost altitude—dropped Catherine's hand, and went away without uttering a word; leaving her lost in wonder, as to the reason that could induce him to shew such marked disapprobation of one whose early connection with her father, and consequent attentions to herself, ought, she thought, to give him some claim, even had he none in himself, on the partiality of her friends.—Hamilton was mortified to the quick, to see the expression of uneasiness which he imagined to be caused by the desertion of Edward Longcroft.

“The puppy thinks he may trifle with her as he pleases—and well he may, when she is such a simpleton as to let him see his power over her;” said he to himself,—“I suppose he plays her off to his sentimental cousin, now and then,

to quicken her a little; but he will not act the Sultan before me, I've a notion."

He then reconnoitered Louisa through his glass, and began to calculate whether it would most annoy Edward Longcroft, to commence a serious flirtation with her, or to shew him the progress he had already made in the good graces of Catherine. The longer, however, he looked through his glass, the more decidedly he fixed on the latter plan, for, besides its being that to which his inclination prompted him, he saw in the pensive sweetness and quiet dignity of Louisa's countenance and manner, something more than a probability, that he should not find in her the unfeeling vanity which too often prompts a woman to encourage the idle attentions of one man, whilst she is receiving the serious addresses of another.

The presence of Hamilton seemed to diffuse a restraint over the party, which threatened to render it, like most premeditated parties of

pleasure, any thing but what it was originally intended.

To remark however, upon gravity, is to confirm it; and therefore it was fortunate that Mr. Neville's placidity, and unsuspecting turn of mind always made him imagine every thing was exactly what it ought to be, or at least what it was designed to be, unless he was told in express terms to the contrary.

Under the influence of this impression, he went about so kindly from one to another, congratulating each upon the fineness of the day, and commenting on the beauty of the country through which they had passed, and the sublimity of the scene before them, in terms which bespoke such an admiring and grateful spirit, that none could resist its influence; and even Edward Longcroft and Hamilton seemed to feel, as they replied to each other's remarks with somewhat more of complacency than their looks had hitherto exhibited, that it would be

indeed, as Milton expresses it, 'an injury and sullenness against nature,' to indulge in sentiments of petty dislike towards each other amid her grandest scenes; enough in themselves to still every earth-born passion, and lift the soul above all the evanescent cares of common life.

Perpendicular rocks, of the most savage majesty, scarcely deigning to admit a slender stream here and there, to force its way between the crevices, but sheltering in their bosom a spring which, swelled by wintry rains, was leaping from crag to crag, a foaming cataract; and then running in haste through the little narrow dreary vale those rocks enclosed; a spot more fit for the hiding-place of outlawed men, than for the entertainment of youth and gaily pointed summits that led the eye towards the heavens, which seemed to assume a deep azure as their cloudless vault was contemplated thus removed from every object that might inspire a wandering thought:—such is Gordale

dreary ! vast ! sublime ! drawing the mind at once to the contemplation of the primeval world, to which it seems to have belonged, and to that eternal duration of things, which renders the material creation a type, and emblem of the immortal soul.

Under the influence of feelings and reflections such as these, Mr. Dacres, of whom it might indeed be said —

“ The sounding cataract

Haunted him like a passion : the tall rock,

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

Their colours and their forms.”

stood beneath the foaming spray, with up-raised eyes, and an expression of countenance, such as was haply inspired in the glowing features of Saint Bruno, when he first beheld, whilst yet a youth, the rocky deserts, in which he vowed to consecrate his remaining days to solitude and holy meditations. Whether Mr. Dacres was, at that moment, thinking more of

Earth or Heaven, he himself, however, not have been able to decide if asked. Halston soon settled the matter by "He! he! he! a famous shower-bath would make, it quite petrifies me to be I suppose, Sir," turning to Mr. Nevill of these springs are of a petrifying know they are in Derbyshire."

"That is not precisely a reason should be so in Yorkshire, Sir," said ville, with the utmost simplicity. land most of the mountains are of ing nature, I understand; but suppose they impart their combustibles, to the mountains of N Denmark."

"But they are most amazingly cold these petrifying springs—were they I have put in the oddest things you gine, myself."

"Put in yourself!" interrupted

"to be sure, that is one of the oddest things I can imagine;—but why did you not stay long enough to be converted into a river-god?—You would just have done for this famous Ribble that fertilises all Craven, and that one can jump over so easily. I would have laid you at its source, myself, and put my canteen under your elbow, for you to lean upon; for the thing must have been in proper keeping,—a river-god of the nineteenth century, must not be encumbered with an antique urn, big enough to bury him in."

"No, no, I should not want burying; petrification and putrefaction are different affairs,—he! he! he!—but joking apart, I have seen some of your river-gods in Italy wonderfully well worth looking at; there was one at Tivoli, a fine fellow, and, by-the-bye, this cascade, here, reminds me very much of that at Tivoli. You have no idea, Ma'am, how delightful it is," turning to Mrs. Barton, who listened to

him with a degree of fixed attention, which gratified him no little; as from the unconscious smile that accompanied it, he made himself sure that it was the offspring of genuine admiration. "I assure you," he repeated, "you can have no idea of it."

"I am sure I have not had hitherto, Sir," she replied, "if it be a scene at all like this."

"No, it is exactly as unlike as possible," said Hamilton, "and I suppose Halston was thinking of Plato's maxim, that things are known by their opposites, when the resemblance suggested itself to him."

"No, in good truth, I am not very fond of that good gentleman's notions; I do not think I should ever be very fond of Platonic attachments—he! he! he!" and he darted, what he meant to be, a most admiring glance at Mrs. Barton, but unfortunately, in his zeal to appear the man of gallantry, he forgot the prudence

which one really of that description, would have observed; and the modest matron turned from him with undissembled disgust, and began to talk to Louisa concerning her garden; whilst Mr. Neville, with the utmost ease, slid into a discourse, with Mr. Dacres, on the sublime doctrines of the Platonists, and passing from them to those of the Stoics and Epicureans, went very leisurely through all the separate schools of Athens, before he once again bethought himself of any of the members of the *Conversazione* at Gordale.

Halston, meanwhile, on whom Mrs. Barton's indignant glance had not fallen unperceived, or rather, we would say, unvalued, took Hamilton aside,—

“I have got into a devil of a scrape with the dear little prude,” said he, “did you see how angry she was just now?”

“No, indeed; nor did I know that you were in the habit of making any body angry.”

"Wig, to be sure, it was foolish enough in me. I was not sufficiently guarded, perhaps, in my admiration, and I saw she was devilishly annoyed lest her husband should remark it. She looked quite reproachfully at me, and, again, I know I was wrong, I ought to be more careful."

"Yes, you must not act the gallant gay Lotario, in this manner, when you get back to London, or you will be picked through and through, like a collender, before the season's half over," said Hamilton, with so ironical an air, that his acknowledgment of Halston's vanity might easily have been read in it, by any one less under the influence of that most agreeably intoxicating passion. At that instant Mr. Neville came up to them with an exulting air, to show them a specimen of the *lichen exanthematicus*, and began to expatiate upon his good fortune in finding it, as of all the numerous, or rather, innumerable family to which it

belongs, it is one of the most rare, and for which he most particularly wished just then.

Hamilton looked at the moss through his eye-glass.—

"I am no botanist," said he.

"Nor is it necessary to be a botanist," said Mr. Neville, "to admire such a production as this."

"Park was no botanist," said Edward Longcroft, "yet, when sinking under fatigue and disappointment in the wilde of Africa, an accidental glance at one of this humblest tribe of the vegetable world, led him into a train of thought, that not only beguiled him, for the moment, of his anxieties, but filled his soul with the sublimest hopes, and with a religious confidence, which he expressly mentions, as having given him fresh courage to go through the dangers and privations that awaited him."

"And well can I imagine it," exclaimed Catherine, "it is, indeed, in the minuter parts



THEY ARE THE ONLY
THAT THE PEOPLE OF
THE WORLD ARE
AT A LOSS TO FIND
THE ANSWER. THE
ANSWER IS NOT
TO BE FOUND IN
THE BOOKS OF
THE PAST. THE
ANSWER IS TO BE
FOUND IN THE
FUTURE. THE
ANSWER IS TO BE
FOUND IN THE
HEART OF
THE PEOPLE.

tion at her, as her dark blue eyes borrowed deeper azure from the cloudless vault to which they were turned, with an expression pure and sublime as the ether which gave an added glow to her cheek ; and as she hung on her father's arm, with fond and duteous admiration of all he uttered, Hamilton, for a moment, felt as if, surrounded with such scenery and associates, he could at once renounce the pleasures, and secure himself from the vices of the world. "Yet, in a few days," thought he, "I shall leave these delightful scenes, and all that has charmed me amidst them ; and then in what a petty stream of trifling, unprofitable incidents will my present impressions be washed away !"

Mrs. Barton, still linked in her husband's arms, had drawn near to listen to her father ; at her side was Louisa Longcroft, whose eyes were soon attracted by a little knot of purple and white flowers, in the fissure of the rock,

close by the cascade, which was pronounced to be the *palemonium ceruleum*.

"Ah, how tantalising!" exclaimed Louisa, "it is exactly out of reach."

"I will try to get it for you," said Edward, "if you really wish it—I could find some more if necessary."

"No," said Louisa, "you shall not attempt it for me; I must be contented with the *gentiana amarella*, which is considerate enough to grow where it can be plucked."

"I think," whispered Halston to Mrs. Barton, "if I had been situated as I understand Mr. Edward Longcroft is, with that lady, I would have procured her that plant at any rate."

For once Mrs. Barton yielded to the suggestions of a little innocent malice.

"I dare say," said she, "Louisa is very

like to ask Mr. Barton to get it for me—it is so high up.”

At that moment Halston felt the inconvenience of having taken up a decided character as a man of gallantry: he had just made a flourish as to what he would have done in Edward Longcroft's situation, and lo! he suddenly found himself placed in one quite similar enough to demand a proportionate degree of exertion. The glory of scaling the height, of plucking the desired blossom, and of delivering it, with appropriate grace, to Mrs. Barton, was no small temptation to him to undertake the enterprise; but, then, on the other hand, tight lacing and small boots rendered it one of no easy execution. Recollecting, however, that when a school-boy he had always been deputed, on account of his light weight, on any expedition wherein superior activity was required, and conscious that he had not gained much in bulk from that time, he sprang forward with desperate resolution,

outward man, which presented, indeed, a most rueful picture of a dandy demolished, she hastily seized Catherine's arm, and made her run with her fairly out of sight, that she might indulge in the peals of laughter which his most grotesque appearance irresistibly called forth.

Happily for poor Halston, he had not the additional mortification of seeing that he had made himself as ridiculous in Mrs. Barton's eyes as in those of the rest of the party. On the contrary, perceiving that she had hastily rushed away, with her handkerchief to her face, he flattered himself that she was overcome with her terrors for him ; and this thought, added to the animal good humour with which he was abundantly favored by nature, enabled him to join as heartily as all around him in merriment, at his own expence. His appearance was indeed enough to move the risible muscles even of a stoic : his coat, which had been tightly buttoned at the bottom of the waist, was rent

... of his ex-
figure; his cravat hung
his branch, one whisker
beamble, and the other,
patent cement by which it
been kept in its place, had
of his cheek, and enriched
ferent lichens and earth
passed, in his precipitous
had likewise entwined them
as to give the idea of his in-
company with "Mad Tom,"

Hamilton, however, under-
rights again; and with the aid
of the water, his "hane and a
gins, an extra great coat of
a pink silk handkerchief of 1...

souage, and, barring the loss of his whiskers, of somewhat more manly character than when he had set out in the morning, fresh from the labours of the toilette.

This little occurrence, which, in some cases, would have gone a good way towards destroying the harmony of the party, in the present instance, only served to increase it, by giving to each an additional motive for exertion of colloquial talent, and kind attentions, in order to do away all disagreeable recollections.

Edward Longcroft had stationed two of his uncle's servants, who played extremely well on the French horns, at a distance, whence their strains came upon the ear with softened melody; and even the echoes that reverberated the sounds among the rocks, seemed to do it as if they would only whisper among each other, fearful of disturbing the exquisite stilness around. Soon, however, the notes were changed to livelier measures, and then gradually died away,

leaving the minds of the party better attuned to the gay and desultory conversation fitted for the occasion, than they would have been by a continuance of melodies which invited to abstraction and silent enjoyment.

Hamilton now seemed suddenly resolved to exert himself, and appear alike the fascinating companion and the polished gentleman. He saw in the mingled sensibility and intelligence of Edward Longcroft's countenance, and in the conscious dignity and graceful reserve of Mr. Dacres, attractions of a stamp that required him to rally all his own powers, to maintain that superiority which was generally conceded to him; and he soon diffused around him the willingness to please and to be pleased, which seemed to animate his own behaviour—we say seemed, for Hamilton was too well used to endeavours of this kind, to betray the desire of outshining others which in general actuates them: and accordingly Mrs. Barton and Louisa

Longcroft felt their prejudice against him gradually yield to the influence of his politeness and good humour; aided as they were by the attractions of a face and figure of such manly beauty as might defy criticism, and seemed to give him a right to the gay triumphant expression of countenance, and the ease of deportment, which, without assuming any offensive superiority over others less favored by Nature, seemed to say how aware he was that it would be ungrateful in him not to be satisfied with himself. Mr. Dacres, little mixed up with the fashionable world for the last five years, had no prejudice against him to contend with, and, ever ready to admire whatever was grand or beautiful, in either the physical or moral world, willingly acknowledged that his fine head and martial figure, would have graced a Roman, even in Rome's proudest days; and that if his conversation was somewhat of a lighter sort than his imposing appearance would at first have

that he could make it a
concomitant. Hamilton
and the presence of Mrs. Bar-
ton. The increased attention of M
regard to the making in the
city of New York where he
resided, and he was to propit
them, and he was in seeing
we wanted to know her who
was Edward Langford, that ab-
sence of Hamilton's from the
party.—That was not, however,
Hamilton's wish.—and that he was
in the language of the heart as to
meaning of that flattering silence, I
understand, which is ready to say

increased delight, when other claims upon them may be done away; but his vanity got the better of his delicacy; he wanted to show off Catherine's admiration of himself, at the very moment that he was endeavouring to excite that of her companions, and he began to grow somewhat weary of playing the agreeable to them, when he found that by it, he was only giving Edward Longcroft an opportunity of doing the same thing to her. Louisa's eyes, also, began to betray symptoms of wandering towards her cousin, and Mr. Dacres following the direction of them, fixed his upon Catherine, and a sigh burst from his heart, as if some feelings of a painful nature lurking there had been called forth by associations with her glowing countenance, and sportive smiles, as she playfully refused to restore Edward a pen-knife, with which he had threatened to add her name to the countless number, left by different visitants, on the sides of the rock. Fortunately

at the very moment Mr. Neville took out his watch, and the whole party discovered that the one was listening behind Ingleborough, and that if they meant to reach their respective homes, either any of his horses yet remained in the larder, they must set off without further delay.

Then Garsden looked a little caudal at the thought of mounting himself on horseback, in the farmer's great coat, and doubly regretted not having followed his first wish of spurring his carriage on the occasion; but as that was now beyond work, he was alike unwilling to convert a life-long habit whilst it was yet fresh into a habit, or to risk any further accident by waiting for the obscurity of evening. The signal Mrs. Dacre, however, once more mounted on her pillion, fixed his wavering resolution, and he prepared to attend her, with becoming anxiety. The Leegwoods' and Mr. Dacre's being considerably nearer Garsdale than the rest

of the party were, had walked; and, as they meant to return the same way, they lost as little time as possible in their *adieux*, though Edward still found something to remark or enquire, as he lingered near Catherine, anxious to assist her to mount; but he was recalled to the attention he owed his cousin, by perceiving that she waited for him, and he then hastily bade the remainder of the party good night, and ran after her and Mr. Dacres. Hamilton soon drew Catherine from her sister's side, and under pretence of finding his horse somewhat tender on his fore feet, he persuaded her to leave the road, and canter across the grass, in such a direction, as to pass close by the pedestrians. Catherine waved her hand to them;—her hair blown back with the evening breeze, discovered a forehead so white and so serene, a cheek, so died in Nature's richest vermilion, that as her countenance lighted up with the sudden smile of affectionate recognition, and

unconscious elevation of spirits, and innocent enjoyment of every thing around her, she looked indeed what Hamilton had affectedly styled her in the beginning of their intimacy, 'the very goddess of the mountains;' and as he likewise took off his hat to the party, with a grace and spirit all his own, he felt the full triumph of carrying off a prize, which, however, he had scarcely thought of wishing to make his own, until his vanity had suggested to him that another, no way his inferior, envied him the power of doing so.

"And well he may," thought Hamilton, "there is not a man in London that would not envy me the affection of such a lovely girl"—and no sooner did this reflection pass through his mind, than it was followed by an ardent longing to shew her in the Metropolis, and exhibit her to the admiration of his associates.—Hamilton was no way mercenary; he had occasionally thought of marriage as a means of

repairing those inroads which dissipation and inconsiderate profusion had made in his fortune, but the calculation was at all times unnatural and repugnant to him.—Vain, rather than avaricious, he did not relish the idea of looking up to a wife, with any sense of obligation, though he felt that to be considered as having married an object highly desirable, on some account or other, would certainly be to him almost an indispensable condition of happiness.—So much for his estimate of the noiseless nature of real felicity.—He was nearer the truth in his next argument with himself. “After all,” thought he, “any blockhead may get a woman with money, if he only look among the stupid and ill-favored, and people know too well how dearly such bargains are paid for, to envy them : but a girl like Catherine, is a prize that few can hope to find, and fewer still know where to seek for ;—accident has thrown it in my way, and I should be

a fool indeed, and unworthy of any future good befalling me, if I could leave it to another." And then the figure of Edward Longcroft came before him, and he presently placed him at the head of the numerous train who were to envy him the possession of a beautiful and amiable girl, in whose cultivated mind and unsophisticated manners, were to be seen that union of intellectual strength, with simplicity of heart, which is of all combinations of character most difficult to preserve, amidst the artificial habits and false tastes of a Metropolis.

The moment that Hamilton entertained a thought of seriously linking Catherine Neville's fate with his own, he felt towards her that increased, and almost holy tenderness which any man of naturally good dispositions, however sullied or weakened they may have been, by his intercourse with the world, will be conscious of, when he looks upon the woman whom, from

pure motives of affection, he thinks of making his wife—and with this new feeling came another:—

“What if her affections should be engaged, or not inclined towards him?”

But this surmise did not tarry with him for a moment—the endearing, trusting fondness of Catherine’s smile, put it to flight, almost before it had made itself known to him.

“And why do you smile?” said he, roused from the reverie into which he had fallen; and bringing his horse nearer to hers,—“Is it that you find me so entertaining?”

“No, indeed;” replied Catherine,—“I am better pleased with your silence, just now, than I should be with your conversation; for it convinces me that you have a deeper sense of the beauties of such a scene as this, than you were willing to give yourself credit for.—It is far more interesting by this fading light, than it was in the full blaze of day—is it not? and yet

how lovely it then appeared!—but look at those dark clouds that are hanging over Cambridge—bar—and at the deep shadows they throw on the valley;—and see that last rich streak of crimson, how solemn,—how storm-like it all is! I know you feel more than you wish to own.

“I do indeed, Catherine; at least, I feel more than I am able to own; but will you help me to analyze my feelings, if I unfold them to you?”

Catherine smiled again; but her complexion heightened, as if it had borrowed its tint from the western sky; and, quickening her pace, she joined her father, and kept close by his side the remainder of the way.

CHAPTER II.

A DISCLOSURE.

It seemed, however, as if chance was determined to favor Hamilton's wishes by giving him an opportunity of declaring them.

The worthy Rector stopped on his way home to visit a sick parishioner; Mrs. Barton went up stairs, immediately on her arrival, to see her children; her husband staid in the stables to superintend the groom, and Halston hastened

to his own apartment, to make his toilette afresh.

"We have had a delightful day!" said Catherine, as she took off her hat, and shook back the curls which clustered on her forehead.

"Yes," said Hamilton, "it is one of many that it will be impossible for me ever to forget." He sighed deeply as he spoke, fixed his eyes for a moment upon her, and then withdrew them, whilst with an almost impatient expression he started from his chair, and walked up and down the room.

Catherine, embarrassed she knew not why, sedulously leaned her head over some scarce plants which she had gathered at Gordale, but Hamilton interrupted her examination of their structure, for he took them out of her hand.

"Give these to me," said he, gracefully raising them to his lips, "you will not grudge me a remembrance of this delightful day! though it is I, rather, who ought to leave one with

you; for I shall want nothing to bring it to my recollection."

"Surely," said Catherine, "it is more likely that you will forget us in the gaieties of London, than that we shall forget you in the seclusion of Nethercross."

Her voice trembled as she uttered these words; Hamilton seized her hand—

"Gaieties of London!" he exclaimed, "Oh, Catherine, you have yet to learn how wearisome, how palling such gaieties are! And even were they pleasurable in themselves, can they be enjoyed without a heart? I shall go back to them, I shall join the selfish, trifling circle which I have already seen too much of, I shall enter into a thousand empty, frivolous pursuits, but my wishes, my affections will all be centred here; for here I first learned to feel, and to be happy."

Catherine burst into tears; and it was amidst those tears, and blushes and smiles that Hope

herself might have been proud to wear Hamilton, scarcely less agitated than he drew from her such a confession of her feelings. As, the moment, it was made, she could not forgive herself for having suffered to escape her lips. Nevertheless, though too impatient and too sincere to disguise her tenderness when honorably solicited by its object, her avowal of it, Catherine retained so much of the able precaution and good sense, as kept her in her refusal to let Hamilton ask her for the sanction of his addresses, until she could herself decide, through the medium of more reflection and observation, whether his views and modes of thinking were such as to authorize her to indulge in the delightful prospect of future happiness with him, which he was but too well inclined to draw. Hamilton reproached her vehemently for being unable to trace out what he termed so cold a bound to her feelings.

"Do you call it love," said he, "to wish for an opportunity of discovering my faults? Can it be pleasing to you to look out for causes to justify your severity?"

"No," said Catherine, "I look out to convince myself there are none: besides, love is blind, you say—surely, then, you are not afraid of so innocent a spy!"

"I am not faultless, Catherine. I know it too well, and you know it likewise—I never pretended to be so; perfection is a chimera no rational being would ever look for—but the woman that I love must not only take me with all my faults, but love me with them too—if not for them."

"No, that I protest against," exclaimed Catherine laughingly, "try to cure them, if you please, whatever they may be; and when you have done all you can, say you are sorry you can do no more; but never expect to be forgiven for what you do not endeavour to amend."

"Well, then, let me know which I shall begin with first—" he was drawing his chair close to her, but he was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Barton, who was soon followed by the rest of the party, and Catherine took no part in the supper-table, and did its honors with an unobtrusive kindness to every one, while the increased luster of her eyes, and the rosy tinge upon her cheek, whenever some of her friends' impassioned glances were directed to the amount of the "beautiful young" and the "delightful child."

Hamilton's one aim, now that he had made up his mind to devote himself to the blameless enjoyment of a married attachment, was to get rid of Benson. He with all the dread of ridicule which he felt, which is a thorough-paced rule of the world can never entirely shake off, is drawn from the idea of showing his admiration of a lovely and amiable young woman, and he had actually associated her with the credit

of being his bride; when he trusted her natural graces, improved as they rapidly would be by the polish of fashionable society, would present sufficient apology to his gay associates, for her deficiency of fortune and absence of elevated connections.

But how to get Halston away was a consideration of some difficulty; for independent of a real liking he unfortunately entertained for Hamilton's society, and an insuperable aversion to his own, he actually did feel for Mrs. Barton's modest graces, and innocent archness, a sort of admiration enough to raise him in his own opinion, as being under the influence of a serious sentiment; which, thanks to our imitation of continental manners, he had seen exalt into notoriety many characters who had otherwise no more to distinguish them than himself. He accordingly found the day fully occupied in paying the little attentions of gallantry to the object of his adoration, and became so exqui-

sitely ridiculous under the domination of his passion, that Hamilton would have been downright angry with him, had he not resolved to make his very absurdity conducive to his removal, before it should reach the acme.

An opportunity was not long wanting.—Halston came to him, two days after the excursion to Gordale, with a very serious face:—

“Don’t take any notice,” said he, “if you see Mrs. Barton look grave.”

“Why, what is the matter?” said Hamilton, somewhat alarmed, “I hope you have not been offending her, with any of your fine speeches; remember, my dear fellow, that the wife of a plain farmer, two hundred miles from London, has very different notions of such things, from a fine lady at the opera or Almack’s.”

“No, upon my honor,” said Halston, with the most complacent air of credit with himself, for his prudence, “I have been as guarded as possible, lately, because I saw, clearly enough,

that whatever the dear little matron herself might think of my *petits soins*, they were not very agreeable to her husband. But this morning I took a fancy into my head, that I would just write a few lines, ' *To her who can understand them.*' By-the-bye, here is the beginning; it is a little in the style of Moore."

"Very little, I should think," said Hamilton, glancing his eye over the blotted and interlined scrap of rose-coloured paper Halston drew from his pocket-book, "but, however, we will not mix poetry with prose, so go on."

"Well, I was just considering the lines, as I sat in the little arbour where you and Miss Neville were playing at chess the other day, and I was endeavouring to think of a rhyme for *sympathetic*, when I heard footsteps in the Lime-tree walk, behind, and presently found that Barton and his wife were walking there. It was very awkward for me; I durst not move, because I thought they would quiz me about my

verses, if they should see me with the pencil and paper, and yet I did not like to keep quiet, for I could hear every word they said, and I found they were talking about myself."

"About you!" exclaimed Hamilton, "in good truth I do not wonder at your modesty dreading that it should be put to the blush."

"Ah, well, you may laugh, but it was that which first drew my attention. The pretty little matron was, I found, making all the excuses she could for me, and saying every thing in my favor that she durst,—'I see,' she said, 'all that you point out as faulty in him plainly enough, and I can assure you that I am not at all dazzled by his fine figure and polished manners.'"

Hamilton bit his lip at Halston's folly in applying such a description to himself, at the same time that he could not be sorry that the person for whom he had no doubt it was really meant should be unsuspected by him.

"I could not," continued Halston, "very well catch the next sentence, for they were going from me as they spoke, but when they returned, Barton seemed quite warm in my abuse, and said—'its' your own innocence Amelia that keeps you in the dark respecting his real character; how can you think that a man admired as you see he has been, a leader in fashionable circles, accustomed to every species of dissipation:—and really, Hamilton, there's too much truth in it all, —'how do you think?'—and here I don't know what either of them thought, for he whisked her round to take another turn, and when they came back, the poor little soul was in tears, and I could only hear her sigh out between her sobs, 'I wish he had never come to Nethercross: such men are only fit for London and London women.'—Egad, Hamilton, I felt like a criminal, for God knows I had no intention to make the little woman unhappy; but I was to blame

I saw, and now what is to be done? her husband stalked by her side without another word; and as soon as I heard them shut the gate, I made my escape, and instead of invoking the Nymphs any longer, I ran about looking for you, that you might advise me how to act."

Hamilton felt pretty well convinced that *Every Body's* words, and Mrs. Barton's tears, had nothing to do with Halston, in any shape; for his conscience whispered him, that Catherine's happiness, and his own character, were the subjects of the anxiety they both evidently felt. He resolved, however, not to enlighten Halston on the subject, but to make the mistake into which his vanity led him, subservient to his final removal. He, therefore, with well-assumed gravity, pointed out to Halston, the danger of intimacies like his, being any longer accompanied so closely; and the unpleasantness it would give him to find, that he had unwittingly introduced into a little family

circle, so domestic and so attached, any one who should, however unintentionally, cause a moment's pain, to any member of it.

Halston had a certain goodness of heart that would never have let him become in reality the character he affected of a man of gallantry, even if nature had been more disposed to favor him in it by her exterior gifts; he therefore instantly saw the matter as Hamilton represented it, and with a sentimental sigh, as deep as Werter himself ever breathed, he declared himself willing to depart rather than create any serious uneasiness between Mrs. Barton and her husband. It was therefore settled that he should set off that very day to York, and Hamilton promised to join him in the Metropolis, in the course of the ensuing week.

When Halston communicated his design, Henry Barton told him that he and his wife were going home about the same time, and would be happy if he would take Blackthorn

There is no way. Elizabeth looked enquiringly at Hamilton, to strengthen him in his resolution, for the thought of leaving her father and mother had filled Mr. Barton's eyes with tears, and in the sight of them, Elizabeth, who placed them all on his own account, felt strongly tempted to put off, though only for a few minutes, the moment of saying farewell.—But reading dissimulation in his adviser's countenance, he summoned up all his resolution, and, with a forced deep sigh, intended for the especial hearing of Mrs. Barton, he said that it was impossible; his engagements required him in town, and he had, indeed, already staid too long; but he should carry with him the liveliest recollection of the kindness with which he had been treated, and indeed, altogether, impressions that no time would efface. Mrs. Barton's smiles returned, for it was impossible to look upon Elizabeth in grief, without an excitement of the risible muscles, so little was

either his countenance or his voice, fitted to express the feelings he wished to insinuate fortunately he placed her smiles to precisely the same account as her tears, and encouraged by them, he kissed her hand at parting, with an air of *empressement*, which, in the joy of his departure, she was scarcely conscious of; and when Henry Barton, with native courtesy, went with him beyond the gate, to bid him farewell, his last remark to Hamilton was, that Barton might well wish him a good journey, for he looked confoundedly glad to get him out of the way.

No sooner was Halston gone than Mr. and Mrs. Barton prepared to depart with their little prattlers; and the invitation to Blackthorn farm, was repeated to Hamilton, but with so constrained an air, that Catherine thought Henry Barton grew very stupid and formal, and seemed to make his wife as reserved as

himself. This, however, was only the thought of a moment; the affectionate hearts of the couple beat in unison, as they embraced each other, and Henry Barton's countenance, as he gazed toward Catherine's cheek, only shewed that anxiety for her happiness, which Hamilton's countenance and tone was sufficiently responsive.

"But he never has time to grow wiser at night," said he to himself, "it is not what *now* has, but what *I shall be*, that will attract them, eyes, and all the world besides;" so as he thus reasoned, all the world of St. James crowded into his mind, and the thought of introducing his old man's daughter at court, Mrs. Hamilton, perhaps as the Countess Weymouth, filled his mind with a variety of feelings, which, could Catherine have analysed, perhaps, would not have taken her so to the tea-table, as she did, with a heart

booyant, that she almost chided herself for crowding all its wishes and capabilities of happiness, into the space of the little parlour which at that moment contained but Hamilton and herself.

CHAPTER III.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Who is there that has not felt, and having felt it, who is there that can forget the exquisite happiness attendant upon a pure and first attachment; from its dawning of scarcely understood preference, to its soul-engrossing perfection of devotedness, throughout its gradual progress from hope to sympathy, from sympathy to confidence, entire and reciprocal! Such

happiness was Catherine Neville's, now that she seemed authorized to indulge all the sweetest illusions of that fascinating passion which, at one period or other, throws its brilliant, its dazzling radiance over the path of every mortal in his way through life !

Already she began to look on Hamilton as the arbiter of her future destiny, the companion, the friend of all her future years ; and whenever she turned her eyes on him, it was with such glowing yet tender and admiring fondness, that even his heart, hacknied as it was in the ways of the world, and skilled in the counterfeit of feelings it had long since almost worn out, melted beneath the soul-subduing radiance of their beams ; and however his vanity might be gratified by the entire devotedness of a female so lovely and so intellectual, he felt also somewhat humbled by the conviction, which he could not hide from himself, that she deserved a far loftier return, both from the mind and

heart, than any that his early follies and long continued habits of dissipation had left him to offer. Catherine, however, was fully contented—she, like all women of ardent feeling, and lively imagination, had formed an idol in her own heart, before which her utmost homage was paid. She decked it with every virtue, and clothed it in the outward form of Hamilton; and to him she accordingly looked up with all the fond and dutious respect, and all the exclusive admiration, which he would have well deserved, had he been, indeed, every thing that her partial and trusting fancy was willing to believe him.

In this state of delightful illusion on one side, and gratified vanity on the other, a week flew rapidly away, and Catherine found it more and more difficult to find arguments wherewith to defend herself against Hamilton's incessant entreaties, that she would permit him to ask her father's consent to their union.

At length, one fortunate morning, he obtained from her the promise that the next day the subject should be mentioned, when just as he was expressing his acknowledgments, they were interrupted by the good Rector himself, who came in to say, that he had received a note from the King's Arms, which politeness required him to answer immediately. He put the billet-doux into Catherine's hands as he spoke; and well might it be so called, for it was written on a small sheet of embossed primrose paper, highly scented, and its envelope was sealed with a fine antique of Cleopatra applying the aspic to her bosom. It contained a few lines in a beautiful hand, stating that "a lady, a stranger, being detained at the Inn, by indisposition, would esteem herself particularly obliged by half-an-hour's conversation with Mr. Neville, whenever he might find himself perfectly at leisure to favour her so far."

Catherine was enchanted with the elegance

of the note, and gladly acceded to her proposal, that she should go with him to the writer.—Not so Hamilton; he glanced his eye towards the paper, as Catherine laid it in her hand, and a suffusion of the deep red spread itself over his forehead. He hid it by bending over a volume of poetry which he had been looking into during the morning, with Mr. Neville, and Catherine fully telling him to mind his book, while they were away, set off with her father to do his services to the invalid stranger.

When they arrived at the King's Arms, and enquired for the lady, they were ushered into the best room the house afforded, at which she was resting on a little old-fashioned sofa from which she rose on their entrance. Her maid came forward to meet them, with an air of dignified and courteous;—she had thrown on a magnificent travelling pelisse, and her figure received additional grace from

of a crimson India shawl, which hung in elegant drapery around her, whilst another of the same colour, twisted in the form of a turban, confined her dark locks, and made her appear like some Eastern Sultana, at least in the eyes of Catherine, who longed to transform the little settees into an Ottoman, and the worn-out piece of oil-cloth on the sanded floor, into a Persian carpet, that the adjuncts of the picture might be in keeping with the figure.

With much elegance of expression and sweetness of voice, did the lady, in a few words, acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Neville and his daughter, in thus favoring her with their attentions; and after apologizing for having intruded herself on their notice, “the fact is, Sir, she continued, “I have been obliged to travel for my health, and had meant to have gone across this part of the country to Harrowgate; but charmed with the beauties of Craven, and with the perfect retirement it affords, I have been

willing to persuade myself, that I might find springs in this neighbourhood, just as beneficial to my nerves, for a few weeks, as any that gayer places can afford. On enquiring of the good people of the house, respecting the surrounding country, they pressed me so earnestly to let them send to you, for that information, which it seems they did not feel themselves capable of giving, that, yielding to their persuasions, I have taken the liberty, for which I again must offer you my apologies."

The Rector, with his usual simplicity of reply, assured the lady there was no occasion to apologize for affording him the pleasure of being useful to her; and then entered into a topographical description of his darling county, and its local advantages, which seemed rather too minute for the patience of his hearer; as, notwithstanding her endeavour to appear attentive to it, she could not keep her eyes from straying towards Catherine, whose features she surveyed

with an earnest scrutiny, that brought the eloquent blood into Catherine's face, as she concluded within herself that the stranger must be a woman of fashion, by the ease with which she could look a person out of countenance.

Fortunately Mr. Neville, in a long and scientific harrangue on the waters of Ilkely, happened to want Leland's Itinerary, for a reference; and recollecting that, if the lady were at the Rectory, instead of the King's Arms, he could shew her the whole face of the country at once, in Whitaker's map, he told her so; and frankly asked her if she would favour him and his daughter, with taking tea at his own house; adding, that it was a mere step from the Inn.

The lady thanked him, and accepted the invitation; but step as it might be, she would not venture on it without her carriage, which she accordingly rang for, and in about five minutes an elegant travelling chariot set the whole party down at the Rectory.

But what was poor Catherine's dismay, when, on entering the parlour, the lady instantly recognized Colonel Hamilton, who, as instantly exclaimed,—

“Lady Charlotte Forsyth ! Good Heaven !” —he sprung forward to meet her, and then recollecting Catherine, who turned pale as ashes at the name, he stepped back, and exhibited a painful mixture of embarrassment and emotion. The lady was more mistress of herself ; a glance of scornful triumph shot like lightening from her eyes, but in a moment she was calm and gentle, and sinking on the sofa, in all the studied elegance of affected langour, she proceeded, in the softest tones, to account to Hamilton for her appearance in that sequestered part of the world, in the same manner as she had done before to Mr. Neville. But she had now a very different auditor to deal with : the tale that gained the unsuspecting belief of a man of Mr. Neville's guileless simplicity and

removal from fashionable life, did not, for one instant, impose upon Hamilton; who knew her ladyship's habits and connections, too well to imagine that she was really travelling alone, or at least, accompanied only by her servants, for her health; or that she would seek it in a retirement, which, however, beautiful in itself, would, he well knew, under such circumstances, appear to her synonymous with annihilation.—Lady Charlotte, however, neither imagined she should deceive Hamilton, nor in fact, wished to do so—it was sufficient for her, that her story lasted out the two or three hours that she was obliged to pass in the society of Mr. Neville and his daughter.

Mr. Neville, simple and unassuming as he was, had yet a native dignity of sentiment, and a consciousness of his own worth, which made him, though humble even to the lowest, yet perfectly at ease with the highest classes. In his youth he had, indeed, associated much with

them, and though he was well contented to give up their courtesies and refinements, for the more serious habits and energetic pursuits of his maturer years, he yet retained a remembrance of their polish and refinement, which, connecting itself involuntarily with his own spring-time of life, and blossoming hopes, made him think Lady Charlotte Forsyth, of whose name he had never heard till that moment, all the finer and more fascinating woman, for the discovery so sudden, and to him so utterly unlooked for, that she was a lady of quality.

Very different was it with Catherine; it was impossible for a young person brought up in so retired a manner, and naturally so modest in her appreciation of her own endowments, not to be sensible of some restraint, on finding herself, for the first time in her life, in the presence of a lady of high rank and established fashion; but in addition to this restraint she felt at once an awe and a distrust of Lady Charlotte; and

the circumstance with which her ladyship's name was indelibly fixed in her memory, rushed upon her mind with an anxiety and a foreboding of evil that blanched her cheek, and chained her tongue for the whole evening; notwithstanding the condescension of Lady Charlotte, who under pretence of encouraging her rustic timidity, insidiously contrived to pay her a degree of attention, which, feeling herself unable to return it as she ought, only added to her embarrassment.

To Mr. Neville, however, Lady Charlotte's notice seemed the amiable effusions of a naturally courteous mind; and he was sorry his daughter appeared to so little advantage before one apparently so capable of appreciating her; whilst she, in her turn, envied her father the ignorance of her ladyship's real character, which kept him in such good humour with her assumed one. Lady Charlotte was in truth a woman whom it was no easy matter to vie with,

even in her own aristocratic circle. Finely formed, graceful in carriage, her countenance animated and expressive, and her eyes dark and brilliant, her appearance awakened an expectation of intellectual superiority, which her fluency in modern languages, and familiarity with the costume and manners of different nations, gave her a very imposing air of; added to which, she danced, as was observed of Cato's wife, somewhat better than a modest woman ought to do, and played and sung with that complete command of instrument and voice which only the habit of performing in crowded assemblies can give. The principal use of music in fashionable society is to supply the place of conversation; and Lady Charlotte felt that there was at least equal need of it in the little quartette gathered round the fire-side at the Rectory, for Catherine could not, and Hamilton would not talk; her ladyship had ordered her carriage at ten o'clock, and an impa-

tient glance at her repeater shewed her that it was scarcely eight. The pianoforte offered something like a refuge from Mr. Neville's kindly meant enquiries as to her plans, for the remainder of the journey; and she entreated Miss Neville to favor her with some music, adding that she had heard none worth listening to since Grassini's divine "*voi che sopete, che cosa è amore.*"

This remark was not likely to make Catherine even endeavour to overcome her timidity; and indeed her native good sense, and quickness of perception made her feel that her simple style of singing, and old-fashioned music, however excellent in itself, could have no charms for "ears polite" as her ladyship's. She was mortified, nevertheless, to perceive that Hamilton seemed to be of her opinion, for he did not join in Lady Charlotte's solicitation, but neither did he join Catherine in soliciting her ladyship; he rather, by his fixed gravity, and abstracted

man, seemed to stand neutral between the contending parties, and a stranger would have found it difficult to imagine that he had ever seen either of them before. Lady Charlotte, however, was determined to amuse herself by teasing the good people, who, she imagined, had never heard any thing beyond a psalm at church, or a song after their nine o'clock supper; she therefore sat down to the instrument, and after modulating a variety of fine harmonies, and running through half of Chamber's Poetries, she struck a few plaintive notes, and turning to Hamilton, asked him in a low voice, if he would take a second with her in the beautiful duet from Mercandante's "Dante abbandonato," *Oh ! non farai mi, no*

"Impossible," said Hamilton, in a voice lower still.

"O! this beautiful thing of Puccini," said she touching the keys, and warbling a few of the notes, "*No crudel, tu non m'aspetti.*"

"Do not ask me," said Hamilton.

Her ladyship went on:—"You used to sing it so well! have you forgotten every thing?—have you forgotten '*un segreto è il mio tormento*'?"

"No, no," said Hamilton, almost impatiently, "but give us something alone. I cannot sing to-night, I am out of practice."

"I should think it very likely," said her ladyship, somewhat sarcastically, and began to sing forth Cbérubini's '*Da un dolce dolore oppressa*,' then changing her theme to '*Cara adorata immagine*,' she ran through all the variations with equal taste and precision; and concluded with a bravura so clear and full, that Mr. Neville was lost in admiration, and Catherine in feelings of a more painful nature, which she could scarcely bear to analyze.—Was it envy of Lady Charlotte's superior attainments, that made her unable to listen to her

with pleasure:—notwithstanding the richness of her voice, and the correctness of her execution? no:—of that she acquitted herself, for she would not sing like her if she could, provided it were on condition of taking her manner along with her voice—“if expression,” thought she, “consists in such impassioned accents, such entreating looks, I must never attempt ‘*el cantar che nell anima si sente*,’ for certainly with me it would lose half its meaning.—Lady Charlotte went on, and gradually forgetting the rest of her little audience, addressed herself at last only to Hamilton; running from one air to another, asking him if he remembered this and that; sometimes stopping short in a plaintive melody with a sigh, then striking a few bars of more lively feeling, with a smile; and in short adopting all the fashionable and shameless coquetties which the great think themselves authorised to indulge in with impunity;

and from which, the pure mind of Catherine, turned with instinctive disgust, and foreboding of their evil consequences.

Unable to disguise her feelings, her delicacy wounded by the conscious betrayal of them, she averted her eyes alike from Lady Charlotte and from Hamilton, and fixing them upon a piece of embroidery, abandoned herself to painful wondering as to the unexpected yet apparently simple chain of events which had brought persons together in her presence, whose names she could not have heard joined without the most uneasy feelings. She was glad when the appearance of the Sandwich-tray announced that the evening was drawing towards its termination. Lady Charlotte took a biscuit and a glass of *eau sucrée*, and after trifling over it for half-an-hour, her carriage was announced. Hamilton rose to assist her with her pelisse; he could not in common politeness do less; but a sensation, such as she had never felt before, struck

across Catherine's heart, as she waited in doubt whether he would carry his attention so far as to go with her Ladyship to the Inn.

A moment decided it. Her Ladyship returned Mr. Neville a profusion of thanks for his politeness; took leave of him and his daughter with the air of one who, instead of receiving a favor, had conferred one; Hamilton handed her to her carriage;—it drove off.

Catherine listened breathless; Hamilton returned not: she caught a view of her own countenance as it was reflected in the glass over the chimney-piece, and shocked at the death-like paleness it exhibited, she made an effort to conquer the excess of her emotion, and employed herself in putting the music in order, and the chairs in their proper places; too jaded in spirits even to feel the truth of Madame de Sevigné's remark, that the pleasure of getting rid of disagreeable visitors is compensation sufficient for the wearisomeness of entertaining them. Fortunately

her father's eulogiums on her ladyship, as being like the Countess of Coventry, the famous beauty of the day, when he was a young man, were interrupted by a call from a neighbouring farmer, who apologized for coming "so shameful late," by stating that he found himself unexpectedly involved in an action of trespass, which might do him "a woundy deal of mischief," and as it was to be taken before the magistrates the next day, he had made bold to call, to ask Mr. Neville's advice, "for I says, Sir, says I, I never hears ony haulf so good, in pulpit or out of it."

Mr. Neville's character did indeed exhibit within his own little jurisdiction, the ancient combination of priest and lawgiver; and well would it be for mankind, were all laws formed in a spirit as benevolent, and administered with a hand as disinterested, as marked those to which the estimation he was held in, secured obedience. His features had just assumed the

look of patient attention, which always increased in proportion to the humble nature of the demands upon it, when Hamilton's impatient knock at the door, drove the blood back into Catherine's pallid cheeks, and made her chide herself for having censured an absence so short.

Mr. Neville, to prevent interruption, took his rustic visitor into his study, where he generally received his parishioners on matters of business; and in so doing, passed Hamilton at the door, without noticing the perturbation of his manner, or the disorder of his countenance.

Not so Catherine—At the first glance she cast upon him, she saw the agitation of his mind; he did not give her time to conjecture its cause, but throwing himself at her feet,—

"Catherine," said he, "I must leave you, this very night—what will you think of me—do not condemn me on mere appearance—the honor and happiness of a whole family are at

stake—that fellow Halston has ruined me by gossiping of my being here—I must tear myself away—I must show myself in town—it will only be for a short time, my Catherine, perhaps only for a single day; but such a sudden, unlooked for separation!—How could I trust to any thing but candour and kindness of heart like yours, to acquit me of blame, or to console me at such a moment!"

Poor Catherine too much wanted consolation herself to impart it to him, had he really required it as much as he appeared; she did, however, bring out something, though scarcely articulate, about his being the master of his own actions, and the best judge of his own conduct; and that it was not for her to dictate respecting them. He threw his arms about her, and pressed her to his breast, saying—

"But you have a right to dictate to me, my Catherine, for you are the only woman that can ever have any permanent influence over me."

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV.

POUR ET CONTRE.

It was only the sight of two cups and saucers on the tea-board, instead of three, that resolved to Catherine, the next morning, the question of Hamilton's departure, which she feared to ask.—But her father had already read it in her enquiring glance, and he replied to it as if it had been put to him in words.—

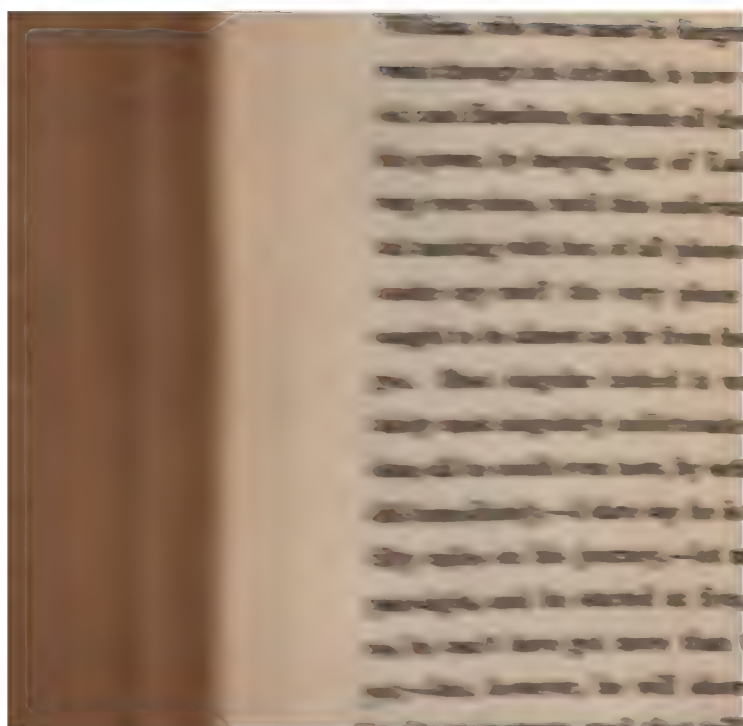
“Yes, my dear; the Colonel is gone, and

"indeed he could not do otherwise as a man of honor—yes, child, you may well look astonished, but I am sorry to say he has been very faulty; and it is a duty incumbent upon him to make all the reparation he can to Sir William Forsyth's feelings."

"Is Sir William Lady Charlotte's husband?" asked Catherine, more for the sake of saying something than for information.

"Yes, my dear, and unfortunately the Colonel was forced to accept a challenge from him, in consequence of some malicious representations made to Sir William, respecting Lady Charlotte's conduct: and, indeed, now that I know a little more about her, I can easily imagine that the desire of admiration, natural to so fine a woman, exactly the Countess of Lennox's niece, might lead her to seek, or, as my aunt is received, more attention from such a man as Hamilton than she ought." Here the Baroness passed to drink his tea, and

spread sage-leaves on his bread and butter; he then went on,—“ I am afraid Hamilton was greatly fascinated with her;” poor Catherine raised her cup to her lips, to hide her blanched cheek, which her father did not notice, for he was performing the same operation, though not from the same motive; he proceeded, “ indeed he confessed as much;”—oh, what a pang shot through Catherine’s heart, as her father calmly uttered these words—she could not suppress a convulsive sigh.—“ Yes, my dear Catherine, you may well be shocked at such a confession respecting a married woman; happily we are removed from such instances of the depraved state of fashionable manners;—but do not let what I have told you, give you a fixed dislike to Colonel Hamilton.—I must do him the justice to believe that he had no dishonorable designs, however the matter might be represented to Sir William Forsyth; nevertheless they fought in consequence, and singular



all the resolution she could exert only enabled her to disguise her feelings as long as her father remained in the room; and as soon as he left it, they burst forth in tears of mingled grief and mortification: that Hamilton was gone, appeared to her a sorrow easy to be borne, compared to the anguish which was excited in her heart, by knowing that he had confessed to having loved Lady Charlotte.— She would have tried to persuade herself that the poignancy of her sensations was owing to the impropriety of his attachment in itself.— “I could not expect,” thought she, “that at his age, and moving in the circle he has done, he could have a heart to offer on which no impression had been made, but alas! an impression so sinful in the eyes of God, so abhorrent to all who think rightly, how can I feel otherwise than shocked, to hear that he ever entertained such an one! well may he be ashamed of it now!—oh! he has cherished better

thoughts of late; he told me that he had learned all his best feelings here, and must I not forgive him his past errors? who can be hoped will judge him favourably if I do not? And soon came kinder recollections, and more cheering hopes.—He was evidently grieved at leaving her: he had promised to return, and if he really loved, and, judging by her own feelings, how could she doubt it, he would never again find pleasure in pursuits that neither his heart nor his reason could sanction: and, in anticipating the delight of seeing him again, and forgiving him and listening to his thanks for her indulgence, she gradually lost the bitterness of feeling which his departure, under such peculiar circumstances, had at first awakened, and retained only that tenderness of remembrance, which makes even separation itself seem but a more refined intercourse.

Hamilton had kept possession of Catherine's room from the time that he had so

effectually trepanned Halston out of it, to the moment of his own departure—excuses for his remaining there were inexhaustible. Sometimes he pleaded that it had an eastern aspect, and he found out that the first beams of the sun upon his eyes had a wonderfully salutary effect, in enabling him to open them three or four hours sooner than they were accustomed to in London. Sometimes he urged that there was a writing desk so convenient for his papers, and a closet for all his paraphernalia, so that he must have that apartment, and no other. It was, in fact, the largest and pleasantest in the house, and this consideration, though it made in reality no part of Hamilton's grounds of preference, was yet a very powerful one with Catherine, in permitting him to continue in it. She now returned to it with a pleasure that almost seemed to compensate for the departure of its recent occupant.

The trunks that he had left behind him

[illegible]

"He has shewn himself easily enough contented with us," thought she, "our simple fare, and early hours, and quiet fireside; who that had seen how obligingly he accommodated himself to them, could have supposed that he had been used to the banquets of the great, the excitements of a camp, the flatteries of fashionable circles! Yes, he might be any thing he pleased; equally an ornament to his country, and the pride and delight of a domestic circle."

Catherine was satisfied with this side of the picture. She opened the books he had been reading, and eagerly sought the pencil marks which pointed out the passages that had pleased him most. She looked round the room, and recalled every time that she had accidentally seen him in it, reading or writing, as she passed by; or at the window, when he had drawn up the curtain, whilst she was busy with her feathered tribe below: the fields, the trees, the pigeons that covered the tiles of the outhouses,

every aspect that he had been accustomed to meet himself with looking at, seemed now an unbroken link between herself and him; and so full as every moment of her solitary day was of remembrances of him, how was it possible for her to imagine the numerous distractions of the busy life that might lead to, at least, a temporary forgetfulness of her.

But day after day passed on—no tidings of Hamilton arrived, and Catherine could not withstand the increase of distrust, and its concomitant anger. Sometimes she flattered herself he might wish to surprise her by an unexpected return, and then from anticipating too eagerly the possibility of one happy moment, she incurred hours of tediousness, wasted between the anxiety of expectation and the languor of disappointment. Then she feared he might be ill, or that he might again be drawn into some unpleasant dilemma, through Lady Charlotte's interference; but here Catherine was resolute

in setting a bound to her conjectures. She could not bear to follow a train of thought that might so deeply implicate his honour and her happiness, but she could not help feeling the injustice that he did her by the silence that thus left her leisure to indulge so many inquiries into its cause.

At length the long-expected letter came, to prove the truth of Young's assertion

"Our very wishes give us not our wish."

It contained the following lines, nearly illegible from the haste in which they had been written.

"MY DEAREST CATHERINE,

"The anticipation of my return has been my only solace since I left you, but it is one in which I must no longer indulge. My regiment is ordered abroad immediately, and so short is the time allotted for my equipment that it is with difficulty I snatch a hasty moment

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SECRET

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1. DATE - 11/11/1964

read this letter, and only grief for his departure and anxiety for his safety remained. In a few days he would no longer inhabit the same kingdom; the ocean would divide them, dangers would encompass him;—alas! who would care for him as she had done, and must do!—He might be wounded!—and at that thought all that she had already seen him suffer rushed upon her mind, and she could no longer restrain her tears at the picture her imagination drew of him languishing on a sick bed, unattended, unconsoled; thinking, perhaps, of the days when, perished and enervated as he was with illness, he yet began to be sensible of the pleasure of receiving kindness from those who were so affectionately interested in his recovery.

“And will he recollect those days, to me so happy!” thought Catherine; and she felt that if she could be assured of that, her sorrow would lose half its bitterness.—“Oh! that they would be ever present to his eyes, as they are to

when he first began to taste the pleasure of returning health, and would pace our little parterre, like a lion in a cage, as I used to tell him. Yes! he was kind then, and seemed to wait for no wider range. Oh, how swiftly, how happily flew the days as he got better, no variety was necessary—every trifle that occurred was interesting; his cheerfulness, his good nature gave a charm to all that came within his influence! Oh, if I could but know that he would recollect and value the past, that he would still be with me in spirit, I could bear even his long-throwed absence, this sad distance that parts us; and sadder still, the perils that attend upon his recuperation."

Then Catherine! Floods of tears interrupted her soliloquies: she kissed even the senseless trunks, as she prepared them for the coach, and longed to detain some of his books, that she might still have something that belonged to him, something he had looked upon and touched!

but a refinement of delicacy forbade her to do so: yet she could not help feeling something like being rewarded for it, when, on looking into her work-box, after the trunks were sent away, she found that she had forgotten to enclose a scent-bottle, which he had one day put into her hands, on her complaining of having a slight head-ache.

"This I *must keep*, for the present," she said to herself, and involuntarily she raised it to her lips, for she well remembered, that the proffer of it was one of the first attentions he had ever paid her; long after she was interested, far more than she was at the time aware of, in any manifestation of kindness from him.

Mr. Neville was not at home when Hamilton's letter arrived, and Catherine had time to recover her composure, in part, before he returned. He received the intelligence she communicated to him, as if it had concerned a son,

and condoled with him
upon to part with a

"You must write
rine," said the worthy
of our good wishes
safety; and he must
inform us of it: tell

Catherine willingly
sate down immediat
ing the luggage ad
afforded her quite s
letter to him, and in
of giving way to her
was for a time susp
appreciating the tend
flowed from her pen,
her no time to critic
beyond recal, soothe
it was not until she
that the regiment

felt the full forlornness of her deserted state.

Let not those who fancy they have wise heads, because they have cold hearts, ridicule, under the contemptuous epithet of a love-sick girl, the image of a young woman of sensibility and refinement, nursing in solitude the remembrance of one whom she had associated with all her purest ideas of happiness. It is only in the bosoms of the amiable and the virtuous, that the flame of love will burn bright and unalloyed; and should it ever appear in such to be lighted by an unworthy object, it is because that object is seen by them through the medium of their own excellence, and invested accordingly with those virtues, without the imaginary-presence of which, love, in them could not exist; for sympathy, which is its vital essence, would be wanting.

Hamilton was by no means a character that Catherine would have admired, had she seen

him under any other
as, by throwing him
comforts, were more
feelings than her joy
had many faults, he
still more fascinations
and freedom from co
expose him to heart
pursuits. But he wi
and, however, he mig
vice, he always admi
indolence might ma
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tual powers were cal

The circumstance
duction at the Rector
excite interest even
and ardent and live
her feelings, no wond
commencement of at

such an epoch in the uniform simplicity of her village life, should add to its value in her eyes, as something gained, that she never could have calculated upon.

That air of the world and knowledge of manners, which is unavoidably acquired by familiar intercourse with the higher circles, has always an imposing charm for an active mind, bred up in retirement, and only guessing, from description, at the *Chances and Changes* of "many coloured life." With regard to Hamilton too, it had another advantage—it afforded excuses for all his faults: whatever good Catherine discovered in him, she placed to the credit of his natural disposition; whatever she could not hide from herself of imperfection, was charged to the account of the society with which he had been obliged to mix. The personal vanity, too, that betrayed itself occasionally in the perfect satisfaction with which he displayed his fine and martial figure, was passed over with

the same consideration ;
of causing it to be un-
he was generally consid-
himself to annex any
titious a distinction ; an-
entirely free from the
fection, that it only se-
demand of that admir-
possible to refuse. Hi-
advantages to a charac-
like the charms of an
pleased by what it pro-
played ; for if he some-
petulance or caprice, th-
had just before inspired
it by some unexpected
sudden corruscation of
moment irradiated the
tice or ill-humour mig-
gerous is such a chara-
mind, and affectionate

to revoke a favourable opinion, when once formed, and had rather acknowledge faults in itself, than see them in those it loves ! Could Catherine behold personal graces, combining the elegance of a courtier, with the spirit of a soldier, and not feel the difference between them and the awkward bashfulness, or pert conceit, between which she had been accustomed to alternate in the William Brayswicks, and Mr. Pughs of the village ! Could she feel her intellectual resources, which had hitherto been her greatest, though her solitary enjoyment, called forth, and enriched, without being grateful to him, who, with the most delicate flattery, appeared alternately her tutor and her pupil ; could she even see her own personal attractions, one instant gazed on with admiration, the next with affected apathy, and not yield to the feminine pride, that urged her to revenge the momentary slight, by making the impression permanent. And could she see her-

self, at last, the victo
captive, who, seems
gracefully ! Those v
where every thing is
feeling, and where on
almost immediately e
and fleeting, cannot
with which a cheris
tude, by a tender and

CHAPTER V.

A NEW INMATE.

CATHERINE now found her fate and her happiness linked with the affections of the busy world, and for the first time in her life she began to think the situation of Nethercross too much secluded, too entirely cut off from the more frequented channels of communication with society at large. The sight of the York Courant, once a week, was no longer sufficient

for her curiosity ; she longed for paper, in order that she might be acquainted with the various different military bodies, and sent to Longcroft Hall to buy, but a feeling which she was unwilling to the account of shame, and less she could not define it, forbade her betraying the arrangements of government to the generality of her associates who would have done the same. She had therefore no alternative but to wait for the arrival of the first paragraph on which it was informed her that Hamilton had embarked for the continent. It was then decided—for she must be contented to know no longer in the same country

for some weeks she must not expect even to hear from him; and in the dreary calm which this conviction brought to her harassed feelings, it seemed as if she might hope, in being relieved from the fluctuations of suspense, to recover her tranquillity.

Now it rarely happens that any one event in this variable world, should be viewed exactly in the same light by any two persons; nay, it is frequently the case that what is pregnant to one party with 'bitter bale,' shall bring to another complaisancy and rejoicing.—So it was that the same paragraph which filled Catherine's eyes with tears, lighted Edward Longcroft's with gladness,—“Thank Heaven!” he exclaimed as he threw the newspaper down, and took some hasty turns across the room; “Hamilton is fairly off at last!”

Louisa looked at him with surprise. “I did not know,” said she, “that you were so particularly interested in his removal.”

"Edward," said he, "I have a great deal to say to you. It is important that you should know that he is not a man to be trusted. He is a man of a very different kind. It is important to make up for the loss of the family. There will be some for the family, and I can make every arrangement with Mr. North."

"It will be a great deal more difficult matter, I am sure," replied Edwin, "and I assure you I am as glad that Edward Hamilton is no longer in the family as you can be."

Hamilton was a distant relative of Edward Hamilton on the mother's side: he had lost his parents when he was just old enough to appreciate their tenderness and understand their worth, and the same preliminary complaint which had deprived him of his mother, had rendered his own childhood so delicate as to



The last two years, however, he had gained so much strength as to be in comparative health, and having some acquaintance with Mr. Neville, and greatly respecting his character, he wished to put himself under his care, for a few months, in order to go through a course of mathematics and classical reading, previous to his entering at college.

The negotiation was soon concluded, through the medium of Edward Longcroft.—Nothing could be more liberal than Lord Hervey's offers, nothing more amiable than his deportment. In a few days he was put into quiet possession of the room originally occupied by Hamilton, and in place of a fashionable valet like Monsieur Beaujeu, he was attended by a respectable man who had lived with his father in the same capacity, whose own locks began to show the silvery touch of age, and who looked upon this last scion of a virtuous and honorable house with affectionate anxiety, fearing that it

interest strong enough to efface his image, or endanger her own peace a second time.

Edward Longcroft now called frequently at the Rectory to see his friend, and recovered much of the easy and affectionate familiarity of former days.—Louisa often accompanied him; sometimes Mr. Dacres also joined the party, and when he and the worthy Rector conversed with each other on religious topics, Lord Hervey would listen to them with a rapt attention, that bespoke him a spirit early ripening for Heaven.

Still there was some hidden feeling in the breasts of all parties, that prevented conversations with Louisa and Edward Longcroft having that full charm of implicit confidence for Catherine, which they had had in the happy period of childish friendship. It seemed to be understood that Hamilton's name was never to be mentioned, and whenever there is one sub-

ject that is to be carefully avoided, it is sure to extend its paralysing effect to a certain degree, over every other. Edward, too, was unequal in his behaviour, compared with what he had been in earlier days; sometimes he was all vivacity, sometimes almost dejected; sometimes he paid Catherine the kindest attentions; at other times his deportment was so distant that it might indeed have been attributed to pride, had not his invariable courtesy, to even the humblest villager, shown how entirely he was free from that sin by which, according to tradition, we are told—

“E'en Angels fell.”

One fine afternoon, just at that season in early spring, when old-fashioned people find time to take a walk between dinner and tea, Catherine and Lord Hervey strolled as far as the celebrated well near Giggleswick, which puzzles the naturalists to account for the ine-

quality of its movements—now bubbling its waters up to the very edge of its basin, then suddenly withdrawing them and leaving it dry, until the next freak of ebullition comes on, at intervals so uncertain as to send many an impatient tourist away, weary of waiting for a phenomenon which appears to have so little consideration for its visitants.

Many an hour, however had Catherine loved to linger there ; and many a time had it served her as a meeting spot with Louisa, where together they perused some favorite work, or loitered away their moments of happy leisure, and chid at last ‘ the hasty-footed time ’ for parting them. It seemed as if the sympathy of their childhood still drew them to each other, for as Catherine came within sight of the well, she saw also Louisa, attended by Edward and Mr. Dacres, and looking as animated as she was wont to do while yet —

“ A young and happy child.”

on the importance of the care and improvement which he expected to take upon herself, as Mr. Langens's only child, and sole heiress. The cheerfulness of all the party was increased by the unexpected meeting.

"We were determined to set off just when we did," said Catherine, "an accident later or earlier would have most likely deprived us of the pleasure of seeing you."

"I retained you," said Mr. Darcy, "of the late to our meeting this morning relative to the estate. It was observed by a naturalist," continued he, addressing himself to Catherine, "to-day it stood on a flower for a considerable time, when it suddenly flew off, and the attendant saw the necessity to follow it for more than a mile, when it checked its flight, and came to a sudden stop, where one of its own species was apparently waiting for it, as if by appointment."

The ladies of the lower tribe, the laws of

sympathy, the comparison of instinct with the reasoning faculty, the beauty of creation and the goodness of the Deity were all brought into discussion by Mr. Dacre's anecdote; and Lord Hervey repeated with a fervor, which gave an additional weight to the sentiment, Wordsworth's fine lines—

" Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me, the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears."

Catherine's eyes swam, as she looked on the energetic yet fragile speaker. The sun threw its departing beams of crimson over his cheek, before painted too deeply with the hectic that seemed to herald his speedy flight to realms which were to him more real property than any that he held on the short lease of mortality, and his countenance glowed with the mingled fires of poetry and devotion, until its expression was little short of angelical.

"Wordsworth," said Catherine, wishing to account for her emotion, "is the most affecting as well as the most holy of poets; I always wish to be on my knees when I read his works."

"His poetry is devotion in itself," said Edward Longworth, "and how truly does he link the farthest of nature, with the subtlest workings of the mind of man. Yes, there is nothing in the natural world that has not its parallel in the human heart. This veil, Catherine, which we have so often watched together, its ebbings and its swellings, its seemingly careless variations, one moment full to overflowing, the next dried up, I feel it here," pressing his hand upon his breast, "dependency often succeeding to exultation, transports sometimes lifting from despair."

His voice had gradually become almost inaudible, in the emotion with which he spoke, but it reached Lucia's ear.

"I did not know," said she, "that you were subject to such violent and contradictory feelings; how long is it since your last attack?"

She tried to smile as she spoke, but her trembling lip betrayed that some real feeling of deep interest at that moment pressed her mind.

Edward's heart did indeed just then illustrate his remark, by its unequal pulsations at the sight, painful as unusual, of his cousin's disturbed countenance; and Catherine, though unconscious of any thing that could give rise to an uneasy feeling in any of the party, yet crimsoned "like a guilty thing," as Mr. Dacres fixed his enquiring looks upon her, with a gravity which she fancied into something almost amounting to reproach.

Louisa's sweetness, however, dispelled immediately the gloom which a manner so foreign to her nature, had, for a moment, cast over countenances just before radiant with the reflection of each other's happiness.

present, or we shall all get
for keeping Lord Hervey
mountain brown, and Edward
dinner wait; though, to say
rather make it wait altogether,
we with you at the Rectory."

"Do then," said Catherine,
be so delighted to see you, and
messenger to the Hall; and the
be set out in the way that it is a
word's sleep-drawing, so that
not find any deficiency in mak-
having foregone a more solid men-

"Oh, we know," said Louisa, be-
attractions of your rural centre, but
you want, like a naughty boy

archness of which beautifully irradiated her naturally pensive features.

He took her hand, and affectionately drew it through his arm, and the party separated with as much harmony as they had felt at meeting, though, perhaps, not one of them returned home in the same frame of mind in which they set out.

The next day Catherine received a note of enquiry after her health, from Louisa. It was written in a style of vivacity beyond what she generally displayed. "Edward," said she, towards the conclusion of her letter, "set off this morning for town. An unpremeditated movement; I suppose the offspring of some of those wayward impulses he was explaining so metaphysically, or so mystically, last night."

Catherine was a little surprised at the suddenness of Edward Longcroft's departure; yet she felt a relief, she knew not why, on finding that Louisa appeared no way grieved, or of-

her compassionate powers
Hervey might not be seen
the absence of his friend.

Calmly and uniformly
passed at the Rectory. Mr
instructor of a pupil, so seen
Lord Hervey, a pleasing re
personal duties; and Cath
ness of improvement, gradu
her personal studies to share in
ness of Lord Hervey: reading
words of divinity and moral ph
her father recommended; del
from him the opinions of the e
phers of Greece and Rome, on
the Duty and the destiny of man

ages, under the glorious sun-rise of Revelation.

If any thing could have given Lord Hervey's studies a greater interest to him, than that which their own important end presented, he would have found it in their being shared by one who combined so much feminine attraction, with a solidity of pursuit, and depth of reflection, which he had never before seen united in her sex. To him Catherine did indeed appear in her full worth. The thoughtfulness which, unconsciously to herself, her manners had assumed since the departure of Hamilton, accorded better with his spirits, subdued as they were by sickness, than her natural gaiety would have done; and whilst his delicate health drew forth her kindest attentions, the elevation of his thoughts and his entire exemption from the vanities of his rank, made her pay that tribute of respect to his virtues which his character, to one less observing, less disposed to venerate goodness for

His own sake, might not have had strength, or rather pretension enough to command. He would sometimes tell her, he wished she had been his sister.

"You would have graced my solitary Hall," he said one day to her; "and when you became tired of its dulness, for I know I have not the art of making any place very cheerful, then we would have gone abroad, and visited Rome and Athens, together; and trod in the steps of Plato himself; and traced the academic shades where he promulgated his sublime doctrines, and shadowed out his notions of the Divine principle of all things. Would it not be delightful, dear Catherine?"—and as he spoke he took her hand, and his eyes sparkled with a brilliancy beyond even that which might be too painfully accounted for, by the hectic flush on his cheek.

Catherine smiled; "You are very eloquent," said she, "this morning," slightly colouring as she withdrew her hand, "it is the clear blue sky

and the perfume of this breeze, as it comes over the lilachs, that sets your fancy roving so."

"Ah it may well rove; it must," said Lord Hervey, sighing, "for the breezes that waft health and cheerfulness to you, seem armed with points and tiny daggers to me, and make me afraid that this clear northern air is somewhat too searching for my unfortunate lungs—I have never felt the evils of my hereditary constitution a real unhappiness till now."

Catherine could scarcely forbear weeping at this first intimation Lord Hervey had ever given of the sense he entertained of his own situation.

"You have scarcely yet," said she, "recovered from the boisterous March winds; but we shall soon have summer come in all its pride and beauty; and it will come with balm and healing on its wings—I am sure you will be all the better, the longer you stay at Nethercross."

"And I am sure I should stay a very long time,

before I could ever wish to leave it," said he, "for here, Catherine, my heart at any rate expands, whatever my lungs may do. Here I seem once more to have a father; and to have an additional source of delight in your friendship which I dreamed not of—Never indeed, since the death of my parents, have I seemed to live till now—I have mourned, I have suffered, I have meditated; I have sometimes drawn pictures of ideal happiness, but I have never really enjoyed existence till now." There was in Lord Hervey something so unworldly, so almost saintly, that speeches which from other lips would have seemed the language of passion, or at any rate, of the gallantry which would assume the appearance of it, from his, could be listened to without embarrassment; and Catherine assured him of her pleasure in his society, and of the improvement she had already derived from it, with as much affection, and as much ease of

manner, as if he had indeed been a beloved brother, whose studies she was sharing, during his temporary abode, in his college vacations, beneath his paternal roof.

CHAPTER V

SILICATES OF ALUMINA

When heavy rains are
about, and the heat of the
season with winds and clouds
are more and more visible

so much happiness as he had found within the walls of the Rectory at Nethercross.

It was now again one of the periods when the little circle was always cheered by the company of Mr. and Mrs. Barton, and their children. To Lord Hervey's unsophisticated mind their addition to the party was an addition to his enjoyment, for who, whose own heart is right, can see the happiness of conjugal affection, and the innocence of infancy without feeling his very soul refreshed by the contemplation of joys so pure, so paradisaical !

If Lord Hervey were pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Barton, they were yet more so with him. Henry talked to him on English History, and Shakespeare and Addison and Johnson ; and had the rare good fortune to find in him a young man better read in the sterling classics of the last century, than in the ephemeral yet overwhelming literature of the day ; whilst Mrs. Barton admired his politeness, venerated

his piety, and, in short, compared to Charles Grandison, beyond which idea eulogium could go. And then her dear sister, if she should be the Byron, the Lady Grandison of the romance !

"And after all, my love," said her husband, as they walked one morning to Mrs. Brayswick's, "I do think I like him better than she ever liked Hamilton ; for she's always the same —always kind and cheerful. But with Hamilton she sometimes seemed so cross and as often vexed with him as I am with you, well she might ; for he was very impatient : sometimes as agreeable as you wished, and at others, rude and disdainful, just as if he had been a

Mrs. Barton soon, however, saw that Hervey's health was in a very precarious state and she could not help letting her

specting it appear, in the anxiety with which she sought to guard him from exposure to the evening air, and the care she took to prepare him every thing that she thought might allay the cough which, short and suppressed as it was, yet sounded in her ears like a funereal knell.

Her attentions at last attracted the notice of her father, and seeing her preparing a decoction of figs and rasins, which her little son and daughter were attentively watching the progress of,—“What,” cried he, “is any thing the matter with my darlings? No hooping-cough I hope, or measles hatching up.”

“No,” said Amelia, “I think if you look at them you need not be very uneasy on the score of their health; I wish poor Lord Hervey were half as well, I should not be so busy as I am.”

“Aye, poor fellow,” said the Rector, “I am almost afraid for him,” and so saying, he went into his little study, where he found Lord

Harvey deeply engaged with Grotius, "On the Truth of the Christian Religion."

As the young student looked up, his fevered sight struck Mr. Neville's eye for the first time, as affording no convincing a proof that he ought to try some more genial climate before it became too late even to hope. No selfish calculation ever found admittance into Mr. Neville's breast; and the moment he felt convinced that change of air was necessary for his pupil's health, that moment he became anxious for him to try it without loss of time; nor did a thought of the pecuniary loss he should sustain by his removal intrude itself for a single moment into his mind, to divert the heat of his argument or weaken his force.

"My dear Lord Harvey," said he, "you have not so long this morning. You look flushed and exhausted."

"It is not my book that must be blamed for my looks," replied Lord Harvey, "on the con-

trary, I am indebted to it for making me almost forget a tightness across my chest, and a pain when I breathe, which I am always sensible of, when the air is so keen as it is to day. Indeed I may almost say with Gray,—

'In vain to me the ruddy morning dawns,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descants join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.'

for this spring tries me more severely than winter has ever done before."

"I see it does," said Mr. Neville, and therefore, my dear young friend, you will excuse me if I urge pretty peremptorily, the duty you owe to yourself of going immediately to the mild air of Devonshire, or the south of France, and nursing yourself there, for two or three years; and by that time your constitution will, I hope, be fixed; and all those unpleasant symptoms disappear, to return no more."

Lord Hervey's cheek flushed a still deeper dye, for a moment—but the next it was pale; and in a tone of deep dejection, he said—

“You may well speak of the duty I owe myself; for there is indeed no other person to whom my health can be a matter of any concern; excepting as the kindness of a few friends might make them wish to see me at ease, rather than suffering.

“Nay, my dear Lord Hervey, you cannot really entertain such a gloomy sentiment as this;—with rank, and fortune, and amiable dispositions, and the power of doing good; think how much you have to be thankful for, and you will see that it is your duty to endeavour to add health to the number of your blessings, because without it you cannot turn any of them to the account you ought.”

“Forgive me, dear Sir—the momentary despondency of an invalid made me forget myself; I ought to be glad to know that there is no one

whom my removal from this world, if it be the will of God to call me early away, will make unhappy.—Why should I be so selfish as to wish it?”

Mr. Neville saw that he was agitated, and taking up Grotius, and beginning to read aloud, in order to give him time to recover himself; they both gradually lost sight of all sorrows and anxieties, belonging merely to earth, in the solemn and beautiful anticipation of eternal life, and ever improving capacities of happiness which were held out in the pages before them.

Lord Hervey, unable to refute the arguments of the worthy Rector, or the affectionate entreaties of his eldest daughter, was at length compelled, reluctantly, to fix a day for his departure into Devonshire, on condition, that he should resume his studies at the Rectory, when the settled skies of summer might allow him to re-visit the north with impunity.

The moment of his farewell dissolved the

female part of the family into tears. Old Rachel said, as she turned away, with her eyes to her eyes, that he was too good to live; and Mrs. Barton and Catherine expressed alternately their hopes and fears for his recovery, all cheered by the preponderance given to the former, in Mr. Neville's confidence in the youth of the object of their anxiety, and the efficacy of a balmy air, when resorted to, before any tubercular formation in the lungs, had actually taken place:—they resumed by degrees their domestic employments and accustomed recreations.

Nevertheless, to Catherine, the departure of Lord Harvey, was an event not to have been desired: for all the painful thoughts which had been for a time diverted, by her anxiety for his recovery, returned, with added force, as soon as she was left at leisure to indulge them.

Mrs. Barton saw how entirely her sister's mind was occupied. She would have flattered

herself that Lord Hervey might have some share in her abstraction ; but the perfect composure with which Catherine always talked of him, dissipated this idea whenever his name was introduced ; for even Mrs. Barton's simplicity of heart could not hide from her the knowledge, that, when a beloved object is the theme of conversation, it is not easy to choose the exact medium between loquacity and reserve.

Unable to discover the cause of Catherine's gravity, and unwilling to enquire into it, this affectionate sister rejoiced sincerely in the prospect of change for her, which presented itself at this time, in the form of a very kind invitation, from Louisa Longcroft, to accompany her to London ; and to this invitation, were added a few lines from Mr. Longcroft himself, graciously assuring her, that it would give him great pleasure to receive her, with Mr. Neville's permission, as his guest in Berkeley Square ; and

that there is in the foreign world, is that country
has no more. This day week.

Returning to London is no longer, in this age
of dissipation, an event of the importance it
was fifty years ago: when a single visit to the
capital gave the happy lady who had been
fortunate enough to find herself there, a super-
fluity over her home acquaintances for all the
remainder of her days. Nevertheless, at the
close of the century, with the quiet manners
and homely virtues of the inhabitants to
back, it was still no trifling subject of arrange-
ment and negotiation.

"But we must be home," exclaimed Mrs.
Barnard, her face beaming with pleasure, "and
not go with Mr. Longcroft—you must
go to the Continent—it will do you good;
we spent London so much when we were
young. I'm sure my father will wish
you to go."

"I own I should like it," said Catherine, but she sighed as she spoke, for the thought of mixing in the circles that Hamilton had adorned, of seeing his intimates, perchance of hearing his name, recalled his image with a tenderness, which made her, the moment after, scarcely know whether she had rather remain in the seclusion where she might nurse it without restraint, or venture into the fashionable world, in order to judge for herself of the habits and pursuits, to which he had so long devoted himself, that it could scarcely be expected he ever would relinquish them. "Yes," she continued, "I certainly should like to be with dear Louisa; but then, Amelia, I do not like leaving the Rectory, when you are with us; and I should like it still less after you go away, because my dear father would be left all alone."

"No, it is much better as it is," said Mrs.

Barton, "indeed it could not have happened better; we can stay with my father, at least the children and I can, almost all the time you are away; and Henry will come backward and forward, and we shall have your letters, and we shall be quite gay with hearing of your gaieties."

And in came Mr. Neville to give his vote in the debate, and quickly was it settled by her affectionate father and sister, that Catherine should spend a month or six weeks in the metropolis; and then there was another contest between the sisters; for Mrs. Barton would force upon Catherine almost all the finery she had.

"You shall have my lace scarf and veil, dear Catherine; they will suit a carriage better than hawthorn hedges—and my watch and chain; you will want a watch, for Mr. Longcroft is mighty particular, you know, with

respect to time—and my pearls too, you must and shall have them; married women have no business with such things; at least married women with families, like me.”

The pleasure of thinking that their dear Catherine was going to be amused and admired—and to enjoy herself,—gave this affectionate family party, an hilarity like that which many would only affect at the unexpected arrival of a guest. Nevertheless, Catherine could scarcely reconcile the apparent selfishness of leaving them, with their disinterested love, and now brought in prudence to back her arguments for staying at home.

“I cannot bear”—said she, “to spend so much upon mere pleasure, as this journey will cost altogether,—”

But her father interrupted her. “It is not your pleasure alone,” he said, “it is all our pleasure; when we come therefore to divide

the sum total among all who will be gratified, we shall find the quantum to each very deeply purchased."

"Ah, but my dear father, you would grudge it on yourself, I know," said Catherine.

"Why, as for that, I might grudge the same kind of thing, because on me it would be thrown away; but I may not grudge myself some share of it; for, to say the truth, I think I shall come to London, at the expiration of your furlough, and take charge of you home again; for I have long wished to go there, on a little business of my own.—Not that I mean to set off, like Parson Adams, with my manuscript sermons in my pocket."

The thought of having her father with her any part of her stay in London, and of returning home with him, decided Catherine; and she sprang up stairs, to her own room, to answer Louisa's note, with that happy elasti-

city of youth which is always ready to admit
sunshine through clouds, like the bird that
sings as soon as the shower ceases,—

“ Forgetful that his wings are wet the while.”

CHAPTER VII.

CHANGE OF SCENE.

How much are we the creatures of place and circumstance ! A few days effected as complete a metamorphose in Catherine Neville's habits, occupations, appearance, every thing but her heart, as if she had been touched by the wand of fairyism. No longer the "Goddess of the Mountains," rejoicing in the pure breath and ever-varying features of nature, and up

with the morning to gather flowers whilst the dew yet sparkled upon them, she now found herself entrenched in all the forms of a London season, in the house of one to whom form was religion, and appearance essence. Instead of enjoying on foot, as she had before done with her brother-in-law and her sister, the animating spectacle which the perpetual throng of passengers, and the rich display of every thing beautiful in art that the streets and shops of the metropolis afford; instead of visiting the Museums, the Panoramas, the Galleries, and the Exhibitions of scientific or ingenious novelties, which every day afford food to an enquiring mind; instead of finishing every active and well-employed morning, with an evening at the theatre, or at a concert, or some other rational amusement, leaving delightful and improving food for retrospection in the mind; she now saw herself, whenever she went out of the house, condemned to the languid imprisonment of a

carriage, or to a monotonous promenade in one undeviating line, in the Park, every day at the same hour, and with the additional uniformity of every day meeting the same faces.

Instead of seeing the roses and carnations springing around her, in living loveliness, she was forced to content herself with looking, at a respectful distance, at a few plants in the veranda, which, after lingering awhile in smoke and dust, were continually obliged to be sent back to their native nurseries for their health, drooping and colourless as thorough-paced belles, at the close of a fashionable campaign. Instead of early hours, simple meals, and days too short for her domestic duties, and social endearments, she was now obliged to remain in her dressing-room till eleven o'clock ; to see the finest part of the day wasted at a breakfast-table, elaborately set out, but enlivened with no conversation beyond what the "Mirror of the Mode" gave rise to, in the accounts it

afforded of arrivals, and presentations, and promotions, and preferments; to find the same splendour and the same tediousness proportionably increased at dinner, and to destroy the evening in going from one rout to another, alike crowded and alike dull; where the appearance of apathy was assumed as the reality of elegance; and where any desire on the part of a stranger to enter into conversation, or offer a courtesey, would have been scorned as an impertinence, or sneered at as a vulgarity.

Catherine, however, was not of a temper to look on the dark side of a picture. She saw Louisa submit herself entirely to all the forms of dullness, and restraints of etiquette, which her father's pride and ostentation imposed upon her: she saw that Louisa felt as fully as herself that whatever appearance of novelty or excitement a Metropolitan circle of fashion might present upon its surface, there was a sameness in the nature of its pursuits, a wearisomeness

in the pettiness of the rules it is itself, and, above all, a coldness heartlessness in its maxims, w them both to place it in their es happiness, and rationality of exi low a seemingly much humbler country, surrounded with nature commanding opportunities of us above all, possessing "leisure to

Nevertheless, whilst she contin croft's guest, she felt that he v her gratitude for his politeness, f his hospitality did not affect to ex could not be charmed with his m contented to admire his arrange hibited in the regularity of his l

tion; and consoled herself for the small share of attention which, as merely the daughter of a country clergyman, she received from them, by considering, that as little was expected from her in return; and that the shade in which she might be cast by her want of fortune and connections was preferable to being brought forward in so strong a light as to render the deficiencies of which her modesty made her conscious, liable to the animadversions of all who had had more opportunities of acquirement than herself.

There was another very material consideration with respect to Catherine's equanimity, and her security against those attacks on her *amour propre*, to which most young women, situated as she now was, would have been perpetually exposed. She had not come to London with the idea of causing a sensation, or the hope of making conquests. She neither expected or desired either one or the other. If

her heart had not been too full, her head was too clear to suffer her to give way to any of those reveries and anticipations, which form alternately the pleasures and disappointments of that period of life when we blow our own bubbles ; and envy them as they mount, for a moment, into the pure ether.

She was happy in the society of Louisa Longcroft ; and in Hamilton's absence, not all the Metropolis could have afforded her any other source of gratification. Not that she was insensible to the pleasure of Edward Longcroft's conversation, and the kindness of his attentions ; but she could have done without them. She valued him when present, but she did not miss him when he was absent : and she might have said to him and to all the rest of the world, as the American Indian women say, when solicited by lovers, in the absence of their husbands,—
“ The friend that stands before my eyes, prevents my seeing you.”

Edward's daily errands, however, into Berkeley Square, were to pay his devoirs to his lovely cousin; though a stranger might have been puzzled to decide which of the two ladies, between whom he took his constant seat, was the object of his preference. He presented new books to Louisa, but he read them to Catherine. He led Louisa to the pianoforte, but he chose the pieces that Catherine liked best. She was fond of the "old school," particularly of Mathew Locke.

"His compositions are so joyous, and yet so grand," said she, one day, looking over his music for the 'Tempest,' "it always makes me hold up my head, when I hear them."

Ever after this eulogium Edward also became an admirer of Mathew Locke.

"I like to see Catherine hold up her head," he would say, as he placed the rich and inspiring harmonies before his cousin, and soon would Catherine unconsciously shake back her

clustering curls, and look all ear, all inspiration, as she listened to strains at once lively and noble.

‘Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt, and fear, and sorrow and pain,
From mortal, or immortal mind.’

Edward, with a better taste in music, was not so good a performer as Hamilton, for whose violin, his flute appeared to Catherine a very unsatisfactory substitute; nevertheless, he played “quite well enough for a gentleman,” as the phrase is; but he was more skilful with his pencil, and was passionately fond of exercising it. Louisa was one morning painting on china: the designs were from the antique.—Edward drew for her a faun, a muse, a votive altar, a chariot race, a sacrifice; every thing his memory or invention could supply him with; but from time to time, he transferred a slip of paper to

Catherine, with a church, a cottage, a tree, a ruin, a winding road, or some other rural object, connected with Nethercross, and its vicinity. At last Louisa's eye was caught by a group of figures.

"What have you there," said she, "a procession?"—It was the party at the Ebbing and Flowing Well; and with such spirit were the individuals delineated, that each might be immediately recognised; Catherine standing near the well, between Edward and Lord Hervey; and Louisa a little more apart, with Mr. Dacres at her side. Louisa coloured deeply, as she looked at it; she turned her eyes towards Edward, who coloured also; the moment after they filled with tears, and she left the room. Edward's first impulse was to tear the drawing into a thousand pieces, and Catherine swept the fragments off the table, and put them into the fire-place; neither of them looked at each other, neither of them uttered a word; and their silent

embarrassment was only interrupted, by the entrance of Mr. Longcroft, with Lord Blakeney, a young nobleman, who, although he rarely paid Catherine the compliment of addressing a single word to her, was nevertheless, always an acceptable visitor in her sight, because he sometimes mentioned the name of Hamilton.

Edward had often been surprised at the attention Catherine paid to the "infinite deal of nothing," sent forth by this Exquisite, as he lolled on the sofa, with his gloved hands alternately raising an eye-glass, or a scented handkerchief; but this morning enabled him to account for it with more certainty than satisfaction:—he had before attributed to her desire for general information, the eagerness with which she listened to Lord Blakeney's marvellous narrations of marches, and counter-marches; and hair-breadth 'scapes, and perilous chances; and to Mr. Longcroft's financial calculations on the expences of the British troops,

and their respective stations ; but a few broken sentences from Lord Blakeney, introduced in the intervals of a lengthened yawn, which could not have been excused by Mr. Longcroft, had he not placed it to the account of Louisa's lengthened absence, put the whole in a new light.

"They seem to be doing nothing on the continent, just now," said his Lordship.—"Hamilton writes me word, that he is as lazy as ever he was at College, and that he is as tired of Brussels, with all its gaieties, as ever he was of Plymouth, when we were quartered there, waiting to embark for America, and beguiling the time, by laying wagers, which could count the tiles on the opposite houses, the fastest."

Catherine's heart beat audibly at this mention of Hamilton's name; but Louisa fortunately entering at that instant, she flattered herself her emotion escaped the observation of Edward, for it was only his eye she dreaded:

he had however turned away, and directly after his cousin came in he took his leave. Catherine longed for the comfort of being alone, but she could not leave the room, with propriety, whilst Lord Blakeney remained—she therefore took up her netting, and retired to the window: her thoughts dwelt upon Hamilton with painful insensibility.

What a strife will awaken a train of contradictory feelings in the heart that is solely occupied with one image! Hamilton had written to Lord Blakeney,—at any rate then, he was well, this was a happiness to think of; but he had not written to her, and a sigh followed the thought—still he was not happy away from her, he complained of languor—he longed for the excitement of danger.

“I know exactly how he feels,” said she to herself; but she sighed again;—for already she had acquired that knowledge of the heart of him, to whom she had too trustingly given her

own, to be aware that what her feelings would be in a similar situation, was by no means the standard by which she might certainly judge of his.

CHAPTER VIII.

WATERLOO HEROES AND
WATERLOO BLUE.

Two days after Lord Blakeney's assertion, that there seemed to be nothing doing on the continent, the intelligence arrived of that battle which decided the fate of Europe:—of that victory which, from the suddenness of its achievements added the charm of surprise to the brilliance of success; and intoxicated with

exultation and delight the nation under whose banners it was won.

True, many wept the streams of gallant blood, with which the triumphs seemed in the eyes of humanity, too dearly bought,—true, many a wife, many a mother had to deplore “the beautiful!—the brave!”—in whose existence the happiness of her own was wrapped—but grief, shuns observation—sighs and tears seek lonely walls; and amidst the glare of artificial day, the strains of military music—the shouts of rejoicing,—the widow and the orphan were unseen, and unthought of:—even Catherine, humane and considerate as she was, found herself carried away by the torrent of public feeling.

Hamilton had distinguished himself, and she hastily averted her eyes from the long appalling “list of killed and wounded,” to rivet them again on the name of one dearer to her than ever, when she thought of the dreadful chances which might have snatched him from her. Oh

now it was that she did indeed feel
be in London, in the very heart's
kingdom! where nothing else was
nothing else talked of, nothing else
but Waterloo and Wellington, and
of the men whom he had led on so
conquer or to die. In a week, even
parading Bond-street, in Wellin
every belle was dressed in Waterlo
print-shop was full of portraits o
queur des vainqueurs de l'Europe,"
of classic Italy and romantic Swit
compelled to give place to hast
"Quatre Bras," "Chateau de Ligi
de Waterloo," "La Ferme de Papi
de vieux Genappe." "La Haie
Belle Alliance;"—in short, of ev
could in the remotest degree, be ex
the glorious field of action.

All these, wretched as most of t
point of intrinsic merit, Cath

bought, though she coloured deeply as she selected them, whilst Louisa was making other purchases far better calculated to please the eye of taste. She also suddenly found out that she wanted some maps, and took care to include in them one of Belgium, and a plan of the field of battle; and once possessed of the documents, she studied them with an assiduity that soon enabled her to comprehend the position of the different bodies, and the nature of all their movements, as exactly as if they had been pointed out to her on the spot.

One morning Louisa came in, from a ride with Edward Longcroft, and caught her earnestly poring over her plan, to find where Marechal Blucher's right wing was formed *en potence*, and what troops were placed in *echelon*, and what columns were opposed to the enemy's squares.

"Why Catherine," said she, "you will be quite a politician, and a tactician. You would

have made as good a heroine as your namesakes of *Romeo*. You would soon have learned to calculate how many fighting men you could bring into the field. But leave your *travellers*, and *volunteers*, and *soldiers*, and *colours* and come with me, to see them all as large as life, for we are going into Leicester Square, to see the *Panorama of Waterloo*."

"The *Panorama*?" exclaimed Catherine, her face all in a glow, in an instant, "what, is it possible to have got all the details of such an event in so short a time?"

"Yes," said Louisa, "and despite the vulgarity of *Panoramas* in general, this is to be an exception. It is decreed that it is to be the *Saloon*—and, therefore, my father says that we may, may must go; in order that we may be able to talk about it, to-night, at the *Marchioness of Salisbury's conversation*. So come, my dear, fold up the field, and let us go; or we shall not have daylight enough to distinguish

one hero from another.—Will you, Sir," she added, laughingly to Edward, "ring for the carriage, if you can so far rouse yourself out of your profound reverie, as to stretch your hand out to the bell."

Edward started up. "It will require no great effort," said he, "I was only thinking with Touchstone, 'Men may grow wiser every day,' it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.'"

"But if they must be broken," said Louisa, "you would not, I hope, have the ladies so cruel or so stupid as to take no interest as to whose may be fractured, and whose remain whole."

Edward could not, or would not smile; and Catherine, as he handed her into the carriage, avoided his eyes, she knew not why. Arrived however, at the Panorama, every thought was instantly absorbed in the scene before her. Scarcely could she breathe as she threw her

Her eager glances round the canvas, teeming with figures and groups of intense interest.— Her whole soul awoken in her fearful eyes, as she gazed on the horrors of war, and for the first time in her life comprehended the co-hering terrors of a field of battle. Troops hurrying at the point of the bayonet, ride corps in confusion, taking their murderous aim, rushing in full gallop, sweeping down all before them, heroes meeting hand to hand, and foot to foot, and groups of dead and dying on the ground, and more and still a few solitary soldiers, here and there, gaining a spot retired from the general carnage, where they had time to tend a few expiring mortals, dear forms beloved, and scenes never to be beheld again!

How Catherine's heart swelled almost to bursting as she stood gazing on the scene, regretless, almost unconscious of the crowds that pressed upon her, eager to discover the resemblances in which they were individually inter-

sted. Edward Longcroft pointed out to her and Louisa the great hero of the day, surrounded by the officers of his staff; but Catherine's eyes were rivetted on one who was leading on his regiment with a grace and spirit all his own. She could not ask what regiment it was—but the question would have been unnecessary, for Hamilton alone could have served as the model of its commander. The name, however, with which she durst not trust her lips, was soon echoed about among the surrounding spectators.

"There is Hamilton!" exclaimed a voice near her, which she knew to be Lord Blake-ney's, "see how gallantly he bears up against the charge of the French cavalry!"

Poor Catherine! with what proud affection did her heart throb at that moment! her figure seemed to gain dignity, in addition to its elegance, as she felt herself the betrothed, the beloved of one so noble and so brave; for

and would die, at such a moment distrust his
name.

"Is there a Hamilton," said another, "it
is like him too; he looks well on horseback,
and so he looks."

"I dare say," replied Lord Blakeney, "he
did not look how he looked, just then. He
mounted himself gloriously: his regiment has
gained as much honour as our brave chevrons
give in the middle of the field, that Napoleon
was so much struck with."

"So your Napoleon," said a third, "a horse,
a name, my kingdom for a horse? but those
Wentworth horses, they will cut us all out, this
next season, Blakeney."

"They will indeed, unless half of them are
sufficiently enough to die of their wounds."

At that moment a lady, with a spreading
kennel that drew out a spectator on each side,
squeezed herself in between the speakers, apo-
logizing at every step with—

"Pray Sir, let me beg Ma'am; if you will just have the goodness, Sir, to stand a little aside; just an inch or two. I only want to look at poor dear General Picton. I knew him so well."

And whilst she was speaking she bustled into the front, and soon singled out that gallant officer, expiring on the earth—"Ah, there he is indeed, poor dear man! we were so intimate! Bless me, how shockingly natural it is!—how well the feathers are done!—I am afraid I shall faint.—And there is Lord Ponsonby too, beside him, and Sir Colin Halkett—what capital likenesses!—how affecting it all is! And who is that fine young man that supports his head? Where's the book?—Pray, Sir, give me leave a moment.—O, it is one of the Mortimer family,—and there is Colonel Hamilton, I declare, too; and as handsome as ever!—What a good attitude!—Lady Charlotte Forsyth should be here," she added, in a whisper, to an

affected looking young woman, who was surveying, through her glass, the animate, more than the inanimate forms around.

Catherine turned away. Louisa saw that she was pale. "You feel the heat oppressive," said she, "we will go home."

Catherine made no reply, and they returned to Berkley Square, with scarcely a comment on the subject they had been contemplating.

It was not till the second dinner bell had rung that Catherine made her appearance in the drawing room;—her eyes exhibited the traces of tears, and she cast them down as she entered, to avoid the look of scrutinising enquiry, with which Edward Longcroft regarded her.

"I wish my Lord Blakeney would please to be a little more exact," said Mr. Longcroft, taking out his watch, and comparing it with the time-piece; "he is five minutes beyond the hour.—I am with the Horse-Guards to a

moment, I set my repeater as I passed, in coming from the house."

"Is it Lord Blakeney you are waiting for?" asked Catherine, in a tone of agreeable surprise. "I did not know you expected him, I am very glad he is coming."

"He is very fortunate," said Edward, somewhat sarcastically; "at least he might be—

'Blest, if his happiness he knew,'

if he could have imagined the pleasure you seem to feel in the idea of seeing him, I should suppose he would, for once, have tried to be punctual to his engagement."

Catherine's colour rose, but she smiled without any embarrassment, as she replied—"And I should suppose it would not make the slightest difference in any of his lordship's movements; it does not follow that the interest should be mutual,—but I must own I like

to hear that talk, he has so much information."

"On what subject?" asked Edward, dilly. Catherine was not prepared to give a decided answer to the question. Edward turned to his watch.—"Louisa, dilly Catherine out—you have known Lord Blakeney longer than she has.—What are the principle points on which you would apply to his lordship for information?"

"His arrival, or a departure," said Louisa, laughing, "a marriage or a fall."

"It is not very polite in his lordship, at any rate," said Mr. Langenshank, again taking out his watch. "to keep one waiting in this manner: I remember a marriage being devised off, between the Clifford of Yorkshire, and the daughter of Derbyshire, in consequence of young Mr. Clifford keeping Sir Thomas Percival waiting dinner, till the venison was overdone; and by-the-by, I believe we have

renison too, to-day, have we not Miss Longcroft? Ring the bell, Edward, we will wait no longer."

At that moment, however, his lordship saved his credit by making his appearance, and the pleasure that brightened Catherine's eyes, as he entered, was the more apparent as it contrasted with the coldness with which the rest of the party, from a variety of minor feelings, which predominated at the moment, listened to his apologies.

"Fine girl! beautiful countenance!" said his lordship to himself, as he looked at Catherine, whilst he offered his arm to Louisa, "a sensible girl, too, I am certain,—wants nothing but the stamp of fashion,—if she had been introduced at Almack's by a leader, and taken up as the Brinsleys were, she might have made her fortune in a single season."

Nothing else was talked of at dinner but

Waterloo and its heroes, what else it be talked of?—what else would listened to? The battle and its co were discussed in every shape, though taken of them varied according to plexion of the parties.—Lord Blaken the fêtes both public and private, and already announced, that were in celebration of the event;—Mr. calculated the difference it would n landed interest in the price of ex pressed his fears that rents would ward, with animation beaming i enlarged upon the benefits that hoped, accrue to all Europe, in the a power, as gigantic in ability as f despotism:—Catherine thought o

voted Waterloo Blue the frightfullest colour in the rainbow, more especially as it regarded pantaloons.

"You will see plenty of it, however," he continued, "to-morrow night, at my mother's ball. All the walls hung with it; *entre nous*, her ladyship is quite happy to think that she has the good fortune to be the first in the field of commemoration. I suppose she will make it an annual affair. It would have been capital if we could have got a dozen or two of the heroes, to figure in on the occasion.

' Sans arms, sans legs, sans teeth, sans every thing.'

"but there are no importations yet. Somebody said, though, that Hamilton was coming—it would have been an excellent good thing, to have seen him stumble upon Lady Charlotte Forsyth, just at the very threshold."

"I should think it a very bad thing, my

lord," said Mr. Longcroft, "should it occur at my house—I have a great respect for Sir William Forsyth—he is a very excellent character—a man of good fortune, old family, and considerable parliamentary influence. I respect him very much—very useful too in a committee—will sit for a whole day, without stirring, on any public affairs."

"So much the worse for his private affairs," said his lordship, "Lady Charlotte holds a select committee of two, whilst he 'good easy man,' is sitting on turnpike roads, and descanting on nuisances; I think her ladyship wanted to place you on her committee list, at one time, did she not, Mr. Edward?"

"If she did," said Edward, "I was too dull to find it out; and if I had availed myself of it, I certainly should not now be coxcomb enough to remember it."

"Spoken most discreetly, and like a true

Squire of Dames,'” said Lord Blakeney, laughing off the reproof, which, however, he had good sense enough to feel.

“Spoken like a man of honor,” said Mr. Longcroft, “I should be very sorry if my nephew could jest with any thing pertaining to Sir William Forsyth—he has had annoyance enough about his wife’s thoughtless vanity, already. I believe, however, Colonel Hamilton acted like a gentleman in the affair of the duel, and I must say it would be very bad taste in him to attempt, after what has past, to renew his acquaintance with Lady Charlotte.”

“Bad taste!” repeated poor Catherine to herself; “is that a term by which to designate a crime.”

Alas! how bitter a reflection it was for her, that she should for a moment, admit the possibility of any thing criminal in the conduct of the man she loved!

“No,” she continued, in her train of thought,

“ he is not capable of any thing actually wicked ; his vanity leads him into the appearance of vice, and his vivacity lends him false arguments, which he does not himself believe in, to vindicate conduct which he would never forgive himself for practising ; but I know him better than the world does,” and her cheek flushed with conscious exultation. “ I know him as nature intended him to be, and as he is.”

Having settled this point to her own satisfaction, Catherine took courage to look up again.

“ It is very singular,” thought she, “ that whenever Colonel Hamilton’s name is mentioned, Edward Longcroft always fixes his eyes upon me so strangely, and then Louisa looks first at him and then at me, and then at him again, and looks quite grave. Dear Louisa ! perhaps she guesses my secret, and does not want Edward to find it out—or perhaps she is

displeased that I do not tell it to her myself. Alas ! I should be too happy to repose it with her, and have the support and comfort of her counsels, but, she is one of the many that only knows Hamilton as he appears, and seems not even to wish to know any thing more of him.

CHAPTER IX.

MATTERS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

From the day that the news of the battle of Waterloo had arrived in town, Catherine had waited the coming in of the post, with anxiety. Hamilton surely could not be negligent as not to write to her, so exact as to keep her in each point of expense respecting himself. The letters were always brought at breakfast time, and were placed on a silver salver exactly before

Mr. Longcroft, who, after inspecting, most minutely through his glass, the writings and seals of each, distributed them, with all the slowness of official dignity, among the parties to whom they might respectively be addressed. How was poor Catherine's patience tried, when, at last, amidst a greater number than usual, her eager glance descried one with the Nethercross post-mark upon it!

"Letter for you, Miss Longcroft, from Giggleswick, about your school I suppose; I think it is Mr. Daeres's arms; and another from York, with the Duncombe crest,—most likely from Miss Duncombe, to enquire, if you mean to be at the races. And here is one for you, Edward: I know neither the hand nor the seal, but it has the Exeter post-mark."

"It is from Lord Hervey, I hope," said Edward, as he extended his hand for it; "yes, it is; and I trust with a better account of his health, than his last contained."

At length Catherine's turn came :—"A letter for you Miss Neville—a double one. It is your father's copyist, 'E. N.'"

Catherine bowed her head in silence, as she took it, for she dared not trust her voice with a single word. She cast a despairing glance at the long columns of debates which the "*Morning Herald*" presented, and which she too well knew must all be read, listened to, or seemed to be listened to, and devoured upon, before Louisa should make any motion towards rising. At length they were finished, even to the counting of the "eyes and noses," on the question of the preceding evening; Mr. Longcroft himself gave the signal for dispersion, and Catherine flew to her own room with her letter. It was from her father, and she kissed the direction on the inside the seal: but when she opened it, the hand-writing of Hamilton immediately greeted her eyes, in the enclosure. She burst into tears—she pressed it to her lips and to her

heart. The dangers he had so recently been exposed to, seemed to make her regard him as some treasure newly restored, doubly, trebly valued !

She put his letter into her bosom, and began to read her father's, but it was impossible to fix her attention; and, as soon as she had satisfied herself that he was well, and rejoiced with her over Hamilton's safety, she reverted to *the* letter, the well-known seal of which had been already broken by her father, and, with breathless agitation, she read far more quickly than she would, the effusions, which had they been ten times as long as the longest of the indefatigable Richardson's, she would still have deemed too short.

“ MY FONDLY BELOVED CATHERINE,

“ Long ere this, fame will have bruited, even to the sequestered inhabitants of Nethercross, the achievements of their countrymen in

the field of Waterloo. Our
 contested, and dearly has it
 as the effusion of human b
 waste, I was going to say, o
 cerned. Yes, my Catherine
 the battle was beginning t
 paused, for a moment, and
 sanguined plain, the haple
 happier dead, I felt I was h
 had imagined myself in the
 I almost caught myself say
 rite Cowper—

‘ War is a game, which, were
 Kings would not play at.’

And then my Catherine’s
 me—

‘ ————like a sweet fort
 Of fairie, following a pes
 Of giant terror———’

I thought she would have

had it been my fate to have been numbered among the dead, with more partial tears than I deserved, and I felt grateful to Heaven for granting me the treasure of a pure, tender, devoted heart, and for sparing me for the happiness of proving, how, above price, I value it.

“It is possible, my Catherine, that you may see me, almost as soon as this letter. I am commissioned with despatches to the Duke of York, and though it is not improbable that I may have to return here immediately after I shall have delivered them, yet it is, I hope, more probable that the business connected with them may detain me long enough to allow of my reaching Nethercross, if only for an hour. This sweet anticipation gives me resolution to say adieu! till that happy moment. What a contrast will its calm, its endearments, its delightful associations be to the “hurley-burley,” the confusion, the noise, orders, enquiries, congratulations, conjectures, condolences, amidst

which I am writing; and which scarcely allow me an instant to request my regards to your father, and to conjure you to believe me always, 'e'en in the cannon's mouth,' my Catherine's

"devoted,

"ARTHUR HAMILTON.

"*Brussels*, 18—."

When Catherine had somewhat recovered from the agitation of gratitude, tenderness and delight, with which this genuine effusion of Hamilton's feelings filled her breast, the thought that he might already be in London, or even on his way to Nethercross, plunged her into a state of intolerable suspense. Gladly would she have thrown herself into the first public conveyance for the north, with Juliet's language on her lips—

"Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,"

but, alas! propriety, etiquette, her own delicacy, all forbade. She opened her father's

letter again, to give it a more deliberate perusal.

“That Hamilton has been preserved *unscathed*,” said the good man, “amidst the carnage and misery which the wickedness of men inflicts upon each other, is indeed to me, not only a matter of heart-felt rejoicing, but of solemn gratitude. Our heavenly Father calls his children away, precisely at that moment when their good requires no further trial; or when their evil might be increased by longer stay;—we have, therefore, the consolation of believing, that he has been spared to us, for the purpose of enabling him to become a better man; and fervently do I pray, that he may live to shew his natural graces (and he has many to be thankful for) increased by his grateful perception of the blessed source from which they spring; and that we may finally see in him that true dignity of human nature, the enlightenment

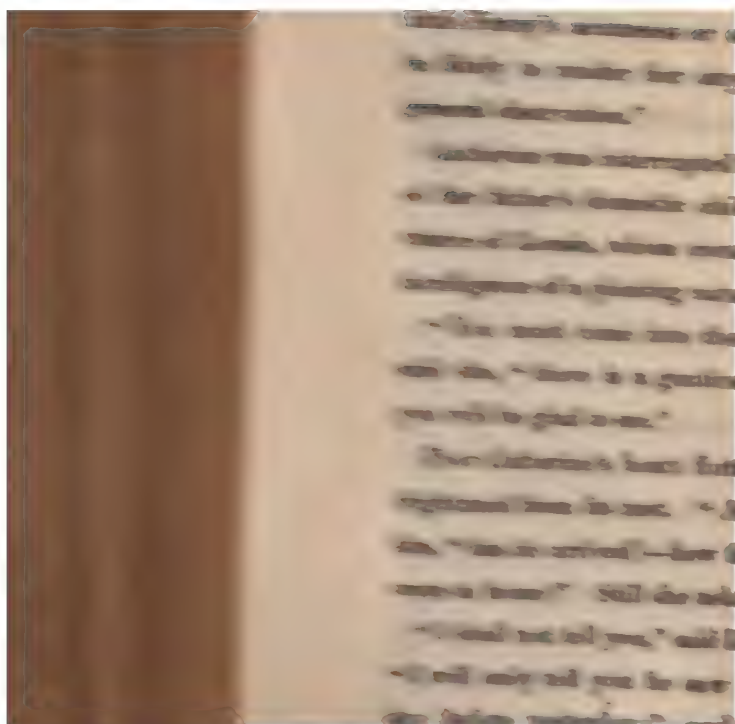
THE KATHARIN, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

of the understanding, and purification of the will, in which alone, it consists; by which alone man of attributes alone, it is, that man becomes again the image and likeness of his Maker, which he was formed to be at his creation."

Devoutly did Catherine's heart respond to her father's prayer.

"But what shall I do, my dear Catherine," he continued, with his characteristic simplicity, "with our Watarloo here, in your absence? He will visit you at every turn and corner, as I do. It is unlucky that your sister and Henry Barker left me last week; or else, with their assistance, I might, perhaps, have managed to have got up something like a little festival for his welcome: but as it is, I fear it would be only a foolish attempt to amuse him with Mrs. Sharpwood, and smiling Fanny, and the Messrs. Right; and by the bye, I believe Fanny will

forgive me, if I betray her secret, and inform you, though, mind you, the information is not given, *ex cathedra*, that from the report of certain preparations of white ribbons and plum cake; and the fact, as vouched for by the mercer Mally Garbutt, of a letter having gone to London, directed to 'Mrs. Pinup, Milliner, St. Paul's Church Yard,' and another to 'Mr. Shortstitch, Tailor, and Man-mercier, corner of East-cheap, Fish-street Hill;' it is abrewdly conjectured, that ere many more moons fill their horns, we may gain an extension of our visiting list, in Mr. and Mrs. Pugh, junior. Most heartily do I wish them all the happiness they can desire for themselves, and that happiest and best state; which, as St. Paul says, is honourable in all!—I wish, however, that young brides would not think it an indispensable appendage to their matronly honors to play at whist as soon as they are mistresses of a house of their own. I have always found that they make very



"Dear Hamilton!" she murmured, in a voice soft and low as the dove's,

'When first her golden couplets are disdressing.'

whilst, with shaking hands, she arranged the tresses he had so often curled round his fingers.

"He must have reached Nethercross just after my father wrote!—and to have got back so soon too!—what haste he must have made! how fatigued he must be! and how kind in dear Louisa to seem so happy at the thought of my seeing him once more;—I will never have any concealments with her again—she shall know, from this moment, my every thought!" These reflections brought her to the door—her fingers trembled on the lock—she paused—at length she turned it—entered, and beheld Mr. Dacres! How sickening was the revulsion of her feelings, in a moment.

Mr. Dacres saw her change of countenance, he half smiled as he took her hand.

"I am certain," said he, "Miss Neville is distressed, perhaps she expected to see her father."

Catherine's eyes filled with tears.

"No," said Lucia, "that I am sure she did not; but it is the thought of your having seen her so lately, that affects her just now;—she is really home-sick! I am frightened every day, lest she should want to fly back to her nest."

Catherine tried to smile, and made an effort to be as cheerful herself, as to enter into conversation with Mr. Dacres, for a few minutes; but, on the first pause, she took up the newspaper, as an excuse for silence, and seated herself with it at a distant window.

vate audience with His Royal Highness, the Commander in Chief. It is understood that the gallant Colonel is the bearer of despatches of the highest political importance.' "

To know that Hamilton was actually so near her, and yet that he was ignorant of being in the same place with himself, to think that he might, that very day set off on a long and useless journey, solely for the purpose of seeing her; and that he might, by, so doing, leave himself no time to spend with her, before his return to Brussels, was, indeed a severe ordeal to poor Catherine's philosophy.

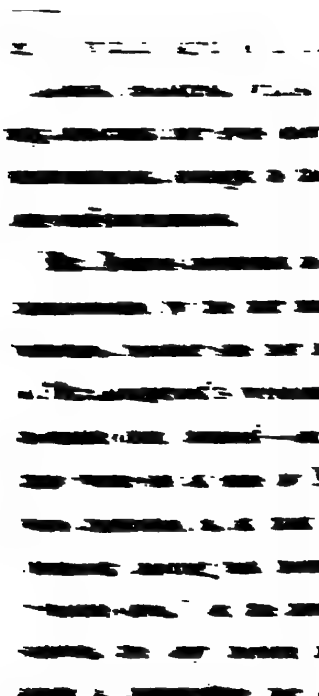
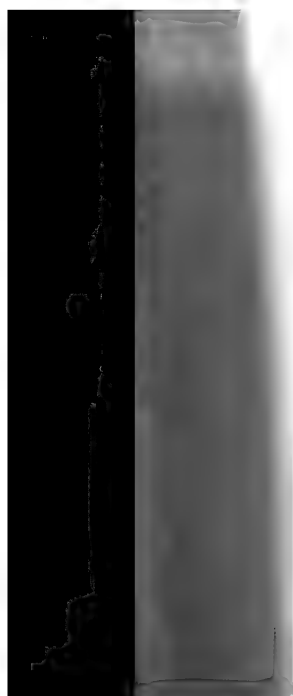
In her first emotion of surprise, she got up to shew the paragraph to Louisa; but seeing her earnestly engaged in a conversation with Mr. Dacres, which had gradually taken the low tone of deep interest; she sat down again, and turning to the window, she felt her colour come and go every minute, as with straining eyes, she endeavoured to find something of the

[illegible]

sound of a loud knock at the front door.—It was Edward Longeroft, who entered.

“I might have known his step,” said Catherine, to herself, as she felt the blood rush back into her cheeks. Fortunately for her, Edward did not perceive her agitation, for delighted to see Mr. Dacres, he flew up to him, and shaking him most cordially by the hand, insisted upon it, that he should spend the whole of the day with them.

“You shall not leave us,” said Edward, “we were going to Lee and Kennedy’s nursery grounds, at Hammersmith, this morning, and it is a fine chance for Louisa, to have you to herborise, and botanise, and floralise with her; you will be very glad to have Mr. Dacres for your companion instead of me; will you not Louisa? and I will pair off with Catherine, and we will ride afterwards to the suspension bridge, and along the winding banks of the river, or over that pretty Barnes’ Common,



res, conquering for once the proud humility
which too generally estranged him from the
city his birth entitled him to associate with,
feely as his fortunes forbade it, was pre-
pared upon to accede to their united requests,
to accompany the ladies in their morning ex-
cursion, and to escort them in the evening, to
Mr Blakeney's long-talked of ball.

CHAPTER X.

A PUBLIC MEETING.

HAPPINESS and hope were so congenial to Catherine's disposition, that whenever she was reminded of them by outward similitudes her ardent imagination, and affectionate temperament, never failed to supply her with feelings, that, for the time being, constituted them to her, at any rate, realities.

Thus the splendours of Lady Blakeney's rooms, the lights, the music, the exotics, the

draperies, the devices, the wreaths of laurel, the cyphers, the trophies, alluding to the recent victory, and its results, all awakened her fancy, and heightened her sensibility into that general glow of benevolence which, in participating the happiness, real or imaginary of others, causes individual vexations or griefs to be for the moment forgotten.

"It is delightful to come into public with you Catherine," said Edward Longcroft, who having deputed Mr. Dacres to the care of his cousin, took that of her friend upon himself, "to you every thing is what it seems. You always remind me of those children of nature who take a dramatic representation for a series of actual occurrences, and are amazed with the splendour of the scenery, or absorbed in the interest of the story, whilst others, hacknied in pleasure, and torpid to enjoyment, are displaying their cleverness in vexful criticisms and

their ingenuity in detecting the mechanism. A countermeasure like yours is enough to give ~~and~~ whole town courage, it tells us so plainly that there is amusement to be had if we can but find it out."

"At any rate," said Catherine, "you cannot accuse any of the people here of idleness in looking for it: are they not in search of it morning, noon, and night, here, and there, and every where?"

"Every where, but the right place," said Edward, "at home and in their own breasts—but!—Catherine!—What is the matter?—you are ill!"—and as he spoke, poor Catherine, paler than monumental marble, gave a deep sigh and sunk insensible upon his arm.

Edward, exceedingly distressed at her sudden indisposition, looked around for assistance, and became pale as the apparently lifeless form he was supporting, when he beheld, coming up

the room, but stopped on all sides by congratulations, and compliments, Hamilton, in splendid uniform, his orders glittering on his breast; himself, gay and triumphant, with Lady Charlotte Forsyth hanging on his arm, magnificent in her dress, dazzling in her beauty, and exultant in the *éclat* with which she displayed afresh, on so brilliant an occasion, the power of her attractions among men, who at once admired and despised, among women, who hated and envied her!

Alas! for Catherine! that the moment of ecstasy she had so long fondly anticipated, of seeing Hamilton again, should thus unexpectedly be converted into one of anguish, which, taking all her senses by surprise, plunged her into insensibility even to its cause.

By the time Louisa had come to Catherine's assistance, Hamilton also was at her side.

"My Catherine!" he exclaimed, taking her lifeless hand; Edward Longroft stepped back,

with a look that recalled him to something once self-governed.

"Miss Neville?" he continued, though in answer that betrayed how much it cost him to assume it, "how little I thought to see her here!" may I ask what has caused her illness," he looked appealingly towards Louisa.

"Miss Neville was very well, Sir," she coldly replied, "when she came into the room; it is possible that the heat may have overcome her—she begins to revive, Edward," continued Louisa, turning away from Hamilton,—“pray order the carriage, or perhaps Mr. Dacres will be kind enough to do that; you had better stay here and assist her out of the room.”

Hamilton bit his lips—he could not bear to leave her in a state so like death, that he could have wept in the imaginary contemplation of it, yet he dreaded to meet her eyes, amidst so many spectators, when she should again unclose them.—In this predicament the “hero of

"Waterloo" stood before Louisa and Edward, like an embarrassed school-boy: at length he took courage to ask if Catherine was visiting in Berkley Square; a cold affirmative drew forth a second interrogatory.

"May I be permitted to enquire after Miss Neville's health, this evening. I shall not stay here more than half-an-hour?"

"I will inform Miss Neville of your wish, Sir, when we arrive at home, if I find her well enough; but I think it very improbable that she will be able to receive you."

Hamilton bit his lips again, and inwardly denounced Louisa as the coldest-hearted piece of prudery he had ever met with.

"But it is always the case," said he to himself, "with your Grecian-nosed beauties, and heads that have no joint in their necks, but must turn round, like the crocodile, with the whole figure at once." And with this inwardly muttered libel on a face and form almost fault-

and, as it were, he returned to Lady
 Clarendon, where the ladies were crowded
 out, a little more than a dozen of her; while
 the ladies, gradually increasing, from
 one to two, appeared to her bewildered recollection
 as if a confused and agonizing dream
 were on her to look around her, and to
 see a dark, very old, and to take refuge, and to
 see a woman, in the distance and outside of
 her own garden.

As soon as ever Hamilton could close the
 door of Lady Clarendon, he turned towards
 Lady Clarendon, to enquire after Catherine
 and all the matter he discussed was, that the
 lady's presence had been sent her, to Miss
 Scott, and that both she and Mrs. Longcroft
 had returned to her. Hamilton, very unwillingly,
 closed the door back again to Lady Blake-

"This cursed hall," said he to himself, "I
 wish I had never heard one word about it! H

I had followed my first impulse, and set off to Nethercross, as I ought to have done, this morning, all would have been right. I should have seen my good old friend, at any rate, and I could have settled every thing with him, and have flown back again to Catherine, to receive my sanctioned welcome from her own dear, lovely lips. But my idiot vanity must put it into my head that I ought to show myself, forsooth!—that the public would be disappointed,—the dog and the shadow!—I suppose I shall play the same game to the end of the chapter. Well, confound all second thoughts: let those say they are the best, who find them so. I never had one good for any thing in my life. If I have ever done any thing tolerable it has been when I acted on my first impulse—no calculating, no looking forward, no looking back, all or nothing, no time to cool. And, then, again, what an unlucky rascal I was, to pop upon Lady Charlotte, of all moments in the four-and-

twenty, just when she was sailing into the room in all her tackling—

Brave, ornate, and gay.

No time for calculating then, at any rate, when she seized my arm, in the first burst of surprise and feeling, and was half way in the room before she recollected herself—what could I do? Scipio himself could not have shaken her off."

Hamilton little thought that what he attributed to her Ladyship's feelings, taken by surprise, as he imagined, was entirely a preconcerted manœuvre, on her part. No sooner did she hear of Hamilton's arrival than she determined to resume and publicly exhibit her influence over him. Knowing his intimacy with the Blakeney's, she felt assured that he would be at the ball, to which she was herself invited, but in order to

" Make assurance doubly sure,"

she got her own confidential valet to ascertain the fact from Hamilton's servant, and also the precise moment when his carriage was ordered. By ordering her own a few minutes sooner, and prolonging her stay in the ante-room, under pretence of making some arrangements in her draperies, she contrived to linger till she heard the name of Hamilton announced. Then, indeed, to turn round in affected amazement, to seize his arm as if to ascertain that it was in reality himself, and to enter the room with him, as if forgetting every thing else, in her eager enquiries after his health, and the time he should stay in town, was only the work of a moment; but a moment in its consequences sometimes involves the happiness of a life-time; and scarcely had Hamilton entered the room with her Ladyship, than he felt, as every eye was turned towards him, that he was doing an indecorous, and an unwise thing, in thus reviving the sneers of the ill-natured, and the censures of the good.

But he had little anticipated the effort his appearance with Lady Charlotte was to prove on the only woman in the world whom he truly loved; and, imagining her to be two hundred miles off, he thought his senses deceived him, when he saw her, his own devoted Catherine, sit before him, with a thousand new attractions from the elegance of her dress, and the grace of her deportment.

Alas! it was but given him for one short season to gaze upon her face: the next their eyes met, and the mingled tenderness, respect, and grief that he read in hers, in the brief interval on they closed under the excess of her feelings, instantly made the hall and all its circumstances hateful to him. No wonder that he returned to it reluctantly; nor would he have returned to it at all, had he not dreaded that any "good-natured friend" should undertake to account for his absence; and as he was equally unwilling that his gravity should be

descanted upon, at a time when a thousand attentions and flatteries required him to appear duly elated by them, he put on a forced gaiety, which had the usual effect of making him despise himself, deceiving the many, whose opinion he cared nothing about, and betraying to the few whose observation he was really desirous to elude, that all was "not right within." Foremost among these keen detectors of any thing counterfeit, was Lady Charlotte Forsyth, who possessed all that instinctive insight into the human heart so often found in the bad, and in them so fatal an instrument in their power of doing evil.

She observed that, when he came into the room, he avoided the party she had joined, during his absence. That moment jealousy took possession of her breast, and calling in pride to its assistance, dictated a revenge secure and lasting, as it seemed to her; the anticipation of which alone enabled her to preserve a



CHAPTER XI.

A MEETING IN PRIVATE.

MUCH sooner than etiquette would have prescribed, Hamilton presented himself at Mr. Longcroft's door, and requested to see Miss Neville. He was ushered into the drawing-room, and remained there some time alone. Poor Catherine had passed a sleepless night, and made it the pretext for not joining the family at breakfast; but the fact was, that there was

she was a little woman every size and did not dread a crowd. After the intensity of her feelings the wonderful recovery, and then, the innocent, the nervous, was overcome with "compassionate sympathy" of course and then, that ought only to be shown by good. She was dressing when Elizabeth came and was laughing at her.

"Where is Miss Langcraft?" she asked, looking for her.

"Miss Langcraft and Mr. Edward have gone to the International Gardens, at Turin, where was Mr. James Minton," replied the young woman. "and Miss Langcraft bid me tell you that she would not come to you, because she was out. Because, as you had such a bad night, she thought it possible you might be asleep."

"She is a very considerate and kind," said

Elizabeth, feeling, however, somewhat relieved



down stairs, to receive Hamilton with that dignified reserve which should shew him that she had conquered the weakness she had been surprised into, by so unexpectedly seeing him, and was prepared to judge him with the impartiality which she felt to be due to her own sincerity. But when she opened the door, and beheld again his fine martial figure;—when he started from the thoughtful attitude in which he was leaning against the mantle-piece, his elbow resting on it, and his hand shadowing his eyes, —when starting from his reverie at her entrance, he flew forward to meet her, with an air of embarrassment, chastened by deference; and with a deprecation of her displeasure, as new as it was graceful in him. Oh, she saw in him only her lover, and her hero! and whilst giving way to the unsophisticated tenderness of her nature, she wept upon the bosom to which he pressed her, in all the manly warmth of gratified fondness. Anger, jealousy, pride;—every painful feeling

was forgotten ; she remembered loved,—she felt only that she was Milton was charmed with the every emotion, most lovely in the which he so easily read in her countenance, and which all terminated forgiveness and generous confidence.

“Yea,” he internally exclaimed, “be the wife of my bosom, the children!—she shall know my and share my every feeling.”

thus gave way to his own nature, gazed with all the pride of anticipation upon her, as her cheek mantled vermilion, and her eyes beamed brilliancy through the tears that

ever since her arrival in town, which delighted Hamilton, and which added to the pomp of Mr. Longcroft's establishment, the obstacles opposed by etiquette to his frequently seeing her, and even the marked discouragement which both Louisa and Edward manifested of his proffered visit, all gave her new consequence in his eyes; and instead of fancying, as he did in his unrivalled self-importance at Nethercross, that he was doing her the honour in permitting himself to be attracted by her charms, he now felt himself the real admirer of her graces, the lover of her virtues, and consequently with the jealousy inseparable from such feelings, anxious to secure her to himself.

"Let us not be separated again, my sweet Catherine!" he exclaimed, as he dropped on his knee before her, with a grace which a knight in the proudest days of chivalry might have envied. "I will write to your father this evening, for his consent to our marriage, and

then I can take you back to Brussels and all the assembled powers at the Congress of Vienna shall see my chosen one, the fairest among the fair! and within the year, my Catherine, for the common happiness, what an epoch for me, but he in vain sought in Catherine blushes, and averted eyes for confirmation of his proposal, so sudden that it alarmed her delicacy and her filial affection.

"Oh, no!" she uttered in a low tone, "You must not write to my father, it is for me alone to reconcile him after the rupture of parting with me.— I will return to Brussels and stay there till you can be reconciled; too short will the time remain with him.— No hand but

With every passionate and tender feeling ; and her concluding words were lost in sobs.

Hamilton soothed her with the fondest caresses, and luxuriated in the delight, which he then, for the first time in his life, experienced, of having a lovely, sentient being to encourage, to protect, to shield from ill, to make happy.

"It shall be as you wish, my beloved Catherine," said he, rising from his lover-like position, and resuming his seat beside her, that he might not distress her by any further display of his impetuosity. "I will ascertain, to-day, how long my absence from Brussels may continue, or how soon, should I be forced to go back immediately, I may obtain leave to return : but then, my Catherine, you must ask no more delays—remember, a soldier's time is precious, and not his own. Our troops are now at the gates of Paris—it is the hour of triumph, and my beloved must share it with me. But your dear father shall unite us. I could scarcely

looks, her unwillingness to be found alone with him.

"I see I have your leave of absence," said Hamilton, rising also, with a slight air of mortification, "and pray when may I be permitted to see you again?"

"I cannot say," replied Catherine, in a tone almost of dejection, "you know I am not at home—I wish I was."

"I shall take the liberty, however," said Hamilton, with a return of his characteristic baughtiness, "of considering this your home, whilst you honor it by making it such; and, therefore, I shall, unless expressly forbidden by you, presume to present myself before you to-morrow, in the hope of being as happy as I have been to-day, and at the same hour if convenient to you."

He spoke like a man unaccustomed to contradiction, and Catherine was too much confused and fluttered either to put a negative upon

CHAPTER XII.

AN OVERCAST.

WHEN Catherine went to dinner, she immediately perceived that a most portentous cloud hung over the family party. Mr. Longcroft was as solemn as if he had been called upon to give a casting vote upon the Reform Bill, and as severe as if he was empowered to pass sentence upon a whig libellist.

Edward was pale as ashes, and sent away

remained, one place after another, whenever he could steal the steady glances which his uncle cast now and then there at him; whilst Louisa came, with kind attention, to cheer him by her quiet attentions, even though her own countenance and voice betrayed that she was suffering under agonies equal to his own.

Catherine might indeed have exclaimed—

"How could I be given."

she gazed anxiously in the fear that she might be seen out in connection with it, though she knew not how, and she could scarcely have borne with the uncomfortable nature of her feelings, had it not been for the talismanic recollection of Hamilton and his endearing love. How she was so long to preserve the charm worked. Mr. Longworth, after a formal enquiry after her health, said—

"I had Colonel Hamilton's name in the

Porter's book, this morning: I presume his visit was to you, Miss Neville."

Catherine bowed her head, the affirmative monosyllable she had not courage to utter.

"I am aware," continued Mr. Longcroft, "that there are ties of long standing between Mr. Neville, and Colonel Hamilton. A visit of ceremony, therefore, from the Colonel to Mr. Neville's daughter might be expected, and indeed, could scarcely be avoided on his part.— But you will excuse me, I trust, Miss Neville, if I say that I hope his visit is not likely to be repeated."

Catherine bowed her head again, and bent her crimsoned cheek over a glass of water to hide its heightened hue.

"I have a certain degree of respect for Colonel Hamilton," Mr. Longcroft went on, "he is nephew to the Earl of Winterton, and will come in, most likely, for his title and estates; the Earl being ten years my senior and

...and the Colonel is himself a man of refinement, and ought to be a great acquisition to any set of men in town. But he has certainly suffered in his behaviour with Lady Catherine De Bourgh, and though that was overlooked, in consequence of an honorable explanation with Sir William, yet his making his acquaintance with her ladyship, with her Ladyship, was extremely unbecoming. And the circumstance of her ladyship's having, I regret to say, left Sir William's house this very morning, and gone to her abode at Nerue's Hotel, is a great injury to her character, at any rate, and a contempt of all the established usage of society, and upon every one who is interested in its reputation, to withhold, at least for the present, any countenance of the person implicated in so flagrant a breach of decorum."

Especially for Catherine, her indignation, at what she felt to be the injustice of this charge

against Hamilton, surmounted every other uneasy consideration it might have awakened : and gave her courage to rebut a calumny which she was proud to know was unfounded. She therefore replied with the greatest firmness, that Colonel Hamilton had been with her all the morning, and that she was very certain he was utterly incapable of dissimulation, which must indeed be a new feature in his character, if he could have expressed himself as he had done, with respect to Lady Charlotte and Sir William in the course of his conversation with her, had he had the slightest knowledge of her ladyship's proceedings, or been in any way necessary to them.

"Ah, Miss Neville," said Mr. Longcroft, shaking his head incredulously, "you are young; you know very little of the world, and nothing of the great world : it is not to be expected."

"Nor desired," thought Catherine, indig-

quickly and warmly, pressing her folded cloak, and pressing it, too, and they retired to the dining-room. Catherine's message had to wait for the closing of the door, she then drew back and Laura's arms and wept.—"Thank God," she murmured, relieved the fulness of her heart,—"Laura," said she,—"I must be making a starting home—my visit to you has been even as long as I at first calculated upon, and my dear father, I am sure, will be laid again.—What does Mr. Davies have now?" "It would perhaps be kind enough to take care of me, and my father would be quite comfortable under the idea of my having his presence in the west."

Laura was surprised and grieved at this sudden announcement of Catherine's,—"I thought," said she,—"my dear Catherine, you would have staid with me till the end of the season, and then we could have returned into Scotland together.—Pray do not leave me now,

"I have need of your society more than you imagine;" and her voice faltered as she spoke, "but I fear," she continued, recovering herself, "you are in some measure offended with what my father said about Colonel Hamilton; nay, my dear Catherine, do not turn your face away or I shall fancy you are angry with me too,—but surely you must, upon reflection, think my father was right."

"Not in this instance," said Catherine, impatiently, "I know that with respect to his imagining Colonel Hamilton in any degree instrumental to Lady Charlotte Forsyth's leaving her own house, he is positively wrong.—Yes, you may smile, Louisa; you think, of course, that because I am not acquainted with fashionable people, or fashionable habits, I know nothing, but of Colonel Hamilton's sentiments and principles I do know something; and I am certain he would not deceive me; he is too open, too honorable—deceit or concealment are not

among the family, whatever others he may have."

Constance did not smile again; no, she felt more inclined to weep, when she saw Catherine's reaction.

"Ah, Catherine," she said, "no woman who has been brought up in virtuous seclusion can know the doubts or uncertainties which men think it so dangerous to practice upon our sex. But I fear you are attracted to Colonel Hamilton—do not look angry with me for saying so; I say it, because I think you would not find in him that freedom of mind, and that high tone of feeling which I should desire in the man that my dear Catherine might select as the sole and lasting object of her regard. Ah, Catherine! it has been too truly said, that love is a mere episode in the life of a man of the world, or rather a string of episodes. But with our sex, we are met with the most amiable of them, the one object of their existence, their beings, and

and aim. When I recollect how many I have seen, even among my own acquaintance, who have sacrificed all their earthly happiness, either in giving themselves in marriage to some person undeserving of them, or pining under the defection of some worthless object, I cannot refrain from warning you, my dear Catherine, not to embark rashly on an ocean wherein all your amiable qualities, and all your peace of mind may be wrecked."

"But Colonel Hamilton is not worthless," replied Catherine, with a conscious pride in the dear object of her love, that supported her in the attack upon him, which from any other but Louisa she would have keenly resented, "you do not know him as I do, my dear Louisa, nor have you had the opportunity of seeing any of the amiable qualities which he every day brought out, in his long domestication with us."

"Certainly I do not say that Colonel Hamilton is worthless, nor do I think it. I cannot

think of a man that was your father's pupil, and a honored with your father's friendship.— But I must own I think his worth is very much mixed up with base metal; neither do I think that he ~~possesses~~ qualities, for I do not mean to say in possessing them, attractive ones I know he has, are exactly of the kind which would make you happy, or which your dear, good father would require, as indispensable, in his ~~selection~~. No, Catherine, you ought to meet with an amiable, equal disposition, a cultivated mind, with somewhat of a thoughtful turn; fond of retirement, yet capable of entering with interest into public life, if called upon; a man ~~that~~ you would have the gratification of seeing respected by others, as much as beloved by yourself."

"Oh, Louisa," interrupted Catherine, "it is not for you to describe what would be desirable for me, when you have only to look at your own lot, and draw from it; happy in an ex-

gement with the object of your choice, secure of his long-tried affection, you see him sanctioned by your father, admired by the world, you have the delight of being able to enrich him with your wealth, as well as to make him happy in giving him your hand;—you have neither doubts, nor fears, nor cares, nor mortifications to contend with,—you have only—”

“I! Catherine!” exclaimed Louisa, whose agitation had gradually increased, as she listened to this account of her own happiness in possession and *futuro*. “I! happy in an engagement with the object of my choice, in having neither doubts nor fears! nor cares, nor mortifications!—Ah Catherine, you little know what I have to contend with! how much I have to suffer!”—and as she spoke she cast her eyes upwards, with a look of anguish, and then, covering her face in the cushion of the sofa, she wept for some minutes, with a degree of abandonment so utterly foreign to her usual placid-

ing, that Catherine looked at her with equal surprise and concern.

"My dear Louisa!" she exclaimed.

"My dear Louisa!" echoed Edward Longworth, who that moment entered, and seeing her in tears, threw his arms affectionately round her. "my sweet Louisa, what is the matter! has any thing new occurred?"

"No," said Louisa, attempting to smile through her tears. "I am childish, that is all; and you must not ask me any questions."

Edward, however, did not seem satisfied with this negative explanation: and Catherine left the room, in order that her presence might not be any obstacle to a more detailed one, should Louisa choose to give it.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SECRET.

THE next morning Mr. Longcroft's solemnity seemed to be encreased ; Edward Longcroft had gone out early with Mr. Dacres, and breakfast was taken in almost total silence. Mr. Longcroft's head was full of great designs ; the idea of the brilliant *fêtes* which promised a long perspective of *éclât* through the remainder of the season of bridal presentations at court, amidst the admiring gaze of foreign potentates, and

the envy of the most fashionable home circle, all made him determine no longer to delay the long projected marriage of his daughter with his nephew. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, he summoned Louisa to accompany him into the library:—arrived there, he shut the door—handed her a chair—drew down the blind—placed his pen, ink and paper before him, drew breath, and then proceeded with, proper diplomatic gravity of countenance, to inform her that he intended her marriage with her cousin to take place as soon as the requisite preparations could be made: that he had ordered the carriage to take them to Hamlet's in order that she might give directions respecting her wedding jewels, after which they would drive to Park-Lane, to see a magnificent mansion, which was to be disposed of, and which he intended to purchase for her, in case it should meet with her approbation. Louisa looked to her father with eyes rivetted upon the

table, and her cheek varying from red to white; and, as she made no reply to his proposals, he impatiently asked her why she did not speak. The blood rushed back into her cheeks—her father watched the changes in her countenance with an angry eye.

"You take me by surprise, Sir," said she, at last, "I am not prepared to speak on such a subject."

"Take you by surprise!" repeated Mr. Longcroft, disdainfully. "What, after an engagement of seven years standing, are you surprised that I should talk to you of your wedding-day?—This savors somewhat more of affectation, Louisa, than I expected from you."

"It is not affectation, Sir," said Louisa, with dignity, "but surely I may be allowed to express something like surprise, at hearing you talk of fixing the day for my marriage, when I have never, myself, been either solicited or consulted about it."

"Oh, then," said Mr. Longcroft, "you are offended, it should seem, with your cousin for not showing more of a lover's impatience."

Louisa colored again, and rose almost angrily from her seat, but recollecting herself she resumed it, and Mr. Longcroft continued in a more conciliating tone.—

"You know very well, Louisa, that Edward Longcroft is peculiarly situated in this matter. He is, in fact, wholly the obliged party: he is a young man of delicate, as well as of honorable feelings. And it is a delicate matter for him to press a match by which he will eventually come into all my landed property, and have the honor of representing, as it were, myself. It certainly would not become him, who has not a shilling in the world, except what I give him, and no claim upon me whatever, excepting, indeed, the circumstance of his being my brother's son, it certainly would not become him, I say, to act the independent suitor, and

press you to bestow your hand upon him, of his own accord, as if he had a regular establishment to take you to, and could offer suitable settlements, and pin-money, and so forth.—No, it is quite another thing as matters stand—and I bore that in mind, yesterday, when I had a little talk with him on the subject, and remarked his reluctance.”

“Oh, Sir,” Louisa exclaimed.

“That is, I mean, his becoming diffidence, I should have said, and I must say, that I think all the better of him for it. But then, Louisa, you, on the other hand, should not mortify him by any misplaced reserve, it would indeed be quite ridiculous, situated as you are with him; it is not as if you were going to marry an entire stranger, as many girls of quality do—on a three week’s acquaintance—introduced the first at a ball, contracted the next, and married the week

other—Edward and you, on the contrary, are
brother and sister.”—

“We are indeed,” said Louisa, “cousins
no more—brother and sister.”—And she
stepped her hands together, with an expression
of so much mental agony, that her father,
strangely moved to see the fine serenity of her
countenance veiled, even for a moment, laid
his hands, and looked on as if he would have
read her heart and soul—

“Louisa,” said he, “let me have no re-
serves: it is vulgar, and it is hateful in my
eyes.—You have every thing to make you re-
solutely happy.—You have all the luxuries of
home possession, and a large fortune in reversion,
—you have fine person, and plenty of talent to
use to advantage.—you have the affections, the
warm affections, I may safely say, of a most ex-
cellent young man, who, with my aid, will, I doubt
not, one day, possess great influence in Parli-

ment, you have the power of gratifying every wish, and of inspiring hundreds with envy,—
“What more would you desire?”

A knock and ring, announcing the bride-room elect, put an end to this climax of felicities. Louisa hastily rose, to avoid meeting his eyes in the presence of her father, and Mr. Longcroft allowed her to make her escape, in order that he might, without restraint, announce his positive determination to Edward, hoping that they would be received with somewhat more of gratitude and alacrity than he had manifested the day before, at having been hinted to him, for his consideration.—
Louisa could not pass her cousin so quickly, that he saw how much she was agitated, caught her hand,—

“Louisa!” he exclaimed,—but she made a sign of silence, pointing to the door, and in a voice scarcely reaching to a whisper, said,—

“Now Edward, be firm, and save us both.”

All this time Catherine was in the drawing-room, wondering at Louisa's lengthened absence, and dreading, as the hour approached, when Hamilton had appointed to call, lest he should make his appearance; yet still more distressed at the thought of the mortification and displeasure he would feel, if he found that Mr. Longcroft had given orders for him not to be admitted. Suddenly, however, all other considerations were lost in amazement, when the door opened, and in rushed not Louisa, not Hamilton, but Edward Longcroft, flushed with anger, and trembling with emotion.—

"Catherine," said he, "I am going to leave my uncle's house, most likely never more to enter it. Let me have the consolation, before I depart, of thinking that you wish me well—oh, Catherine!"—He paused, he pressed his hands upon his chest, for he felt suffocated, and all his firmness melting into woman's weakness—he knelt before her and wept. Ca-

Catherine astonished and shocked at his agitation, strove to soothe him with every tenderness:—

“ Dear Edward,” she said, “ compose yourself, for Louisa’s sake, think what she will feel if she sees you thus.”

“ Dear Edward !” exclaimed he, “ oh, Catherine, if I were really dear to you ! could I even hope to be so, at any future period, however distant, how rejoicingly would I go forth on the wide world, which I am already cast upon, friendless ! but I have not even hope,” and his cheek grew pale as he spoke, “ nor have I the consolation of thinking that you at least may be happy,” his brow contracted—he paused—but after a moment’s struggle he proceeded,—“ oh, Catherine ! guard those fine feelings, that pure heart ! let me not have the added misery of thinking that they are withheld, where they would have been garnered up, treasures more precious than life, to be bestowed unworthily.” But seeing a glow on Catherine’s cheek, which

he exclaimed to Augustine, he rose hastily, — "farewell!" said he, — "I will not offend you! farewell! dear, dear Catherine!"—and leaving her hand so fervently, as he uttered the word, that she felt the ungratified appeal.—
—like him she loved—like him she might be destined to love a vain,—and she seemed, at that moment, joined with him in strange sympathy, against herself.

"I cannot say farewell so suddenly," said she, looking into hers, — "it seems a dream that you are going; I cannot bear to think that we are really about to part—and Lucia!"—surely you will not be before you leave the house—how beautifully she will feel the change."

"Dear Lucia," exclaimed Edward, "every thing around her! sweet, gentle and disinterested as she is! but to see her now, would only grieve us both.—No, Catherine! all my thoughts, at this moment, are absorbed in one and! Farewell, again farewell! I must go,

—I would not that my uncle should tell me a second time to quit his house. God bless you!" And with this benediction, breathed in a bursting sigh, he left the room.

Catherine listened to his hurried and receding steps, she heard the hall-door opened, and closed again immediately after; and, overcome by a variety of contending feelings, she hastened to her own room, and remained there all the rest of the morning, without a single interruption to her perplexed and painful train of thought.

CHAPTER XIV.

MALHEURS D'UN JOLI GARÇON.

HAMILTON, meanwhile, was in a situation not less perplexing, and far more painful, inasmuch as he felt that he had only himself originally to blame for it. On his return home from his visit in Berkeley Square, full of the delightful feelings of genuine attachment, which it had confirmed in his bosom, he found a note upon his table : his forehead flushed as he took

it up, for too well did he know the rose-coloured paper, breathing

“ Nard and cassia's balmy smells,”

the mysterious cameo, that sealed it. But those refinements of coquetry, which it had before pleased his vanity to be the object of, now appeared to him only in their true light, as meretricious allurements, which real love thinks not of having recourse to—nay, would shrink from making use of, as lifting up that beautiful veil of reserve which, when casually drawn aside, by the hallowed hand of affection, shews glimpses of heaven to the imagination, which loves to dwell on every shadowy outline.

There is no surer guard against the allurements of vice than the delightful enthrallment of a tender and honorable attachment. Hamilton felt this, but alas! he was unhappily entangled in the snares of a woman whose heart had never warmed to any feeling more power-

ful than that of vanity, whose humble of any thing more elevated official requirements necessary to ration which, under whatever form manifested, constituted the chief object of her mischievous existence even whilst he was himself and of no feelings more creditable, discover this to be the character whose note he then held in his hand to break the seal, and now that force of contrast, both in the order of his tender sentiments, his proportionably quickened to all in her—but he was not prepared for the revelation that awaited him, when he found that Lady Charles too surely left her husband's home at Nerot's hotel, where she conjured him to go to her, "to advise with her," "to express it," "upon the steps

her to take, in her unhappy situation," as she pathetically termed it.

She spoke of Sir William's jealousy, of the cruel reproaches he had made her, of the utter impossibility of being able to live in the same house with him, after what had passed on her return from the ball. But she forgot to add, that what she termed jealousy, others might have considered nothing but a mild remonstrance from Sir William, on the impropriety of her continuing to receive the attentions of Colonel Hamilton in public: for

' Alas ! good easy man !'

that she should have been the first to seek them, to insist upon them, and to contrive to appropriate them peculiarly to herself, it never entered his head for one moment to imagine :— he therefore spoke to her in the language of an affectionate brother, jealous of, yet nothing doubting the honor of a beloved sister, than of

a husband already aggrieved by his wife's levity, and who had a right to demand that she should no second time compromise his character and her own, by, to say the least of it, the thoughtless vanity of her conduct. But to a spirit like Lady Charlotte's any remonstrance, however kindly couched, was an injury, any argument, however rational and dispassionate, an insult.

The unflinching insolence of her replies, the impudence of her sarcasms, at length roused even the mild, forgiving temper of Sir William into resentment: and he informed her, with the determined air which generally accompanies resolutions that are slow in forming, that, if she meant to continue under the same roof with himself, and share the privileges of his rank and fortune; it must be on the condition of her making a solemn promise to renounce all acquaintance with Colonel Hamilton for the future.

"Your rank is inferior to my own," was her Ladyship's reply: "your fortune my marriage

articles will enable me to do without, and the privilege of sharing either of them with a companion like yourself, I have quite philosophy enough to relinquish, as soon as you please."

"You will never find another, however, Charlotte," said Sir William, with a suppressed sigh, as he looked upon her, towering like Juno, in the pride of her beauty, "more indulgent to your faults, more ready to admire your attractions, sincerely and tenderly."

Lady Charlotte's heart smote her for a moment, as her husband's undeviating kindness to her, ever since their marriage, rushed upon her recollection; but the evil one was busy within her, and so fatally did she allow herself to be carried away by every suggestion, that she ought to have repelled, that, instead of soothing Sir William's ruffled feelings, by concession, or seeking for repose to her own, she changed her ball attire for a morning dress, gave orders to her *Femme de Chambre*, and valet, both deep in

for some minutes, to make the requisite preparations for her departure: and as soon as the day was sufficiently advanced, left her home,—but went that morning all that is valuable to women, and took up her abode at Nero's Hotel, whence, an minute after her arrival, she descended the stairs to Elizabeth; which, ere he had reached it, he crushed in his hand, and tore into a thousand fragments, before he recollected himself.

"What folly! what madness!" he exclaimed, "what a monstrous fury she is, when she sets her mind upon any thing.—If she was not so mad, she would be incredible:—but what can I do? I am bewildered.—I suppose I must go to her—and yet I hate the appearance of it to Sir William, after every thing has been so warmly settled between him and me."

Elizabeth here gulped down some recollections that stuck in his throat like a bullet.—And if you that Catherine goes to hear of it, what

will she think of me—but Lady Charlotte will never rest till she does see me;—that is certain. Well then, it will be better to go directly, before the matter gets talked of, and see if I can persuade her to go back to her own house.—Confound the balls, and the women, and all fashion, and all nonsense. I almost wish I had had my foolish head,” (looking at himself in the glass, as he spoke) “shot off, in the field of Waterloo—it might have been boxed up quietly with Lord Paget’s leg, and would not have been half so much missed.”

While Hamilton thus soliloquised, he made his toilette afresh, with even more than his usual care; and when it was completed, set off, by back streets, and bye passages, to present himself before the lady, his acquaintance with whom exactly illustrated the definition given by Stendhal, of fashionable conversation, “the armed commerce of two vanities.”

CHAPTER IV.

SPLENDID MISERY.

of what ~~other~~ ~~other~~ meals may be served on
 none. The glittering side-board, the liveried
 servants, the variety of dishes only made the
 splendour at Mr. Longcroft's table the more re-
 markable. It was indeed the contrast of out-



The splendid silver soup tureen, which had sheltered her from his observation, was removed from the centre. Catherine missed Edward's serene and intelligent countenance opposite to her, and could scarcely refrain from tears, as she recalled its altered expression in the moment of his bidding her farewell.

But, the dejection of either Catherine or Louisa, was only faintly visible, in comparison with the rage and disappointment sternly mingled together in Mr. Longcroft's features, whilst, with an air which he meant to be perfectly composed, he promulgated a variety of common-place remarks, in a tone of voice, however, which sufficiently betrayed him to be in no humour for any difference of opinion; and no sooner had the servants withdrawn than even the attempt to keep up appearances was laid aside.

Silence, awful and portentous silence reigned absolute, and Catherine, for the first time in

her life, experienced the mortifying and embarrassing sensation of being in the world, how did her thoughts and wishes turn to the dear home, where she was the centre of all around her! Yes! days of amiable gaiety may pass fleetly enough and amuse her, but, on the first cloud in the horizon, how naturally does the young bird fly to its parent nest, and long for the fostering boughs, among which its first flights have been tried, its first joys. Louisa understood Catherine's appeal, and she rose, and Catherine gladly accepted of release: but Louisa was not to be easily won.

"Miss Longcroft," said her father, "to have some conversation with you is not particularly engaged—we need not trouble you Miss Neville. I am afraid your family party tedious enough." As he spoke he rose to open the door.

avec toute la politesse de la vieille cour, though he could not help knitting his brows as he did it, with somewhat between a frown and a sneer, which made poor Catherine's heart sink within her.

"I will go home," said she to herself, "whatever I may be doomed to suffer shall be suffered at Nethercross, within my own loved, paternal walls, and not among strangers."

Then came thoughts of Hamilton, to divide alike her wishes and her resolutions. He had not called—he had not written—he might possibly have called, during the morning, and been denied admittance;—but then he would have written. He might be displeased with her if he could imagine her so unmindful of his appointment, as actually to be "not at home," when he presented himself—or he might be indignant, if he believed the answer given in compliance with Mr. Longcroft's orders. Still he would have written, or could have written, or might have

written. It should have written—and Catherine⁴ wrote military and business, in a magnificent handwriting, furnished with every thing to make the scenes and delight the imagination.

Louise, meanwhile, was not more happy, even less anxious than her friend, for she was trembling under the searching eye of her father, who, for the first time in his life, addressed her with severity, because, for the first time in his life, he suspected in her somewhat of opposition to his wishes.

“Miss Longcroft,” said he, “you may make yourself perfectly easy with respect to your marriage with your cousin—that is to say with Mr. Edward Longcroft. You will never hear his name mentioned again by me, as long as I live. He has deceived me—he has dared to oppose my wishes—to talk of plans and inclinations of his own. I do not mean to complain



find it out in time. No, I do not mean to waste one word in talking of him, or one thought in thinking of him. It is you, alone, now, Louisa, you, doubly my only child," and here Mr. Longcroft's voice faltered in spite of himself, and he helped out the sentence with a large glass of claret, "in whom all my estates must centre, though the name," and here, though a man of the strictest temperance, he again filled his glass, "may, nay must, change. It is with you alone, Louisa, that I have now to advise and settle. I wish to see you married, my dear child—nay, do not interrupt me—I know that you wish to say you are happy as you are, and so I hope and trust you are—but I wish to see you more so; that is, I wish to see you invested with the consequence of an establishment of your own. All women ought to marry—particularly women of rank and fortune; it keeps up the aristocracy; and in the match I have to propose to you, I think you will have

everyman to be satisfied with the position it will give you in society."

"*Proper to me, Sir?*" exclaimed Louisa, in equal amazement and dismay. "surely it is impossible you can have any match in view for me to-day, when my cousin Edward only left a yesterday."

"*And what difference can that make to you?*" asked Mr. Longcraft sternly; "you will be so obliging as to recollect that it was only yesterday that you seemed quite overpowered at the time of your marriage with your cousin even being in contemplation; forgetting, however, that for five years you had allowed me and every body else to consider him as your accepted and betrothed lover: and now you pretend to make his rejection of you, I beg pardon, Miss Longcraft, for using an expression of which I, at any rate, feel all the humiliation, in declining my proposals, I will call his insolent obstinacy, an excuse for not listening to

any other more advantageous offer. For, after all, you would have gained nothing with him, you will bear in mind; no title, no increase of consequence."

"Nor should I have wished it," said Louisa, with great emotion. "My own possessions, through your liberality, my dear father, will always be enough for my utmost ambition;—and all I pray for is, that I may, at some future period, have the happiness to make a choice that you may approve; or that you will have the kindness to suffer me, at present, to remain as I am, and to devote all my cares to your comfort."

"But you may now choose one whom I shall be sure to approve, and who, I presume, you will not think it necessary to reject merely because he is an Earl, and has thirty thousand a year, clear of all incumbrances.—But what is the matter, Louisa, why do you look so bewildered, and so overcome?—Perhaps I have been

be correct in this disclosure:—but you are a young woman of sense and firmness, so tell me, Lucia, what answer shall I give Lord Blakeney?—Sir, I suppose, you guess pretty well what is the point I mean.”

“No, indeed, Sir,” said Lucia, recovering herself. “I neither guessed nor thought of any—and as to Lord Blakeney, if I gave him the answer I wanted, it would be, that so far from being deterred by his proposals, I think he was a most unfeeling and unwarrantable fellow, in making them so immediately upon my recent departure: nor can I conceive how he ever guessed as he would have got to know the inconsistency of any alteration in those arrangements, which you say, Sir, the world has been so kind as to make for granted, during the last few years.”

“Just my word, Miss Longcroft,” said her uncle, with a forced command over his increasing wrath, “you have the most extraordinary

notions, for a young woman of your pretensions and prospects, I ever met with—one would actually imagine you wanted to be courted like a milk-maid, or a milliner's apprentice; but however, I had rather you should blame your father than his lordship, if you must, in your wisdom, blame some one; and therefore, I shall condescend to inform you that Lord Blakeney made proposals to me, for your hand, some months ago, by which I felt very much honoured; though I rejected them at that time, on account of my partiality for your ungrateful, insolent cousin; and my desire for my family estates to be transmitted to the name of Longcroft. But as soon as he choose himself to frustrate all the plans I had formed for his aggrandisement,—a seat in parliament, his own darling wish, among them; I begged leave to open the negotiation again, and I am happy to say, that I bound his lordship fully as willing as myself, to renew it; so that if we can get the lawyers into

good humour enough to work hard, I may have the pleasure of seeing my daughter presented, as the Countess of Blakeney, at the next drawing-room, which will be the most splendid since the Regency."

"You renewed the negotiation, Sir," said Louisa, with a feeling of vexation, which could not for an instant be chased by the glorious vision of being raised to the peerage, and presented, amidst all the "princes, potentates, and powers," whose visits were already impatiently anticipated in the great world. "You were very wrong, Sir, you must excuse my liberty of saying so; to do any thing of the sort, without being kind enough to tell me of your intention—for I am afraid it will only prove a mortification to Lord Blakeney, and a disappointment to you; if indeed you have set your heart upon making him your son-in-law."

"Set my heart upon it, most undoubtedly I

have," said Mr. Longcroft, turning all the colours in the rainbow. "I would be glad to know who would not in my place ;—and I must request that you will set your heart upon it too, if your heart be still as I presume it is,—at your own disposal."

Louisa turned as pale as ashes, and fell back in her chair, nearly fainting—her father was shocked at her emotion ; and getting up to give her a glass of water, took her hand in his, and said—

"Come my dear Louisa—I did not mean to distress you—take courage and tell me if your affection for your cousin any way interferes with the desire, I am sure you would otherwise feel, to gratify me by accepting Lord Blake-ney's most undeniable offer—if it does, I will not thwart your inclinations—indeed it would not be just to do so, because I feel I have done all I could to encourage them—therefore you have only to speak the word, and I will recall

Edward, give him another chance of mending his error, and availing himself of the fortune my generosity and your partiality hold out to him—and then after all, Longcroft will go in the right line, and keep up the name."

"No, Sir," said Louisa, trying to muster fortitude for a final explanation, both with respect to Edward, and to Lord Blakeney must not do so,—I cannot marry Edward."

"Not marry Edward?—cannot marry Edward Longcroft,—and pray why not? I cannot marry neither one nor the other,—and what are your objections to your cousin?"

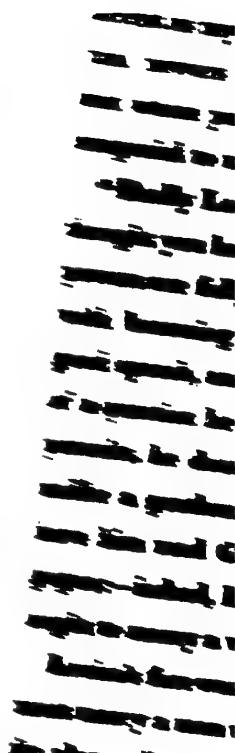
"That he *is* my cousin, Sir," replied she firmly; "that all the years we have lived on terms of the most unreserved intimacy, neither of us felt more for each other, than the affectionate friendship which I hope will ever impair between us; and that the circumstance of my being four years older

himself, has added to, and confirmed the nature of his feelings towards me, which are those of a brother for an elder and indulgent sister ; and nothing beyond !”

Mr. Longcroft looked as amazed, at this explicit avowal, as if he had seen the Prime Minister go over to the opposition benches.

“Louisa,” he said, “if I could bring myself to think, that my disappointment with respect to your marriage with your cousin originated solely with yourself, I could find in my heart to recall him, and banish you from my sight ;—but there seems some league betwixt you—I can not make it out—it baffles my sagacity, and I believe I have as much as most men ;—will you however condescend to inform me, now that you have favored me with your ostensible reasons why you will not marry Mr. Edward Longcroft, —what occasions your reluctance to listen to Lord Blakeney.”

“The difference of our habits, and modes of



my fate in this world and the next with any other."

"Well, we will attend to this world first," said Mr. Longcroft, somewhat contemptuously, "so I suppose the final conclusion of our discourse is to be, that I am to inform his lordship that you are not so sensible as I am of the honor he intended us."

"If by honor you mean obligation or favor, Sir, it is a word that ought never to be mentioned on either side, with reference to so sacred a contract as marriage, which makes the parties one in the sight of God, whatever may be the inequality of their conditions in the sight of man. I wish no man to fancy, because he is my superior in worldly distinctions, that he honors me by making me his wife; nor should I become attached to an inferior, as far as fortune may be concerned, could I either imagine myself, or wish him to imagine that I honored



THE STATE OF
NEW YORK
IN SENATE
JANUARY 1, 1891.

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF
THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A
RESOLUTION PASSED
BY THE SENATE
MAY 1, 1890.

ALBANY:
J. B. LEECH, PRINTER.
1891.

you—he has every noble quality that can make him worthy of succeeding you—make him the heir to your landed property, and whatever fortune you may choose to assign me out of it, will I am sure, be enough for all my wishes.”

“You may push your romance too far, Miss Longerost,” replied her father, moodily; “perhaps I may one day recollect your proposition—but however, we had better adjourn our meeting, as we seem to wander from the motion.”

So saying he arose, and opened the door for Louisa.

“Do not part with me in anger, my dear father,” said she, bending her polished forehead for his paternal kiss;—“I should be grieved indeed, if you could think I would willingly offend you.”

“It is the first time in your life that you have grieved me, Louisa,” said he, softened by her duteous appeal to his affection, “and I am

continued to believe that you have not now
done so willing;" and imprinting the kiss of
peace upon her forehead, he suffered her to
leave the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

PERPLEXITIES.

It was very painful to Catherine, whose temper was ingenuousness itself, to be conscious of harbouring secrets from Louisa ; but she had never been able to summon resolution enough, to mention to her the relation in which she stood with Hamilton, it was of course still more difficult to speak of Edward Longcroft,

after the disclosure he had made to her; yet, when Louisa wept day after day, after her mother's departure, and fell into a state of apathy, not to be accounted for by any other circumstance, as Mr. Longcroft had not only left her mistress of her sentiments and actions, with respect to Lord Falkland, but had likewise, in all outward appearance, recovered his usual formal composure, Catherine felt as if necessary to her griefs, and bitterly reproach distraction of mind in herself, which had kept her from observing Edward Longcroft's partiality, in time to prevent its reaching that height, which might be the means of destroying his own prospects, and Louisa's peace.—Neither was Catherine more free from anxiety on her own account than on Louisa's.—Hamilton was obliged to set off for America, at so short a notice, that he had only time to write her a note, to inform her

of his departure, and to complain of his having presented himself twice at Mr. Longcroft's, without being favored with admittance.—He did not, however, tell her what was the fact, that he had been so annoyed with Lady Charlotte Forsyth's imprudent conduct, and frantic jealousies, that he felt less than he otherwise would have done, the mortification of not seeing Catherine; for indeed he had scarcely been in a state of mind to present himself before her, and it was with the utmost sincerity, he conjured her to let him have the happiness, on his return, which, he hoped, would be within a few weeks, of finding her at Nethercross, where he might there devote all his best affections to her, and enjoy the delight of her society undisturbed.

Had any one told Hamilton, a year before, that twelve more revolving months would find him sighing in reality to escape the lures of

one of the most beautiful, and till her conduct
fortified her claim to respect, the most admired
woman in the whole circle of fashion, that he
might give himself up to the pleasures of re-
tirement, and the artless attractions of a coun-
try girl, he would not have believed such a
complete change in his feelings, habits and
pursuits, would have been effected by any
series or combination of circumstances less
severe than the loss of his legs, or his eyes, or
even that calamity, that should reduce him to
a state of helplessness and decrepitude; yet it
was effected simply by the dictates of his own
good feelings, and good sense. True indeed is
an ancient maxim that "Things are known
by their opposites;" vice never appears so hate-
ful as when opposed to virtue. The most
enlightened libertine hates to see a depraved
man in company with the modest of her sex;
vice never appears so mean as when in the

presence of liberality, or cowardice so despicable as when opposed by bravery. And thus it was that Hamilton's heart reproached him in the peace and purity of Nethercross, with all his guilty pleasures, based in vanity, and ending in remorse and disgust, and Lady Charlotte's studied display of all her attractions, both personal and mental, her restless desire of shining in public, her *ennui* and ill-humour at home, when not under that excitement, and her utter forgetfulness of all her most sacred duties, formed a contrast every way disadvantageous for her, with the natural graces of Catherine's figure, the thoughtful eloquence of her countenance, the animating cheerfulness, the lovely disinterestedness of her disposition, the warmth of her fancy, the sublimity of her feelings, the unsophisticated rationality of her views, the strength of her affections, and above all, the devotion to all her feminine duties.— At first he had regarded her merely with the

silence, the rest of a relative, due to her,

—

— I cannot see the light of God
 In your eyes any more —
 The light is gone, and the
 From the light of the world

But now the sentiment became tinged with
 a new feeling of respect, as he discovered in
 her every element, every promise of becoming

— I cannot see the light of God
 In your eyes any more —
 The light is gone, and the
 From the light of the world

Now, whether he contemplated her in the sweet
 bloom of maiden, virgin youth, or in the long
 perspective of maturity, dignity and maternal
 wisdom, still he saw, he felt she was the
 being endowed for his delight, his pride, his
 glory, his admiration. No wonder then that
 with such a virtuous, such a sacred impulse,

ould shrink from the guilt of any renewal
intercourse with Lady Chralotte Forsyth,
alas, too truly has it been said,—

“A shameless woman is the worst of men.”

sure it is that the corruption of the best
les the worst; and when woman, whom
e made

“To temper man,”

from the excellences of her creation, the
virtues, which are her characteristics, be-
the sources of the most frightful vices;
ll the sensibilities and lovelinesses which
cant to endear and charm, break out into
bursts of discord and reckless feeling,
ng like the comet, fearful and portentous
of light into the skies, which milder
irradiate and adorn.

ain did Hamilton entreat Lady Charlotte
ember what was due to society, to her
her husband and herself; and to return to

In William's protection, one the scandal-loving
 world could have time to become acquainted
 with her flight from him. Violence, reproaches,
 evasions, attempts to destroy herself, were all the
 means he could procure to his arguments, how-
 ever willingly put, or reasonably maintained :
 and all action was scorned by her ladyship
 as a weakness, as all "unquestionable visitings"
 were rejected by her as a weakness, the writers
 and readers of the hotel were soon as well ac-
 quainted with the "delicate perplexities" of her
 ladyship's conduct as she was herself, with the
 additional advantage of seeing them through the
 superior medium of common sense. As, how-
 ever they did not think themselves bound to
 any particular course in the matter, Hamilton
 had the satisfaction of seeing it pretty broadly
 stated in the various newspapers, which, in
 their use for public morals, make no scruple to
 state private decency, whenever they can "set
 up a paragraph" by so doing, and a Contributor

to the Book of Beauties and other records, equally faithful, of modern female modesty and retiring worth, having secured a sketch of her ladyship at the Opera, from his station of General Surveyor, in the pit, took the advantage of her being "the Cynthia of the minute," to get it lithographed in a sort of poetic costume,

"Loose were her tresses seen, her bosom bare."

and underneath was written a favorite quotation of her ladyship's, probably supplied by some of her admirers, more particularly acquainted with her predelections,

"He little knew how much thy heart, Gulnare,

When soothed, could love, when roused, could greatly dare."

Hamilton bit his lips with rage, when he saw it in the print-shops;—a woman can never find any critic so severe, as a sated lover.

"*Gulnare*, indeed!" he exclaimed, almost audibly, as he walked on in double-quick time,

"Yes, she would do vastly well for Byron's heroines. Thanks to her sairs and cut-throats, and sen bonds, will find no lack of mist years to come; whatever honest good wives—but it is five o'clock and call upon her, or she will and all her dragons—she will be mad prank, like her crack-brain Lady Caroline Agneau; and if shewn up. But I am determine no more; unless she will hear turn to her husband."

Thus did Hamilton chafe at which, at first imperceptible as grew every moment more galli every one was condemning him prey to feelings of shame, v which, though they co his fault, would, at least, in

exonerated him from the additional charge, good-naturedly brought against him, by those who knew him not, of glorying in it.

Alas ! an error, a crime may be laid open to the whole world, to the grief of the good, the exultation of the wicked; but the tears of blood which it may wring from the repentant sinner, are seen only by the eyes of Him who "looketh upon the heart."

London appeared a desert to Catherine, the moment she knew that Hamilton was no longer in it; and nothing would have detained her there but the dejection of Louisa's spirits, greatly increased by the stern, unyielding reply her father had sent to a letter from Edward, wherein he expressed his gratitude to his uncle for all the kindnesses he had shewn him; and at the same time, in a manly spirit of independence, begged to know explicitly, whether he was to consider himself as cast solely upon his own resources, in consequence of having had the mis-

fortune to incur his uncle's displeasure, as he only wished to know exactly the position in which he actually stood, in order to form his future plans; professing at the same time, his willingness to be guided in those plans by the wishes or advice of his uncle, if he would favor him with the communication of them.—To this appeal, Mr Longcroft returned the following cut absolute:—

“ Berkeley Square, London, — 1818.

“ Sir,

“ You owe me no thanks for what you are pleased to term my past kindnesses, and which absence seems to have had great effect in magnifying on your memory. At the time that I conferred them, they were so many pleasures to myself; for I looked upon you as my son—you choose to destroy my illusion, and you must excuse me if I destroy yours, should you still indulge the idea, that you will be to me, henceforward, any thing but a stranger—as,

however, even in the case of a stranger, I should feel some compassion at seeing a person, who had been for years accustomed to luxuries, suddenly exposed to the chance of wanting necessities;—I enclose you a check on my banker for two thousand five hundred pounds—this sum, properly placed, will secure you from actual want; and any provision beyond that would, I presume, be regarded as an insult, by a gentleman of your independent notions; and in full possession of your faculties; improved, as they have been, by an education, on which, I believe, you will do me the justice to acknowledge, no cost was grudged. As all the load of debt, which unhappily for you, was the sole inheritance your father had to leave you, has long since been liquidated by me, from sums set apart annually, for that purpose, out of my own income, you have an unblemished name to begin the world with; and all the favor I have to ask of you is, that should you ever be tempted to do any thing to dishonour

it, you will recollect that it is that of an ancient and honorable family, not unworthily represented, I hope, at this present time, by

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient, humble servant,

“ EDWARD WYNDHAM CHOLMONDELEY LONGCROFT.”

“ What a letter !” exclaimed Louisa, with streaming eyes ; for her father, with a refinement of tyranny, made her read, seal and direct it. “ What a letter,” when he had gone out of the room, “ to send the orphan son of his brother—so excellent a young man too,—and after living with us ever since he was ten years old. Ah, my poor warm-hearted uncle, whatever might be his faults or his follies, he could not have behaved in such a manner. Ah, my dear Catherine, Longcroft Hall will not look like itself without him. No one can know how great his loss will be to me.”

Catherine could only weep with Louisa, for

Conscious of Edward's partiality for herself, she could not offer the hopes of his return, or of reconciliation with his uncle, which her wishes would otherwise have suggested. Neither could she ascertain exactly the nature of Louisa's regrets for his absence; they seemed mixed up with some feeling too tender for mere friendship; yet if they had love for their basis, would there not have been something more of wounded pride, some sense of resentment alike at his departure and its cause. It was not in nature for a woman to know herself tacitly refused, and not feel, at least, her delicacy hurt by so marked a proof of indifference, unless she herself shared in that indifference; yet if she did, whence the tears, the dejection, the languor she gave way to? Had she affected a heroism she felt not—was it possible she had seen Edward's dereliction from herself and had had the generosity to relinquish her long claim, upon his affections, in

favor of another object ! Catherine started from this idea ; so painful was it to think that she might have unconsciously destroyed the happiness of Louisa without being able to promote that of Edward. But whilst she was thus endeavouring to ascertain the state of Louisa's heart, that of her own was far more easily read by Louisa.

"No, she does not love Edward," said Louisa to herself, as she saw the variations of colour and countenance with which Catherine received the note that informed her of Hamilton's departure, "all her thoughts and feelings and faculties are absorbed by a man in every respect his opposite and unfit for her. She speaks of Edward kindly, but who could speak of him in any other manner that knows half his worth. She regrets his having left the house, but she regrets it only for the inconveniences he may be subjected to, and that she thinks I miss his

society and endearing attentions. For herself, I do not think she would have remarked his absence."

Thus did anxiety for each other's happiness fill the hearts even while it sealed the lips of these friends, and seemed to weave a veil of reserve between them.

Mr. Longcroft, meanwhile, had the mortification to receive his check back again, by return of post, enclosed in the following brief epistle:—

"SIR,

"I beg you will not imagine that I return you the enclosed check from any unbecoming feeling of pride. I am not too proud to accept a service, and I think with you that something might be due to one who is suddenly deprived of every thing he has been accustomed to, and cast upon a new scene of action. But a gift, accompanied by reflections on the memory of my father, and undeserved reproaches

words myself, does not come within my ideas of what I must naturally accept. I therefore beg leave to decline it, with such thanks as your intention of writing me is entitled to. I would willingly add all the good wishes for yourself and my own friends which naturally spring up in the heart, towards objects long respected and beloved. When about to quit even the country they inhabit. I am on the point of leaving England to seek in foreign climes that subsistence which it might not be agreeable to your feelings for me to endeavor to obtain in a country where I have been brought up with other prospects. By the time you receive this letter I shall have already embarked; and I trust, whenever you may hear of me again, you will have no cause to blush for the name of,

- Sir,

- Most respectfully,

- Your obliged Servant,

Edw. L. L. L.

The information that his nephew had actually quitted England, was a great blow to Mr. Longcroft; obstinate people always expect that others will practise the virtue of submission—he had confirmed himself in the idea that he was right, by making up his mind, that Edward would, ere long, acknowledge he had been wrong; but now, that instead of soliciting his uncle's forgiveness, he had even gone out of the way of having it conceded to him, he began to think he had been too harsh, he recalled all Edward's amiable qualities, and dutiful attentions; and what weighed with him still more than any of them—his talents for public business; a general election was coming on—there was every probability that he would have been returned for a borough contiguous to that which Mr. Longcroft represented; and he began bitterly to repent, having, in a hasty moment, sacrificed the whole of his plans for years, because a portion of them had not succeeded to his wish.

CHAPTER IV

HARVEST

The field was "white with harvest," and Catherine was being delivered up to the traditional wisdom of her father, by the anxious care of Mr. Parker. The village knew that air of peaceful and solitary quiet, which inspires its inhabitants to be all engaged in the labour of the earth, and Catherine was not very far from thinking that the cheerful care

season, which demanded the entire attention of most of her neighbors, would, for a while, relieve her from the hospitalities, the visits, and the parties, made expressly in honor of her return, with which she otherwise assuredly have been immediately overwhelmed.

But that Catherine's heart was altered—no; it was not turned away from every well-known object, nor did it lose all its wonted warmth, and felt that no gaiety, no enjoyments of luxury, no prospects of ambition, could ever bring to it the permanent delights of affection—no; but it was occupied by one dominant sentiment, and that sentiment was agitated by suspense, and depressed by doubts. She forgot every thing at the moment that she was in her father's arms, excepting that she wished him once more, to make him happy, which she had been wont to do; and when the first storm of feeling on both sides began to calm

and the company, she looked round the garden as she hung on her father's arm, recognising every shrub and flower with the pleasure of acquaintance; and then came Cousin George upon her with a violence that almost rudely contrasted with the form he assailed, and with such professions of affection,—and then came Margaret, running to welcome "Miss Barbara" and old Rachel, more circum-spectly, with head up-raised, and hands shielding her eyes from the dazzling rays of the sun, but not without the care of the object she came to see,—and then all the boys and girls joined the party, and only the Canary was wanted, previous to receive the courtesies of Carolina through the tiny bars which barred her willingness to come upon her legs.

Barbara looked with delight on all about her, everything was the same as when she had last seen every thing so much altered—the

garden in which she had so often longed to wander, when she was suffocated with heat, in the large assemblies of Berkley Square, she now seemed too have traversed in half-a-dozen steps, the doors appeared so low that she involuntary stooped as she entered, the rooms shrunk into the dimensions of closets, and the kitchen and offices so near, that she fancied she had only to stretch her hand out to describe a circle that should touch them all,—she told her father so, he laughed at the effect of contrast which unconsciously influenced her.—

“What,” he said, “you have grown proud—you want your halls, and fine staircases, and ante-rooms, and drawing-rooms—bless me! I doubt I have got a fine London lady back again instead of my daughter—do you forget how fond you used to be of the old song,—

‘The giant ambition we never need dread,
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head.’”

“No, indeed, my dear father,” said Cath-

rine, seating herself on his knee, with all the endearing playfulness of a girl; "and if our roofs were not low enough already for such exclusion, I would wish them lower and lower, till they were no higher than a rabbit-hutch.—No, I have seen nothing in London half so dear to me—as what I have seen here."—A sigh caught her concluding words, and she found out that she was fatigued, and her father found it out too.

"Come," said he, "my dear, you shall not exhaust yourself now with telling me any thing; you shall have tea, and go to bed, and to-morrow you will be fresh as a rose, I hope, for, let me tell you, I do not think you have improved your natural tints in London."

Rachel, thinking much more of the fatigue and difficulties of a journey from London, than some exploring spirits would of one to Afrier had fenced the tea-table with all the appurtenances and addenda, which some forty years

ago, made a regular Yorkshire tea-drinking, a more solid refection than a fashionable modern dinner; and Catherine repaid her for all her trouble, by the affectionate smile with which she surveyed the eggs and the ham, and the shrimps and the cheesecakes, and all the varied tribes of plain cakes, and currant cakes, and white cakes, and matrimony cakes, and muffins, and *whigs*, (no want of respect to the tories,) and biscuits, and so-forth, which it used to be the pride of young ladies to make; and of their mammas and grandmammas, and aunts to eat, commend, and circulate receipts for, throughout the country.

“Why, Rachel! you have got a harvest supper ready instead of tea; here is enough for half-a-dozen travellers, all half-a-dozen times more hungry than I am;—and they look so nice too; what a pity it is that I cannot eat one tenth part as much as you thought I could—why Rachel, if you could make such cakes as these

"London, you would make your fortune, your
reputation would be in such repute!"

"Oh No, but I hope I shall never make
my bag in London, not even a fortin:—No,
no—I have never yet been out of Nethererom
Street, so near was my mother before me, and
I hope I never shall—it would be a weary day
to me if ever I turned my head round, and
saw the sign of Canterbury street."

"Richard would have done well for the old
man of Uxton," said Mr. Neville, "whom
Richard tells us of; who lived all his life
under eyes of the city, and never went within
a mile."

"Richard" repeated Catherine, "is it not
Richard that gives such a beautiful descrip-
tion of the seeking for her daughter?"

"Yes it is my dear—and a fine allegory
underneath the story too:—yes, I am glad you
see so large the relation."

Richard considered how her father could

suppose it possible ; but resolving to think of nothing connected with them, that night ; she received the benediction she had so long been obliged to forego ; and soothed and supported by the thought, that she was once more under the protection of her beloved parent, she retired to rest ;—the snow-white curtains of her bed, the heath-bleached sheets, fragrant with rose-leaves and lavender, the freshness of the air, the stilly indistinctness of distant rural sounds, the slight degree of fatigue which makes rest luxurious, the sweet consciousness of being again in the dear spot where she had first seen Hamilton,—where she might ere long hope to see him again ; all soothed her senses and her spirits ; and she soon sunk into a sweet and profound repose.

A single day sufficed to reinstate Catherine in her domestic duties, her simple pleasures, her serene studies :—her father's eyes glistened with delight, when he saw her again at his side ;

and not even harvest-time prevented her neighbours from coming, as soon as they heard of her return, to welcome her home ;—to congratulate their worthy minister on the pleasure of having his daughter back again ; and to tell her, that neither the Church nor the Rectory had looked like itself without her. There was one visit of ceremony, however, which it was indispensable for Catherine to pay, instead of receiving, and that was to her friend Fanny, installed only the week before in the dignity of Mrs. Pugh, junior, and a house of her own. Catherine found her with all her blushing honors thick upon her, “sitting up for company,” as it used technically to be termed, in her bridal attire, adapted to the occasion, between her two bride-maids, Miss Pugh and Miss Mason ; whilst to every visitant that arrived, with a congratulatory courtesey of respect to the little matron, and “I wish you much happiness, Mrs. Pugh,” accompanied with a sidelong look round the

room, at the new curtains, carpet and 'other moveables.' Chocolate, and cake and wine were brought in by the footboy, in bran new livery, assisted by a 'gentleman in waiting,' hired for the occasion, and who was the most newsy personage, next to Mally Garbutt, in the place, having like her, in virtue of his office, the *entrée* to all the houses of the gentlefolks in and around the village; and being as useful by his long experience, in marshalling the places, announcing names, and trimming refreshments at all the annual parties and state occasions, for which his services were in requisition, as the City Clerk is to his Right Worshipful the Lord Mayor, when he is first installed in the dignities of his office, and called upon to decide in labyrinths of right and wrong, cognisable or not cognisable, which left to his own native genius might occasionally give rise to fiats more original than satisfactory.

Fanny had been sitting in state thus, all the

morning, racking her brains for something suitable to say to each of her guests, and consulting herself, at intervals, by jumping up to look in the glass, wondering what Mr. Pugh was about, and entreating her bride-maids to help her out with the next comer. But when that next comer proved to be Catherine, all attempt at formality was at an end; and like the cat, who metamorphosed into a fine lady, behaved quite well amid her guests, till a mouse ran across the floor, so at this temptation beyond her strength, Fanny flew forwards, at the imminent risk of ruffling her sleeves, and disarranging her hair, around Catherine in her embraces, and covered her with affectionate kisses, upon which every body rose in the room.

They were soon, however, relieved by the appearance of the most valiant of ceremony, and Fanny, finding she could see no more company that day, rang the bell, an operation she could not possibly avoid, never having been

accustomed to it at her mother's or grandmother's, and told the boy in livery to inform the man out of livery that she should not be "at home" any longer; and then to go and tell Mr. Pugh, that when he could get time to leave "the shop," for in that remote district people called things by their right names, she should be glad to see him. "He will be so glad too, now those tiresome people are gone, but they may all be patients, one day or other, he says, so you know it would not do to affront them; and, indeed, independent of that, I should be very sorry to be rude, and so would he—you cannot think how good-natured he is—and I am so happy! I'm sure people are quite right to marry. I wish every body I love was married and as happy as I am. But I must shew you my house," and with all the innocent pride of a young married woman, she led the way from the kitchen to the attic; exhibiting every room, opening the closets, shewing all her treasures,

expatiating upon her good fortune and perfect contentment; and drawing the sincerest congratulations from Catherine, whose heart responded to all the present felicities, and prospective prosperities of her young friend.

"Yes," thought she, "Fanny is right in considering herself fortunate. Mr. Pugh suits her, and she suits him. She has had the pleasure of a courtship sanctioned by those it was her duty to obey, and unembittered by anxieties, jealousies, or cares. And she now has a circle of social duties and affections, in which she will find daily increasing interest, and contribute to the comfort and happiness of all around her."

These reflections did not arise in Catherine's bosom without a sigh, as the contrast of her own peculiar situation presented itself: and similar reflections and sighs were again and again awakened when she went a few days after to Blackthorn Cottage, as she always did in the

harvest-time, in order that she might relieve her sister of the care of the children, during this period of additional domestic occupation, to which the increased number of labourers, all, according to the considerate usage of the county, paid in meal as well as wages, necessarily gave rise.

There is, perhaps, no spectacle in civilised society more delightful than that of a large, well-cultivated, and thriving farm, during this interesting period; when not only sturdy manhood, but even age and infancy alike find some thing come within their power of sharing in the general cheerful utility and bustle of the scene; and seeming to earn their portion of the bounties which a merciful providence bestows, year after year, in gracious accordance with the promise, that so long as man exists, "seed-time and harvest shall not fail."

Henry Barton appeared to particular advantage at this holy season, for so it ought to be

flowed from of gratitude and joy. As he walked about, like Sam among his respectable and often his best, with the gentle and lovely picture of his father at his side, his figure seemed dignified among the many who looked up to him for the signs commensurate with the importance of their tasks, and on which they depended for most of their winter comforts. Naturally liberal, and his mind enlarged by the commerce and in which his occupations were carried on, he was mindful of the scriptural precept, not to muzzle the ox that trod out his corn, nor to lay down his head to rest with the rest, such wages in his hand; and, as what was honestly and industriously earned was always cheerfully as well as liberally paid for by him, he dealt with his servants and labourers



Catherine had always admired the independence of Henry Barton's character, and the rectitude of his principles; his manly and unabated, or rather constantly increasing affection for her sister, rivetted still more strongly her regard for him. Amelia was very particular all the harvest-time, to have an early supper prepared under her own directions, with additional care and neatness, even amounting to a little shew of luxury, to make up to her husband for a dinner hastily taken in the middle of the day, and when his active exertions over, he came in and took his seat next to her, and

"Press'd her matron lip with kisses pure,"

with the dignity of a husband and the fondness of a lover, Catherine rejoiced in the perfection of their domestic comfort. The bright harvest-moon too shone, with "round unwrinkled face," on their repast in the pretty parlour, which on one side opened upon the green, by glass doors,

and on the other looked into the farm-yard, whence songs of hilarity were heard from the waggon, whilst they also enjoyed their evening-meal, as fresh for them with all comfort in one or other of the spacious barns, which their labours each day were contributing to fill.

But what sights of happiness are not sufficient to fill the heart, however disinterested and benevolent it may be. The presence of Catherine completed the domestic comfort of the Barnons; her ever ready services, during the day, lightened Anna of half her fatigues, and turned the other half into sources of mirth and playful rivalry : whilst her conversation in the evening, gave an intellectual relish to their social meal, and delighted Henry by drawing out the powers in himself, of which he naturally felt a little proud, because he knew they were at any rate superior to those of most of his surrounding associates ; and that he was indebted solely to his own industry for their cultivation.

But Catherine diffused more contentment than she felt; and when her brother and sister affectionately kissed her at the door of their apartment, when they went to rest, thanking her every night for the pleasure she had given them, she retired to her own, lonely and disquieted, wondering she did not hear from Hamilton; and dissatisfied with being even a few hours ride from Nethercross; because the distance, short as it was, might be the means of delaying her receipt of his letter, for one whole day, whenever it should arrive. At length so restless did her impatience become, that she could no longer withstand her desire to return home. It seemed to her, that in not being in the place where she well knew Hamilton would constantly picture her to his imagination, the sweet tie of sympathy was injured.

"It is a sort of deception upon his feelings," thought she, "it is as if he thought of a phantom,—as if I did not really exist for him;—

in the happy situation I be, could I know his
 wishes, his occupations, his walks, his residence,
 as well as he does mine,—it would not seem
 like separation. But I will not wrong him of
 a pleasure denied to me—no, I will—I must re-
 main—I shall meet with him once more, when
 I am on the very spot where he imagines me to
 be, and in time will I quit it, till I have the
 enjoyment of going where he goes, and staying
 where he stays.”

POOR CALDERINE! her heart could well have
 imagined the sentence. —“My people shall be my
 people, and my God my God.” Oh if she had
 but at that moment presented to her view

————— * the air it gave so bright.



held to the love-sick Surrey, and showed him in it, his Geraldine, reclining on a couch

"Sick with sighing languishment,"

and reading one of his sonnets by the light of a waxen taper.

Happily distant scenes, and future events are alike concealed from us; and happy very often would it be for us, if we were to forbear endeavouring to realize the one, or anticipate the other. Ashamed to tell her sister that she wished to leave her sooner than usual, yet unable to command sufficient resolution to make her visit of its accustomed length, Catherine wrote to her father, ere half the time originally fixed for it, had expired, to entreat that he would come himself for her, the very day after he should have received her letter, or send John Leng, the clerk, groom, hind, bailiff, or body-guard, as occasion might require, with the mar-

SONG.

when daily hear, the mention of which,
is greatly missed Mr. Halston.

The time seems so long, my dear father,
and the world a truth, which like the ancient
epoch, conveyed a very different meaning
to me, from that understood by the present
generation. "What has already estranged me from
the dear world, that I find a second ab-
sence from it is more, more than my spirits or re-
luctance can support. The dear, dear Rectory,
and every object connected with it, is constantly
before my eyes. Our pretty quiet parlour, your
own dear, yourself, my dear father, I shall
be of a minute in days, if you do not recall
me to your presence: you must want me as
much as I want you.—I am sure you do—say
so then, and by so saying you will give me a
reasonable plea, for the happiness of returning,
without hurting the feelings of either Amelia
or Henry, who are both of them ten times more

amiable, and more happy than ever. Ah, my dear father, the great people, if they saw them might say to each other,—

"————— when meet now

Such pairs in mutual love and honor joined!"

Nevertheless, leave them I must, and I can do so with a safe conscience, as the wheat will all be in this week; consequently, the labourers will be put on the peace establishment, and Miss Catherine the less, having cut the tooth which had fretted her so much the last two months, now wisely recovers in 'sound unbroken rest,' the time which, on my first arrival, she lost, (poor little darling,) in crying half the night long, as much to my grief as her own."

This letter was despatched to Nethercross, the next market-day, along with a goodly portion of butter and eggs. Catherine's heart smote her, as Amelia recommended it to the special care of the bearer, charging him to see

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

The last sentence of the paragraph is: "The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and it is not a simple one."

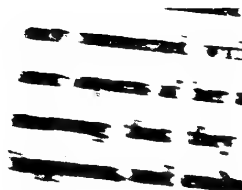
There was an air of constraint in Mr. Neville's letter which Catherine was unable to account for,—surely he could not be displeased at her having expressed a wish to return to him?—the thought of this being possible, though any thing but probable, increased her longing to be with him once more, that she might pour all her feelings into his paternal bosom, and tell him, without reserve, all the particulars of her situation; she had hitherto withheld from so doing, both by the timidity inseparable from the consciousness of nourishing, for the first time, feelings as delightful as they are new, as absorbing as they are inexplicable, and also by her anxiety to be able to speak with truth from longer acquaintance, in praise of Hamilton's merits, and in extenuation of his faults, or rather, she would say, the appearance of faults in him,—for she could not bring herself to think, that he could really ever have had any thing more serious to answer for,

[illegible]

society, to the precious talents he has received, and for the use of which he will one day be called upon to account; oh, too blest shall I be, if it please Heaven to make me the humble instrument of his well-doing." Such was the perpetual theme of Catherine's thoughts—entraptured admiration of all that could be admired in him, tender excuses for whatever might be censured, fond anticipations of the bliss of belonging wholly to him, of the right to share his fate, his fortune and his being, of becoming all and every thing to him, as he already was to her, joined to her deference to his rank and fortune, the importance of which she loved to magnify to her imagination, because, by so doing, she magnified the love which invited her to share them, all united in Catherine to form a love as pure as devoted, as fervent as ever woman's heart gave birth to, and so calculated to ensure the happiness and promote the interests of its object, that a wise

and good man would, indeed, have deemed it
 a treasure "beyond rubies," the pearl of price.
 I was not in Catherine's nature to cloud the
 happiness of others with consciousness of her
 own, she therefore ventured to reconcile herself
 to the state of her absence from home; chided
 her impatience that made it necessary for her
 to take a vacation on the subject, helped her
 over, as usual, with her domestic concerns in
 the morning, played in the meadows with her
 little sisters and mine, as much a child as
 yesterday, and in the evenings with her
 brother-in-law, and only allowed herself, when
 she was her due for the night, to say—
 "Another day is over—it is another day
 comes away my dear father again—perhaps,
 Heaven! I know he will come as soon as he
 can get away from Brussels,—no balls, no fetes
 will keep him to stay in London,—and then
 he will deliver his instructions to my father,—
 my dear father, surely he will be glad to see

his Catherine the wife of one he loves so much, to whom indeed he owes all he has."— And then visions of a very secondary nature with her, to the hopes and principles on which the basis of her happiness was fixed, and yet which it would have been equally strange and dull in her to be entirely unvisited by, visions of rank and wealth would float before her eyes, half closing on her pillow, and she would calculate, to herself, what good she might be enabled to do, as the wife of a man of fortune, what patronage in the church might come within the power of an earl, should Hamilton become Earl of Winterdale, what farms might be vacant on his estates, and where those estates might be; in short, what she could do for her father—what for her brother—how far she might be removed from them—how often she should be able to see them, for so sweetly was Catherine's mind organised, that those images of grandeur and importance, which



CHAPTER XVII.

A TRIAL.

WHEN Catherine returned to the Rectory, just as the Harvest-moon was beginning to wane, the accustomed limit of her visit at this season of the year, to Blackthorn Cottage, she was struck with an expression in her father's countenance which she had never before seen. It was not precisely that of illness, yet the anxiety it was marked with, gave him an air of *malaise* which she could not account for on any other supposition. He assured her, however,

in answer to her eager enquiries on the subject of his health, that he was perfectly well; but even the tones of his voice, as he answered her, had something in them mournful and broken, which seemed to belie the purport of his words. Catherine ran into the kitchen to question Rachel how her father had been during her absence; but Rachel, seated at her spinning-wheel, looked as solemn as one of the *Parca*, and was as mysterious in her replies.

"But then what is the matter, for I know something is," said Catherine; "you say my father has been very well, and yet you shake your head, and twirl your thread, and will not even look up at me. Now, my darling old Rachel, you shall tell me before you give your wheel one turn more—has my father had any thing to vex him?"

"Nay, Miss, we are all vexed at times.—Wae's heart—it's a vexations world we have to go through."

"Well, but has any thing particular happened? Have any of the parishioners behaved amiss? Has any thing gone wrong among them?"

"No, Miss," said Rachel, turning her wheel with increased celerity, "nothing like it,—no, no; now you've come back, Master will be like himself again, he never is when you are away—that is, he's always comfortable, thank God, but he does not joke or laugh, as I like to see him, when you are with him.—But you must be tired with your long ride; and you must want something. Margaret, come, look sharp, and get over *agate*," and with this *classical* expression, which so many of Shakespeare's commentators have been puzzled to explain, and which with many other genuine *restes* from

"The pure well of English undefiled,"

they may hear every day in Yorkshire, Rachel putting away her wheel suspended her office of

seemed to receive that of *chef de la cuisine*, who, however, with the same air of mystery, as if he were about to put all the party look as if he had been taking a peep into the cave of Trophimus, began to exhibit the knives and spoons, and all the bustle she could, as if he would answer any questions that it might be asked, but to no purpose. Rachel's culinary skill was always marked in a more than usual degree whenever any thing like a "welcome home again" seemed to claim the exertion of it; but now it was displayed in vain; Catherine, calm and comfortable, she knew as well, without any reward; and her father, though he pressed her to do so, did not encourage her by setting her example.

"So we dispensed with me, my dear father," Catherine modestly asked, as she bent her head to receive him, for his accustomed benediction.

"Dispensed, my child?" he reiterated, "and

with you!—God forbid! it would be the first time since you were born, and I trust I shall be spared such an affliction, for at least as many years as I have been already ;”—he kissed her with even more than usual fondness, as he spoke; and Catherine ascended the stair-case with a lighter heart, willing to imagine that the gravity she had remarked, existed only in her own imagination, or, at least, that it originated in some passing occurrence in which she had no share, and of which she hoped no traces would be left next day. Still she did not feel easy enough to go immediately to rest. She looked among her books to beguile her mind with an hour's reading,—she had begun the *Gieruselemme Liberata* of Tasso, whilst in London, for she had gone through the translation of the Greek and Roman Poets, selected for her by her father, and had the pleasure of being able to read the Italian ones in the original. The volume was not, however, in its ac-

[illegible]

across her heart at that instant, chased
at by the deep, unequal throbbings which
ed it as she began to read the lines
which all her future happiness seemed to
d.

ly Catherine, my dear Catherine," they
"alas I have no right to call you mine !
promised your father, I will relinquish
the hope of ever doing so ; and I am guilty,
in measure, of a breach of that promise,
in bidding you farewell. Yes, Catherine,
your good and honourable father has rejected
it, and unless you will plead it yourself,
no influence with him, that I possess, will
be sufficient to make him alter the decision
to my anxious fears appear irrevocable.
Too noble minded to be dazzled by those
pages of fortune, which I had deemed it
my happiness to be able to offer the object of
me—he does not think me worthy of his
service. I revere his independence for telling

me—; but he dares not trust her happiness to my keeping; and here it is I cannot but feel be-
lieve me most injurious. Yes, Catherine, what-
ever I may have been, and many have been the
circumstances, that our-door would admit in
pollution of it,—whatever I may have been
hitherto, what I should have been henceforward,
can only be known to myself and Him who
takes account of virtuous consciences, as well as of
wicked actions; but, if I know myself, if I am
sure of my conscience, I think I am as sure that
your father would have had no reason to repent
entrusting his most precious treasure to my
charge. Oh Catherine, had you been here, the
sweet eloquence of your looks, would have done
more for me, than all the impassioned vehe-
ment of my own words. The disappointment
which made every thing appear a blank to me,
the moment I was told that you were not at
home, was a foreboding of the bitter mortifica-
tion that awaited me—why did you go away?

—you ought to have known, to have felt that I was coming. I thought to delight you with the surprise of seeing me without sending any previous notice ; and severely am I punished for my folly.—Why should I in my vanity have sought

‘ To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

And add a perfume to the violet.’

Was not my Catherine’s own sweet, genuine emotions enough to fill the soul of any mortal being ? but I must attempt to heighten them, even into pain—blind epicurean ! Alas, Catherine, in losing you, I lose my hope of future good ; my lovely mistress, my sweet example, from whom I could, without humiliation, have learned to correct my faults, and improve my virtues, when your quick eyes should have discovered any to improve. O Catherine, I must not, cannot lose you ! I have associated you with myself, as the dear companion of my fate, the sharer of my fortunes,—rather the loved

moment of time—the sacred fount of every
 virtuous action being: and I can not, will not,
 deny the force of feelings, which you your-
 self have taught me to indulge.—Yet what do
 they? what is my sense of honor, of gratitude
 to your venerable father—of respect to my
 signed word?—I have promised him, Cath-
 erine, that I will renounce you—at least, that
 I will not wed you,—it is there on you alone
 that I have to rely,—my fate is in your hands,
 —sustain me in your renunciation—sustain
 me to your father, until the obstacles that now
 grieve themselves to our union, which I had
 thought a war—for which I had made all my
 arrangements, and have gradually dispen-
 sed, and rely on the unalterable attachment

“Your devoted,”

“ARTHUR HAMILTON.”

When this was the letter to Catherine—the

thought that Hamilton had indeed been, and was gone without her knowing of it—that if indeed she were to be called upon to relinquish him, she should not even have the melancholy pleasure of taking leave of him, and of treasuring up their parting, “aye in her heart of heart,”—amazed and terrified, as much as it grieved her. Yielding to her first impulse, she ran down stairs, with streaming eyes, to ease her oppressed bosom, by disclosing its conflicting feelings to her father;—but when she reached the door, and found it was half open, she hesitated to enter, for he was deeply engaged in a ponderous volume; his venerable silver locks fell forward and shadowed his features, as he bent over the page; his night-candle was lighted beside him, and she dreaded to interrupt the tranquillity of his mind, just before he retired to rest.

“He will not close his eyes,” thought she, “if he sees me unhappy. No—I will wait till

morning, a few hours more of it to my misery, will make but little to me." and she stole softly back to her room, but she was too wretched, too tired to compose herself, and after turning up and down the room, she at last descended to Rachel, who opened at the sound of footsteps, and saw the visage of her young mistress at such an unusual hour, half asleep, but Catherine instantly spoke of flight.

"Do not be alarmed, Rachel, well, at least I am not ill, and no matter—but I could not sleep, I were to go to bed—so I thought I would come up to you, for a minute or two, the first time I have kept you waki

me, and all, with me; for your dear
as too delicate, poor lady, to be able
th bad nights, for its a true saying,
ights make bad days—and the deary
Catherine, I'm sure you look the
our sweet mamma, now; I don't like
u look so pale; but may be its with
andle up so close to your face, it
t look for all the world like a ghost."
ne faintly smiled. "O there is no
matter with me, Rachel," said she,
een quite well all the time I have
y; but I fancy my father does not
so cheerful as usual—he has had a
s he not, in my absence?"
eemed a little confused. "Why yes,
as. I don't like to deny it—he will
himself most likely—though he told
say any thing about it."
know it," said Catherine, "it was
amilton. I only wish you to tell me

nothing, a few hours more of suspense, added to my misery, will make but little difference to me," and she once again retired to her apartment; but she was too writhed, too restless to be able to compose herself, and after taking a few turns up and down the room, she again left it, and returned to Rachel, who opening her eyes at the sound of footsteps, and seeing the bloodless visage of her young mistress at her bed-side, at once assumed terror, half screamed with terror; her features instantly quivered, as yet her fears were slight.

"Do not be alarmed, Rachel. I am quite well, at least I am not ill, and nothing is the matter—but I could not sleep, just now, if I were to go to bed—as I thought I would come up to you, for a minute or two.—it is not the first time I have kept you waking, is it Rachel?"

"No, Miss, not by many a one; but it would be the first time you had ever vexed me with it; and yet I have had you wanting time, and

teething time, and all, with me; for your dear mamma was too delicate, poor lady, to be able to cope with bad nights, for its a true saying, that bad nights make bad days—and the deary me! Miss Catherine, I'm sure you look the image of your sweet mamma, now; I don't like to see you look so pale; but may be its with holding candle up so close to your face, it makes you look for all the world like a ghost."

Catherine faintly smiled. "O there is nothing the matter with me, Rachel," said she, "I have been quite well all the time I have been away; but I fancy my father does not seem quite so cheerful as usual—he has had a visitor, has he not, in my absence?"

Rachel seemed a little confused. "Why yes, Miss, he has. I don't like to deny it—he will tell you himself most likely—though he told me not to say any thing about it."

"But I know it," said Catherine, "it was Colonel Hamilton. I only wish you to tell me

and a being, your gentleman, it grieved me
as you."

Catherine could ask no more questions.
"Well," said she, "Richard, I will not be
you awake now; my father will tell me
about it, I dare say, in the morning; so good
night, God bless you," and she once more
retired to her room, and busied herself
in her usual place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EXPLANATION.

THE good Rector shook his head when he saw Catherine at the breakfast table.

"My child," said he, "you have not slept," there was a tone of condolence in his voice that touched "the string on which hung all her sorrows," it vibrated to her heart, she covered her face, and wept. At length recovering herself, she said, with all the composure she could

—“So Colonel Hamilton has been here, then?”

—“Is he, my child, but how did it happen that you got to hear of it. I told Rachel and Margaret not to say any thing about it. But what are suspicious animals,” *mother* looks at *Pauline* says.

—“Oh, what, Sir, Margaret said not a word, nor Rachel neither, until I went up stairs to her last night, and asked her, if you had had any news while I was at Blackthorn Cottage; and of course you did not wish her to deny it. —*Really?*” she continued, after a moment’s hesitation. —“I know it from Colonel Hamilton himself, for I found this letter in my Tasso, when I went to bed.”

The father shook his head.—“That was not quite right, Colonel Hamilton,” said he, “but, however, he is somewhat of a spoiled child of fortune—and one can scarcely expect him to stand it now and exult in, perhaps, the first

serious contradiction to his wishes that he has ever met with."

"Will you read the letter, Sir?" said Catherine, offering it to him in humble deprecation of his displeasure.

"No, my dear child, there is no occasion—I can imagine the contents. I respect his wounded feelings, and I have quite sufficient confidence in both his honor and yours, to feel certain that you will neither of you make any attempt, either openly or secretly, to continue, by correspondence or otherwise, an acquaintance, which, however painful to myself to say so, I feel imperiously called upon to declare it my desire should be terminated immediately."

What a shock was this decisive, unlooked for fiat of her father's to Catherine! Unaccustomed to dispute his will, venerating his slightest wish, reverencing his judgment and his principles, how could she for one moment bear the idea of acting, or even thinking in opposition to them!



NOTES
ON THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
FROM
THE
FIFTH
CENTURY
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN
ROBERTSON
NEW YORK
1854

pleasures of my youth—I was wrong, very wrong.”

“But why, my dear father, were you wrong? Is it possible for any human being to have behaved better than Colonel Hamilton behaved, all the time he was under our roof? Is it possible for any thing to have been more honorable, more generous than his conduct since he has left us?”

Catherine wept afresh as she thus made the eulogium of him whose merits alone she remembered at that moment—“Oh, my dear father,” she sobbed forth, throwing her arms round his neck, “I thought you would have been so happy.”

“I know, my darling, I know very well,” said the Rector, and his own cheek was moistened with more tears at that moment than it caught from being pressed to Catherine’s, “I know all that you thought, and wished, and hoped—but I ought to have considered earlier

the probability that these thoughts and wishes, always entwined, my the female mind, with all that best, might be called forth, and sustained their basis. My dear Colonel Hamilton's good qualities, my father's debtor, for the very roof all my happiness; and I am h the generosity with which he marked his manly, disinterested for my Catherine, who would ha to the choice by which I felt ho my dear child, ill should I do a parent, and as a minister of t and sacred calling that mortal c upon to assume, did I suffer an personal partiality,—any prospect aggrandisement for my child, or to confound my perceptions o wrong; my internal sense of wha me as a parent,—as a professor an

gospel-truths, and as a member of civilized society, which can only be held together by respect for the social principles on which its rights and privileges are founded."

Catherine, awed by the solemnity of her father's manner, resumed her chair; but still retained his hand in her's, whilst with a speaking look, she seemed to urge him to proceed.

"When Colonel Hamilton first came to us, my child," he continued, "it was to seek a temporary place of concealment, until the issue should appear, of a duel in which he had most unhappily been involved with Sir William Forsyth,—respecting the duel itself, there were, according to the account he gave me of it, as many palliating circumstances, (humanely speaking,) as such an act can admit of. Colonel Hamilton was the challenged, not the challenger; and after receiving his antagonist's ball in his arm, he intended to have fired his own pistol in the air; but by an untoward chance,

its contents lodged in the breast of Sir William, who ran forward on seeing him stagger, and for a time the wound was considered so dangerous, that Colonel Hamilton, had he not, at the pressing instance of his second, taken refuge in flight, would have been held amenable to the laws till the issue should be known. Happily for him, Sir William recovered ;—but the crime against the Almighty is the same ; it is murder or suicide in intention, if it is not in act. We pray against sudden death—we view it as a calamity, when it visits us in our lawful and peaceable occupations ; we trust to the goodness of our heavenly Father, to preserve us from it in threatened danger ; yet we rush upon the chance of it ourselves, at every suggestion of pride or passion, as if it were only to be deprecated, when it is a mandate from our Creator, who calls us all when it is best for us to go, and not at all to be dreaded when we invite it ourselves, with murderous weapons in

our hands, raised against our fellow-creature, and with our souls inflated with the feelings of exultation of self, and hatred of another, which we know must of themselves alone utterly incapacitate us for heaven."

"But duels are not always entered upon from malignant motives," said Catherine, timidly; "I have heard Colonel Hamilton himself say, that it was possible to go out with a person for whom you might entertain a perfect esteem, but that as society is constituted now, differences will sometimes occur, which, being entirely matters of feeling, cannot be settled in any other way, as they cannot be defined, like points of law, in a court of justice."

"But they might, like points of conscience, in a court of equity," said Mr. Neville, more impatiently than he was wont to argue. "Why not arbitrate such fine, invisible distinctions, they could find cobweb-brained

James enough, I dare say, if they made it the fashion, if the prosecutors could bring princes and warriors to abide by their fantastic decisions, in their 'courts of love,' surely, for convenience sake, in our own days, some means might be found of proving the courage, and saving the honor of enlightened beings, without having recourse, on every paltry misunderstanding, to the chance of sending one or other of the offended parties to the Eternal World!—Lawyers do not fight—physicians do not fight—commercial men do not fight,—they know how to protect their honor and interest by regulations among each other,—nay, even the Jacky Club settle their gambling disputes without fighting, they allow no appeal from their decisions, and no gentleman gambler presumes to think himself injured, or insulted by them.—But it is a waste of words to dwell upon the sins of duelling. A man who is a christian in faith and principle, as well as in

hame, can no more give, or even accept a challenge, than he could commit murder, or rob a man on the high-way; and I grieve that my Catherine's fine natural perceptions of right and wrong, should be clouded even for a moment, by the sophisms of a mere man of the world."

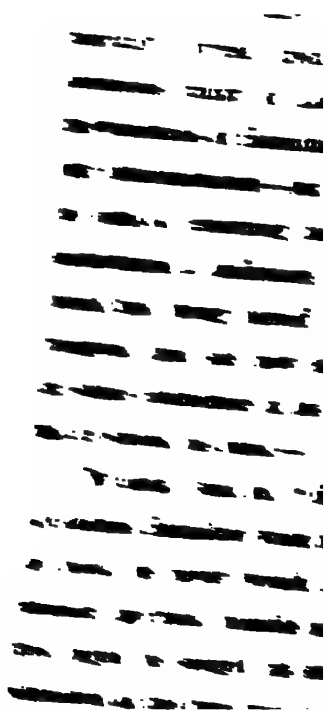
"No, my dear child, far rather would I give thee to a plain good man, like Henry Barton, a sincere christian, and a worthy member of society, even if he had only a yoke of oxen in the world, and guided himself in the plough, as Cincinnatus did in the best days of Rome, than do such an evil thing as expose a heart and mind like thine to the contagion for life of manners, over which thy innocence would have no controul, and of maxims learned in a world, all the wisdom of which is in a state of direct enmity with the word of God."

"But, indeed, my dear father," said Catherine, melting afresh into tears, "you wrong

Colonel Hamilton, if you think him so devoted to the world. I know how often he has declared himself disgusted with it; you have seen how contented he could be without it, and I am certain he would be a very different man under different circumstances,—every one may know his faults, for he takes no pains to hide them, but none can know his virtues so thoroughly as I do."

"I believe it, my dear Catherine; I believe you know his virtues, and that the chief part of them are of your own calling forth; but, Catherine, his virtues are impulses—his vices are habits, it pains me, my dear child, to enlighten you with that kind of knowledge, which only shows human nature and human life, in the aspects of what it was intended to be; and would it is to sully your youthful purity, by showing to crimes which, however common in degraded life, are happily in our secluded path, never recorded on our observation,—but if even

my indulgence towards Hamilton, could make me get the better, with respect to himself individually, of the repugnance I have always felt for the character of a duellist, yet there are circumstances, I am sorry to say, connected with the cause of the duel he fought, circumstances I was utterly ignorant of, long after he was domesticated with us, which must inevitably separate him for ever from me, as my son-in-law ;—oh, Catherine, how it wrings my heart to see your cheek turn pale as I speak, and to feel the cold damp of disappointment and grief thus chill the hand I hold ; but, ill should I do my duty as a parent, if I could give my daughter in marriage to a man, who has already shewn himself so little sensible of the sacredness of that most holy union, as to seek the wife of another, publicly enough to draw down upon himself the censures of every good person, and even to endanger his own life, and the life of the husband he so grossly wronged."



always attendant on duelling, entered my head at the time, and afterwards, when particular circumstances excited some suspicions in me, that he might have to blame, in more respects than I at first imagined, I still saw so much good in him that I was willing to hope he might be reclaimed from the error of his ways, and become a valuable member of society! But when he presented himself before me as a candidate for my Catherine's hand, I could not, however I might be gratified by his appreciation of her worth, and by his generous intentions towards both her and myself, for he brought with him, along with a draft of the settlements, a deed of gift for the purpose of making me independent the remainder of my days. I could not think of placing my daughter's happiness and principles in the keeping of any man of whom I had not a thorough knowledge; and as I had no means, myself, of ascertaining Colonel Hamilton's moral habits, I sent for Mr. Dacres,



THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW-YORK
FROM
ITS
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
J. C. COOPER
IN TWO VOLUMES
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1853

unable to resist temptation, and careless of the most sacred laws, human and divine. It is, therefore, my dear Catherine, that I deny my consent to your union with Colonel Hamilton, and advise you, as a father and a friend, to indulge in no fallacious hopes that time will change my resolution. I am too fully persuaded of your duty to fear that you will act in opposition to my wishes, but it will be small consolation to me to know you obedient, if at the same time I have reason to fear that you are unhappy—Make a vigorous effort, therefore, my dear child, worthy of yourself, to conquer your attachment to Colonel Hamilton, an attachment which can be blamed by no one, for what youthful mind ever looks for vice in an object seeming fair; and rely upon it that if you do all you can in meekness, and singleness of heart, your heavenly Father will do the rest for you, and in practicing submission you will find peace."



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CHANCES AND CHANGES

A DOMESTIC STORY

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "SIX WEEKS ON THE LOIRE."

"Of chance or change, O let not man complain."
BEATTIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES

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M,DCCC,XXV.



CHANCES AND CHANGES.

CHAPTER I.

RETROSPECTION.

AFTER this explanation with her father, Catherine felt herself imperatively called upon to relinquish all correspondence with Hamilton—all hope of their union—all hope—relinquish all hope, did we say?—Ah, no! that was an error—all but hope, we should have said—it was hope alone that sustained her. Unconsciously to herself—"If he really loves me," she inwardly uttered a thou-

and times a day, "he will still prove himself worthy of me. My father will overlook his past errors, when he finds him steadfast in amendment,—he has to pass through an ordeal in the temptations of the world; and if he comes off victorious, we may yet be happy—albeit more happy for this sad interruption to our felicity." Still she wished the ordeal could have fallen to her lot, rather than to his; and would have been contented to walk like Queen Emma, blindfolded, among burning ploughshares, could she have hoped, by such a test, to establish Hamilton's innocence, and secure his acquittal; but, alas for Catherine! neither with regard to one or the other, was she to have that satisfaction. A few days after her conversation with her father, she saw the intrepid Molly Gardiner's red cloak waving in the wind, and foreboding, by her approach, a letter from Hamilton; she hastened up stairs to avoid like the interminable gossip of the

bearer, and the betrayal of her own agitation. Well was it for her semblance of fortitude, that she thus received it alone !—well was it for her father's peace, deeply ruffled as it already was, by the sight of his daughter's silent disquietudes, that he was spared, by his customary attendance at the visitation that day, the spectacle of her grief and despair, at its contents, as follows :—

“ I will not outrage your ears, dear Catherine, for as a friend I may surely, to the end of my existence, call you dear, with any repetition of those tender epithets and expressions, which, in last addressing you, I still felt I had a right to adopt ! No ; they would make the inconsistencies of my conduct appear still more inconsistent, and subject me still more strongly to the charge of insincerity ; when, alas, sincerity is the sole basis on which I can establish any thing like a hope of pardon for my conduct. O, Catherine, I am overwhelmed with shame, as I write to entreat you to recall the affection

with which you have I
nuance of which I so e
one short week since, a
ought to be contented
cause I do not reciproca
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this moment !—not beca
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hors. But I am justly

appearance of guilt, and carrying uneasiness into the bosom of a respectable and virtuous family. I am called on by worldly men to make actual reparation for an injury recently committed. There must be a victim, and I must make the sacrifice upon myself, not because I can bear it best, but that it is decent in me to spare a woman the public degradation which my desertion on my part, and the circumstances of censure, would be certain to entail upon her.

But, Catherine, my respect for your purity is such that I cannot bear even to vindicate myself at the expense of it. Yet, when you hear me condemned, as I am aware you are not without those *friends* who will be ready enough to censure my conduct in the most revolting point of view, let your sweet, native candour come to my aid, and remind you, that the man who idolizes virtue in your lovely form, cannot be deli-



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der enjoyment, in paths where only sadness and disgust are to be found.

Well! Catherine—forget me, as un-
f you, and be assured that, whatever
it was the vision of my heart to have
you, had our fates been united, separa-
tions must, under any circumstances, be
and blest, compared to that of

“ARTHUR HAMILTON.”

ever confused and incoherent the style of
it, however inconsistent and contradic-
torious the sentiments it expressed, Catherine com-
prehended but too clearly that its object was to
seduce her, its effect to exhibit the writer
as a criminal or a dupe—he was evidently
in some unworthy toils, whether of his
owning or of some more artful hand she
did not to consider, for she felt it would be
a consolation to her to know.

“All finished,” she exclaimed, “never,

never ought I to wish our acquaintance to be renewed, on, not on any condition whatever. I ought to be thankful that he is no more to me than what my weak, confiding heart has made him. Oh, had he been indeed my husband how much more I might have had to suffer!" with tears that blinded, and sighs that suffocated her, she wrote her reply to his letter:—

— I renounce the claim your generosity had given me upon your hand, because I am certain, in asking me to renounce it, you are actuated by some motive which would render my retaining it, injurious to your real duty, or imaginary honor. I renounce the affections which were my happiness and pride, because it should seem you cannot continue them to me, even in the modified degree which time and absence might produce, without injustice to another, of whose prior claim on them you ought not to have left me ignorant. I renounce every thing, but the interest I must, whilst memory and life

remain to me, take in your happiness, and well doing! Give me the consolation to learn, when your name may accidentally reach me, in the seclusion which I shall never more desire to emerge from, that it is coupled with good report; and remember that it is only by your sparing me the misery of having to blush for my attachment, as well as to weep over it, that you can prove henceforward to me that you ever really felt the esteem you have so often professed for

“CATHERINE NEVILLE.”

How opposite were Catherine's feelings as she sent away this letter, from those which had filled her breast with a delight she knew not how to define, when she addressed to Hamilton the first epistle she had ever written to any one except her sister. Now, as then, she counted the hours that must elapse before he could receive it, but when the time arrived, how

effort was the agitation which overwhelmed her. It seemed as if she had signed her own sentence of abandonment and misery; yet she wept not more for herself, than in the fear that her very compliance with his wishes would make Hamilton unhappy. —

"His good heart will reproach itself for the pang he will see he has inflicted upon mine," said she. "I ought to have counselled him under our separation, not reproached him, for, after all, my letter did reproach him, and he is yet more unfortunate than I am, because he has self-reproach to contend against, — and yet, as far as I am concerned, he has nothing to blame himself for, the events let them be what they may, that have plunged us both in to misery, occurred before he knew me, and since he has known me, I am certain, my own heart assures me, he has never entertained an unworthy thought, never committed a wrong against the affection he has so often told me, made

him as much a better as a happier man.—No, no;—me, individually, he has only dealt kindly and nobly by, and it is my sole consolation, that I can cherish the remembrance of his affection, without the mixture of any feeling more bitter than regret."

Alas, poor Catherine was not long to enjoy this idea; Louisa Longcroft returned to the Hall, with her father, after a more lengthened stay in London than usual, on account of the press of parliamentary business, to which the great and unexpected transition in the affairs of Europe had suddenly given rise.—Anxious to ascertain the state of Catherine's health and spirits, she presented herself at the Rectory the very day after her arrival at home. She was accompanied in her pony-phæton by Mr. Dacres, who took upon himself the office of charioteer, which had so long been exclusively filled by her Cousin Edward,

All the pleasure Catherine was capable of feeling, or rather, all that somewhat resembled pleasure, she felt in embracing Louisa; but she could not bring herself to welcome Mr. Dacres with any thing of the same cordiality. She thought that he had been referred to, as, in some manner, the cause of her fate, that his report, however unintentionally given, had most probably decided it, the consciousness that he was acquainted with Emmeline's situation, and that in all probability, conjecture her own feelings, all distressed her, and no accident was so agonising, that Mr. Dacres, in pity to it, turned away, and saying with a kindness of tone, which could not be mistaken, that he would, with her permission, go in search of Mr. Neville, whom he had seen at some little distance from the house as he came along—he left the young ladies to themselves.

Emmeline's reception of Mr. Dacres had not escaped the observation of Louisa, who re-

arked upon it as soon as ever he closed the
or.—

“Have I done any thing unpleasant to you,
dear Catherine,” said she, her color deepening
as she spoke, “in bringing Mr. Dacres
here?—I know he is a great favorite with
our father, and I thought he was with you
so.”

“And so he is,” said Catherine, in some
confusion, “at least—that is, I respect him
very much—but—I have not seen him for some
time, and——” she paused—and wept—Louisa
took her hand.—

“Come, my dear Catherine,” said she, “tell
me the real cause of your coldness to Mr. Dacres;
—or, let me guess it—is it not because
our father told you he had asked his opinion
respecting Colonel Hamilton?”

“And how should you know he did so?”
interrogated Catherine, crimson with anger,
which for a moment was a relief to the lassi-

tude of her general feelings. "Surely if Mr. Dacres had nothing to say in favor of Colonel Hamilton, he had no occasion to promulgate any thing in his disfavor, to any one but those who consulted him,—in such cases, I believe, a breach of secrecy is generally considered a breach of honor."

"There was no breach of secrecy in this case," said Louisa, mildly; "and certainly no breach of honor; the fact is, that your father having appealed to Mr. Dacres, to procure him information respecting Colonel Hamilton, Mr. Dacres wrote to me on the subject, as likely to know something of it, and sure to give him all I knew candidly and without ——"

"How unfortunate!" interrupted Catherine with an expression which grieved Louisa though she felt the injustice of it.

"But why unfortunate, my dear Catherine?" she continued in the most soothing tone. "You did not wish your father to be de-

ceived, did you?—You did not wish to deceive yourself?—It was unfortunate that the truth should be of a displeasing nature, but surely not unfortunate that it should have been brought to light.”

“ Ah, Louisa,” exclaimed Catherine, “ you are wise and good; and you are kind too—always kind, but in this matter you argue coldly. You never liked Colonel Hamilton, and you cannot feel for my misery, and blighted hopes.”

“ But I do feel for them, my dear Catherine,” said Louisa, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke, “ and I have no dislike to Colonel Hamilton individually: but I abhor his conduct in one instance, and I think it the duty of every virtuous woman to shew her respect for the laws of society, the laws to which she owes more especially her own protection and happiness, by marked coldness to him who dares to infringe them either in heartless vanity or deli-

berate guilt; but it is too often the case with our sex, to show our disapprobation of a weaker vessel, who may be the cause of her guilt; but she is first the dupe of his weakness, though there may be little excuse for her, is yet greater condemnation for him.

“If you allude to Lady Charlotte, said Catherine, “I must say, from what I have seen of her myself, it is at least not, that the artifices and allurement have been on her side, and that Colonel Forster has nothing more to answer for, than the indulgence of his vanity, in being so easily seduced as the object of her admiration; enough, I acknowledge, in a man of his rank, and highly culpable, in being so exposed to a degree of publicity that propriety, and caused uneasiness to his friends; but that occurred before he was attached to her, and a true and honorable attach-

have rescued him from the errors, which, I acknowledge, may hitherto have obscured his good qualities."

"My dear Catherine," said Louisa, "it pains me to say any thing to wound you under your present state of feeling, which, whatever you may think of my coldness, I do indeed most deeply sympathise in; but I must vindicate myself so far as to convince you that I had reason to doubt of Colonel Hamilton's principles being so far fixed, even under the influence of his attachment to you, as to afford me any hopes that I could conscientiously hold out of his eventually making you happy. You remember when Lady Charlotte Forsyth so imprudently, so indelicately came to Nethercross, and to this very house, alone."

"I do indeed," said Catherine, with a convulsive sigh.

"Well," continued Louisa, "I suppose, even to your unsuspicious observation, it was evident

that her object in so doing was Colonel Hamilton."

"I did indeed fear it," said Catherine. "I think my father, too, suspected the same kind, after her departure."

"And what your dear, good father," said Catherine, "is generally pretty well informed; but in this case it was not so. That foolish, chattering Mr. Halsbury, when there is any harm in him, he is on his guard; but here he should have known his own tongue,—when he went back to give such an account of Colonel Hamilton, as he termed it, as roused my jealousy; and she immediately set out rowing, under pretence of wishing to visit the waters; and a few days after she returned to Nethercross, and succeeded too well in bringing Colonel Hamilton again into her power."

"Not then," said Catherine, "as her feelings even more acute than she

perienced, "not then Louisa, you wrong him: he set off to London that very night, purposely to do away any reports that might arise to her ladyship's disadvantage, if it should be said they were in the country together—and that was a duty incumbent upon him, you must allow, both to her, and to Sir William, as well as to himself."

"He might mean it when he left the house," said Louisa, "and it is but charitable to think so: but at any rate her ladyship's artifices overpowered his good resolutions, for it is too certain that they went to Blackpool, in Lancashire, together, and were there almost all the time you thought him in town. Indeed, it is on that circumstance that Sir William Forsyth grounds his application for a divorce."

"A divorce!" faintly repeated Catherine;—her blood was congealed in her veins, and her head sunk upon Louisa's shoulder. She had not lost consciousness, and in a few minutes Louisa's tears dropping upon her damp forehead

recalled her to herself—"O, Louisa," claimed, with a look of anguish inexpressible, "what a dreadful stroke this is for me but it will be salutary for me in the divorce!—then all will be made public a disgrace to him! O, Louisa, I do now feel that you were right, and judicious to me—and so was Mr. Dacres, and father. I should have died of grief as had this transpired after I had become Hamilton's wife—and my dear father's hairs would have been brought with him to the grave—but O, that Hamilton could have deceived me so! what a new, and untold pang! Ah, Louisa, had he fallen on the Waterloo, and left me ignorant of the stroke, I should have been comparatively unscathed. I should have reared his monument, and with my widowed heart, and I should have a consolation beyond the remembrance of the deceased him,"—tears came to her aid;

A short pause she continued—"Then he will marry Lady Charlotte, and this is what he calls honor!"

"It is reparation," said Louisa, "and, I believe with him, it may be termed penance also—indeed, the rumour is, that Lady Charlotte, in a frantic fit of jealousy, obtained a written promise from him to marry her, should he be single, whenever time or circumstance might remove the obstacles then existing on her side to their union—that immediately after obtaining this promise, Lady Charlotte quarrelled with her *Femme de Chambre*, who was completely in her confidence, and that this woman, in revenge, flew to Sir William, and put him into possession of facts, which left him no choice between conniving at his own dishonor, or applying to the law to relieve him from the burthen of a wife, who had so guiltily and so grossly compromised it.—And now, my dear

Catherine, you see the situation in which I was placed when I received Mr. Dacres's letter,—how could I see my friend stand on a precipice, and represent it to her as firm footing for her happiness and good?—What would you have felt had you discovered all this afterwards? and even could it have been concealed from you, had Colonel Hamilton's own conduct been ever so irreproachable, you would always have had a determined enemy in Lady Charlotte, and she would have left no means untried to disturb your domestic peace—she was jealous of you from report, she hated you as soon as she saw you, her jealousy was heightened into revenge at Lady Blakeney's ball, and, even now, many do not hesitate to say, that the pretended quarrel between herself and her maid was entirely a preconcerted plan between them, to procure the divorce which should set her free from Sir William, and enable her to shew the

world that she retained sufficient influence over Colonel Hamilton for him to make her his wife as soon as opportunity might allow."

Catherine shuddered. "O, Louisa," said she, "how happy I have been hitherto! I have neither seen nor heard of crimes. I have read of them only as historical events, and even then they seemed to me more like the chimeras of ancient fable, than the awful facts I can now believe them—but how terrible to be taught the existence of guilt by those we love being the perpetrators of it! henceforth we will talk no more of Colonel Hamilton—it is my duty to forget him—make my humblest apologies to Mr. Dacres, for any appearance of resentment my reception of him this morning might betray—it was unjust, but I believe the unhappy are privileged to be unreasonable sometimes," she tried to smile, but the effort only shewed like a watery sunbeam one moment glancing on a frozen lake.

Louisa kissed her rigid cheek. "trial," said she, "my poor Catherine first, and perhaps the heaviest you had to struggle with—but for your father for mine, for all our sakes, you will with it, and you must ultimately overcome it."

Catherine was silent—for to overcome it, she must first forget.

Whatever unhappiness Catherine experienced, on account of Hamilton, was compared to the misery of knowing he deceived her, of fearing that he might be utterly unworthy. The thought that her whole soul was devoted to him with affection, whilst his image stood before her, and made even his absence a painful communion with him, whilst she was at the same moment hoping that that same noble spirit might be joined to hers in sacrifice, that even then he was profaning the language of love to another; the thought

any case have been afflicting, in this it was frightful. "How could he be happy for one moment!" she exclaimed, in the agony of her sorrow; "where were his heart and conscience! he knew how unhappy he had left me, he saw it—how could he forget me so immediately!—he knew how entirely I confided in his truth—how could he deceive me so!—how could he return to the sinful ways he had so often pretended to rejoice at being extricated from! No! I never can esteem him more!"—But, alas! it is the misery of love that it will survive esteem—and to the mind of woman, brought up in retirement, nurtured in affection, there is something so terrible in the contemplation of vice, in ever so remote connection with an object once cherished, that she will try to view it in every palliating light, as long as possible, and even to shut her eyes against it altogether, rather than see it in its naked and hideous deformity. It was this cruel war of feelings, or

rather of feeling against judgment, that ravaged Catherine's heart, and added the excitement of indignation to the languor of disappointment.

There are no wounds so painful to bear, so difficult to cure, as those that are chafed by a sense of injustice or unkindness. It is not the loss of property that drives a sensitive mind to despair, or the privation of accustomed indulgences, or refinements which that loss may include—no, it is the altered aspect of nominal friends, the secret test that at once reduces their number, and changes their manner; it is the humiliations perpetually inflicted on the heart and born by fortune, that gradually subdues the spirit, warms the temper, and betrays the unfortunate into a state of fretful irritation, or reduces him to one of sullen apathy. "What is called and thought a hardship," says Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in one of his beautiful and affectionate letters to his mother, "is nothing! one unhappy feeling is worse than a thousand years of it."

But there is no feeling thoroughly unhappy, however mournful it may be, excepting it is mixed up with remorse or resentment : we weep at parting with our friends, but it is not absence that can sever hearts, and those who part in love, are sustained by hope. Even the grave, desolating as is the grief with which we mourn those whom it may hide from our sight, yet inspires a sublime and holy consolation in the sweet remembrance of duties well performed, tender offices mutually rendered and received ; every thing that is the result of natural causes, every thing that is the immediate dispensation of Heaven, may be endured with that temperate grief which admits time and reason for its physicians ; but the wounded spirit preys upon itself, and every day increases its sufferings in weakening its resources. So it was with Catherine—she made an effort to appear what she had been, but was not. She attended, as before, to her domestic duties, but—

Pertaining to her house affairs,
 The careless stillness of a think
 Self-occupied ; to which all out
 Are like an idle matter. Still
 But yet no motion of the breast
 No heaving of the heart."——

And it was her father's misery
 away before his eyes, without cause
 without any visible disease. Alas
 whom nature meant for devoted,
 and tender mothers, thus drop in
 victims

And keen heart's anguish,—of itself
 Yet obstinately cherishing itself."—

Yes, the martyr at the stake excites
 the horror-stricken multitude, and
 by the glory of the cause, that converts
 short pangs into eternal triumph ;
 while the wounded feeling drags on
 of years in anguish unguessed at,
 all nature into one dreary blank and

fluence of life only a lingering, daily
h.

Mr. Neville's grief, at beholding the total
lack of Catherine's happiness, was increased
he thought that it was himself who had ex-
posed it to the storm which had proved so fatal
to her. He blamed himself for having seen her
intimacy with Colonel Hamilton increase to a
point that he might have known must, to a mind
so sensitive as hers, be fraught with consequences
either favorable or unfavorable to her future
tranquillity. He lamented the misfortune of any
defect of Colonel Hamilton's character being so
in variance with his better qualities, that it was
impossible to temporize between not eschewing
evil, in the hope of retaining the good, and
when he considered the narrow circle, and
the humble attainments of even the most respect-
able class of his parishioners, he feared that
time might elapse before chance should throw
in their way any other associate likely to efface,

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or in the smallest degree weaken the impression Hamilton's manners, attainments and knowledge of the world had made upon her warm and confiding heart.

These thoughts perpetually preying upon his mind, and perpetually renewed by the sight of Catherine, herself, pale, silent; her needle ever in her hand, her books unopened, her pianoforte untouched, at last began to affect his health; his appetite declined, his step became less firm, his voice tremulous, and Catherine found but too ready excuses for tears in the anxiety which his altered looks awakened, and with which she endeavoured to account to Mr. and Mrs. Barton for her own dejection: a dejection in which they not only tenderly, tremblingly, anxiously sympathised, from their own interest in its cause, but which seemed to sadden all the village—the old missed Catherine's sweet voice of kindness, in their cottages, and shook their heads at one another as they reiterated every

Sunday, the remark, "Parson looks sadly—I *thout* as I seed him get into the pulpit that he was a breaking fast,"—and the young missed her smiles, and her enquiries after their *learn-
ing* and their health. A silent awe seemed to seize them, as they glanced at her pale and serious countenance as they passed; and the little girls who came at their accustomed hour to the back-door, for milk, involuntarily set their jugs down softly, and scarcely spoke above a whisper, fearing to disturb the stillness, which, young as they were, they yet could not but associate with something of suffering and sorrow.

Not only in Nethercross itself, but in all the social villages around, was the health of the Rector and his daughter the frequent subject of earnest enquiry, which made Mrs. Pugh, junior, feel herself of no little importance, as she was continually referred to as the fountain-head of information on the subject, as Mr. Neville had, to satisfy Catherine, consented to submit his pulse daily

to the critical touch of Mr. Pugh's digits, on condition of Catherine allowing the same opportunity to be indicated with respect to her future generally called herself, every morning in a bulletin, and frequently returned home in tears, which she sought occasionally to dispense by looking in the day-book to see how many draughts were ordered: for the Nevilles were no unfeeling and neighbourly, not to submit to, what in the familiar pharmacology of the case of Helen is termed "very good patients."

CHAPTER II.

FRESH ARRANGEMENTS.

THE Autumn is a season which peculiarly addresses itself to the heart; and its tawny leaves and glowing skies, may be connected with ideas of either joy or sorrow, according to the frame of mind in which they are contemplated. To the healthy and the happy there is some-

But to the sorrowful and the sick, the autumn presents only mournful and affecting images. They read their own decline in that of "the pale descending year," every leaf that

"Incessant rustles from the mournful grove
And slowly circles through the waving air,"

seems to tell them of some vanished pleasure, some deceptive hope; they see all nature in decay, like their own happiness; and despairingly behold the approach of a still more dreary and lengthened season, through which they scarcely have strength or wish to struggle. Under this withering aspect did Autumn appear for the first time to Catherine, as she assisted her father, one wet morning, late in October, to his chair, near the window; a place which he loved, because from it he could see the spire of the little church, for so many years the scene of his most important duties, and discern the simple urn which marked the spot where the remains



[The page contains faint, illegible markings.]

industrious.—But now all was changed—the dreariness from without, seemed to tell her that on herself alone she must depend for every thing of comfort ; and when she looked at her father's sickly countenance, and considered how much the winter, which seemed prematurely setting in, might try a frame already so broken and exhausted, she feared even to think of the spring, which might find her a lonely, self-accusing orphan—self-accusing indeed ; for a hectic flush crimsoned her pallid cheek, and her eyes were dimmed with tears, as she surveyed him, and felt that anxiety for her health, and sympathy in her sorrows, were the original causes of the complaint which now threatened to deprive her of him entirely. She was roused from her painful reverie by the well known sound of Mally Garbutt's pattens, and she went to the door herself, to tell the poor old woman to come in, and get her cloak dried, and herself refreshed, by the kitchen fire. Mally first acquitted her-

self of her trust, in delivering a letter to Neville, with the "London post-man and nothing to pay," added Mally; the exulting tones with which she read Hamilton's first letter to the Rector, though this also was "a very handsome letter with a power of wax upon it, and a seal," yet she felt, from the settled gravity of Catherine's countenance, that it was not the kind of letters which she had so often been reproached for bringing. Nevertheless, Mally's manner on the occasion was not such as to offend either with her loquaciousness or her silence; she therefore gladly accepted Catherine's invitation, to take a seat on the long-sash chimney-corner, where she might in the interval for an hour or two sooner or later deliver the Nethercross letters, which she deemed a matter of importance enough to be worth a calculation.

Catherine was glad to take the le-

for herself; for in the country, a letter is an
it; and that day in particular, it seemed to
be most opportunely, to give a new turn to
conversation, which had of late, been a little
re than a reiteration of anxious enquiries
for each other's health. Mr. Neville opened
letter;—in doing so, a bank-post bill drop-
out:—he took it up;—"Five hundred
pounds!" he exclaimed, with some surprise, as
glanced his eye over it,—“A gift to the
Work Infirmary, I suppose,” he added, as he
laid it on the table, with his usual placid quiet-
ness. Whilst he read, a smile of pleasure
animated his features, and touched them with an
expression of benevolence, so natural to them—
“It is, indeed a gift,” said he, “and a noble
one.—We have no reason, my dear Catherine,
to be ashamed of being ourselves the objects of
charity so kindly and delicately expressed, and
I forbid that any false pride on my part,
should interfere with a benefit that may pur-
sue health, and cheerfulness for my child.”



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1902

part of the Continent that Mr. Neville may deem most eligible for the restoration of his own health and that of his daughter, which his friend has the additional sorrow to learn has been much effected by her anxious attendance on her father."

"From whom can it be?" was Catherine's natural exclamation, as she endeavoured to discover some peculiarity in the characters, which might enable her to trace the writer.—
"It is not Colonel Hamilton's hand," said she, and she could not suppress the sigh that swelled her bosom, as she uttered his name.

"No," said her father, "certainly not—he would not venture to offer me an obligation which, I am afraid, from him, I should not have humility enough to forgive.—No; I feel assured that it is from some one more worthy, —" he paused, but "the hectic of a moment" faded from his cheek, and he added,—
"at any rate from some quarter where I need



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
STATE OF THE CITY
AND ITS SURROUNDINGS
BY
JOHN STOW
ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
IN LONDON
PRINTED BY
J. STONE, AT THE
SIGN OF THE SHIELD
IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE
1687

pure, she yet was sufficiently just to acknowledge that the debt of gratitude might be safely incurred of Lord Hervey, without one feeling of humiliation or anxiety.

The rainy day passed away in imaginary rambles, not—

“ O'er the vine-covered hills, and gay regions of France,”

or to making any stay in that country, Mr. Neville professed at once his disinclination; but across the snow-capped heights of Mount Cenis, to the lovely Vales of Piedmont; a region, to which the sympathies of Mr. Neville had long been attracted by some of the most sacred duties of his profession, as well as by the suggestions of an imagination, delighting in the sublime and unsophisticated of Nature.

For many years Mr. Neville had been in the habit of correspondence with the venerable Amaud, pastor of a little flock of the Protestants, know by the name of Waldenses, in the Vallies



lished Church of England, "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," that he had the gratification of procuring from it, as a body, and from many of its members individually, aids which his own moderate income would not allow him to supply, without encroaching on the portion of it which he peculiarly allotted to the relief of the poor who came within his own cognizance.

Under the administration of Napoleon, the Waldenses enjoyed comparative tranquillity, being placed by him, as long as Piedmont was subjected to France, on a footing with his other subjects; Mr. Neville, as ready to "rejoice with those that do rejoice," as to "weep with those that weep," was among the first to congratulate the Minister of St. Etienne upon the sunshine that had succeeded to the storms which had first introduced them to each other; and their correspondence, from that time, became the vehicle of religious instruction, varied, occasionally, with learned criticisms, and remarks on

general literature. A people, however, whose faith had for five centuries been subjected to all the trials which ignorance and cruelty were able to devise, could not reckon on any long interval of repose.

The restoration of the King of Sardinia to his throne, after the downfall of Napoleon, at once subjected the Waldenses to his government, and to the superstition, and its invariable attendant, persecution, with which that monarch, as far as he had the power, would have plunged Europe into all the evils of the darkest ages. Mr. Neville had seen the pain of bearing, from all quarters, of the unhappy condition into which the Waldenses were once more plunged by the unjust imposts they were made to pay, the obstacles thrown in the way of their following their lawful callings, in stealing their children, and separating their tenderest ties; the treacheries practised on the families, and their restraints laid on their religious worship.

It was in order to plead again their cause, to

those who had the power of ameliorating some of their afflictions, that Mr. Neville had thought of visiting London during Catherine's stay there; and it was precisely at the moment when his sympathy in the sufferings of these persecuted people was roused afresh, by an affecting description of them from Arnand, that he received, as it were from the immediate hand of Providence, the means of ministering in some degree to their wants, and cheering them by his personal consolations. No wonder then that Switzerland instantly rose to his imagination, and decided his resolves.

"I will divide this sum, my dear Catherine," said he, "this sum, so kindly, I may say so providentially bestowed, with those whose necessity is far greater than ours. Two hundred and fifty pounds will fully defray all the expenses of our humble mode of travelling and living, for six months; the other two hundred and fifty shall go among my brethren in the



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THE THIRTIETH

itude that she still preserved her father, and hope that this journey, undertaken with so laudable an object in view, might contribute to her retaining the invaluable blessing of his love for many years, were, however, her predominant feelings. The remainder of the evening was passed in looking over maps, drawing out routs, making calculations, and such other ingenious artifices as anticipation wisely suggests to hope that he may secure a certain portion of pleasure, from the possibility of disappointment.

The next morning Catherine had the delight of seeing her father come down to breakfast nearly at the accustomed hour, which his feebleness had for some days before obliged him to make considerably later; and he, also, felt his soul cheered by the smile with which she greeted him, and which wore more of its natural radiance than he had seen for many weeks.

Louisa Longcroft rarely let a day pass with-



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN STOW
1618

most daily visits and respectful attentions to Mr. Neville, during his illness, had erased from Catherine's mind whatever unpleasant feeling had, at the first commencement of his intimacy, interfered, in spite of her more candid judgment, with her sincere admiration of his character. He now readily offered to do occasional duty for Mr. Neville, during his absence, and also to provide him with a young man of a pious and humble turn of mind, who would most thankfully accept the office of his curate for that time.

The Rector gladly acceded to these proposals. "I should not feel happy," said he, "in extending my labors abroad, if I left my little flock exposed to heresies, or neglect at home; but under your care I shall have no fear but that they will do well with the young man you speak of and know. He shall be my almoner also, for I would not leave the body uncared for—it is, at any rate, the tenement of the soul,

rom the cares, sorrows and trials of this world, to the eternal glories and infinite varieties, and endless uses of the next. Those are the themes that I have always found to command attention from the pulpit, as they form subjects of perpetual and even delightful contemplation in the closet. But this would be nothing did they not also fructify in the life, and bring forth those fruits of the spirit which may lead even the lowliest and most ignorant of my flock finally into the folds of everlasting rest."

The Rector, warming as he spoke, communicated his fervour to his auditors, for Louisa was naturally of a devout, enquiring turn of mind, and Mr. Dacres, early relinquishing the few ambitious hopes which had at first urged him to struggle for a place in society accordant with his talents and early expectations, had long devoted all his learning and energies to the sacred cause to which he felt himself called by a mandate compared to which the commands of

the most powerful earthly potentate would have appeared but as "sinking brass, or a sounding gong." As Mr. Langercroft was from home, Louisa was easily prevailed on to stay and dine at the Rectory, and Mr. Dacres remaining with her, as a matter of agreeable necessity, the day passed away in the peaceful interchange of congenial sentiments, until the reddening west proclaimed that it was time to separate.

"Surely Louisa is happy!" thought Catherine, whilst she pensively stood at the window to receive her parting smile, as Mr. Dacres took his leave. "she can never be very unhappy, if she be attached to Mr. Dacres; for even if her father should oppose her wishes, she would never have to blink for having entertained them."

Alas! for poor Catherine—a thousand times a day, did an accidental word, an involuntary association, renew the same conflict in her bosom, of love, resentment, pity, indignation,

excuses, fond recollections, every thing that could wound by opposition, torment by contrariety ! Nor was it any consolation to her to think of going to other climes, except as far as her father's health might be benefitted—for herself she was reckless, and had no wish but to remain where she was, to die there, and to think that when Hamilton should hear of her death he would recal to his remembrance the spot, near her mother's grave, where he would know she must be buried, and might drop a tear to the memory of her whose heart he had broken.

No—too surely no lover ever yet wished for change of scene !—there is no change of scene to those who deeply, intensely love—for outward objects are unmarked by them, and within, however the position of the altar may be changed, the idol is the same, the sacrifice of devotedness and misery unaltered.

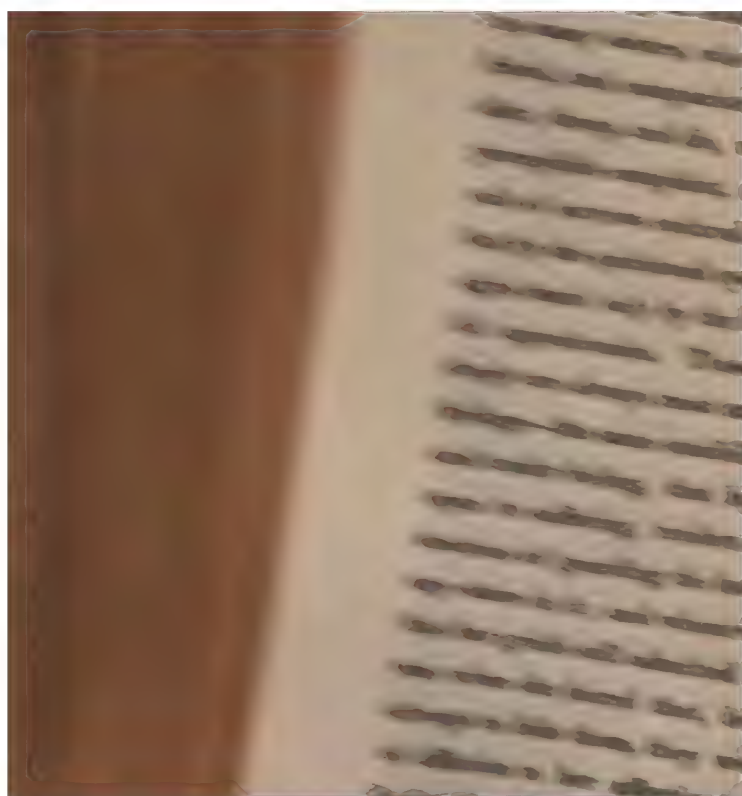
Catherine, indeed, thought with grief and repugnance of quitting the beloved spot where

she had first known Hamilton, where every thing seemed connected with him. In leaving the scenes he knew, she seemed to estrange herself from him, as he had already estranged himself from her; to deprive herself of the imaginary bond which might still hold them together.

"Here he knows every room, every walk, and the occupations of every day and every hour," she said to herself. "if he should ever think of me, and sure I am he does think of me, he will see me exactly as he has seen me, and that intimacy seems to bring us together once more. Ah, there are times when I think of him with such intimacy!"—poor Catherine! when did she not think of him thus—"that I am certain our spirits are joined, our guardian angels are in communion together, and bring them nearer to each other. Oh, it must be, that he is, at such moments, in a state of purity and good, or there could not be that sympathy be-

tween us. Alas! alas! unhappy that I am, to think how many moments there may be in which I ought to shrink, and should shrink from any communion with him who might have been my beloved guide, my best friend, my happiness, my pride, my soul's eternal companion!"

Floods of tears followed this passionate apostrophe, succeeded by langour and exhaustion, which sent all the little blood left in her pale cheek, to aid the feeble action of her heart, which was still quickened by starts, as some painful remembrance, some agonising anticipation crossed it. Nor let this picture be thought overcharged;—no—no daily life affords but too many prototypes of it, too many men who would feel conscience stricken at the most distant thought of seduction, incur virtually the guilt of murder, if in that term the abridgment of human life, by mental suffering, may be included. Too many mothers, who have beheld once blooming



she was too well aware, guessed her every thought and every sentiment.

The idea that she could, at any rate, nurse her unhappiness, at a distance, without imparting it to others, would have reconciled her to leaving her beloved haunts, for a time, had it not been for the reflection so often made, that in leaving them she separated herself from objects with which she might be associated in the mind of Hamilton. "He will never think of Nethercross, when he knows we are no longer here, and in not being able to identify my image with the scenes which may surround me I shall only come before him as a flitting shadow, fainter and fainter, till neither form nor trace of the past remain. Alas ! perhaps even now that may be the case, forsaken and forgotten.—Ah, if my dear father should languish and die in a foreign land, I have only to pray that the Almighty will not suffer me to linger after him—would that the same grave might receive us

both!—would that it had done so twelve months ago: before I had seen his cheek blanched, and his eye dimmed with my sorrows."

Then came the thought, would Hamilton grieve if he heard of her departure?—would he weep if he heard of her death?—and weeping herself afresh in the contrariety of her feelings, she, for the first time in her life, gave vent to them in verse; and, whilst her tears dropped upon the paper, wrote a few simple lines, which she folded up and placed within the leaves of a small volume of Thomson's Poems, wherein he had, one evening, marked the passages that pleased him best—more especially in his favorite pieces, the "Castle of Indolence," and the pretty "ditty" over Fidele, in Cymbeline.—This volume she resolved to leave with Rachel, wrapped up, and directed for him, in case of any thing happening to her, upon the road, or during the time of her exile, as she still termed it to herself; and the gloomy presentiments

with which she regarded it, were too evident in the melancholy pathos of her short but touching "Farewell!"

• " Forlorn heart ! thy lonely griefs conceal,
Deep in the inmost foldings of thy core !
There let them silent rest, nor e'er reveal
The name beloved, till life shall throb no more.

Soon will thy conflicts cease ! thy last sad sigh,
Alike thy sufferings and thy wrongs shall tell—
Alas ! how sweet, how easy 'twere to die,
But for that fatal, fatal word, farewell !

Alas ! how sweet, how easy 'twere to die,
But for that fatal, fatal word farewell !

• The above words have been adapted to a beautiful Melody, by
Alexander Lee, and Published by Z. T. PURDAY, Holborn.

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING HOME.

WATERMAN the Doctor had made up his mind to say that he was always prompt in the execution of his duty—the day of departure was now fixed for the beginning of the coming week, and the intervening time appeared far too short for half the affectionate arrangements Katherine had to make for all the objects of her care, during her absence. Mr. and Mrs.

Barton and the children were immediately sent for, that they might spend together the brief period that remained; and little Mrs. Pugh called regularly every day with an important face of apology, when she made her visits a few minutes shorter than usual on the plea, that—
“ People with families to look after, had always so many little things to do.”

Mr. Pugh, faithful to the last, in his attendance, stood armed at the door of the post-chaise with draughts in each hand, “ To be taken as before,” and as he put them into the pockets of the chaise, made the *amende honorable* with his conscience, by giving his candid opinion to Mr. Neville, that when they were finished, it might not be necessary to “ repeat the dose.”

We will pass over all the bustle of setting off, the tears and farewells at parting.— Rachel crammed the chaise as full of eatables as if it were going to traverse the Desarts of Siberia, instead of the great North Road.—



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information.

length the door was closed, the last adieu uttered out of the window, the glasses drawn up—Catherine's face hidden in her handkerchief, the postilion's whip cracked, the horses started forward, and the travellers were off for the Continent.

As we are writing a novel and not a tour, though according to the modern mode of manufacturing the articles, there is sometimes not much difference between them, we shall not follow our travellers step by step, through a route made sad to each, by parental anxiety on one side, and unavailing regrets on the other.

Catherine had entreated her father to avoid going through London, and he, anxious to study her slightest wish, took the way of Brighton to Dieppe, and shunning the French Capital, the very thought of the gaieties of which, at such a time, was repugnant to him, proceeding by Beauvais and Rheims, to Chalons-

the House and House, where they rested a
 while a moment, for travelling seemed that
 to be a time for either the health or spirits of
 the traveller.

Mr. Harris felt some gratification in exam-
 ining the remains of antiquity, with which
 the House of House and its environs abound,
 and from a sojourn, he derived the chief
 interest of his day from his enquiries into the
 state of religious discipline in the place, where
 a large proportion of Parishes are to be
 found in a very short part of France; and
 as the House and increasing as he approached
 the place, that had long existed so large, and
 diminished a portion of it, he became anxious
 to visit the ruins of Fountains, one the second
 great town he intended, so to render the
 country of House more dangerous, if not im-
 possible. Accordingly, the day after the
 instant, they resumed their route: for Mr.
 Harris considered all unnecessary travelling as

that day, as including as great breach of it, as if it was passed in manual labor, or any other worldly pursuit ; and he could not but admire the inconsistency of some refined consciences, who could deplore, as it is to be deplored, the spectacle of masons and carpenters, laboring at their avocations on the seventh day ; when they were perhaps at the same time pressing both man and beast themselves into their own service, by wantonly choosing to continue their migrations on the day, when both were commanded to rest from their labour, and this with rarely any better excuse, than that they did not know what else to do with themselves.

How would Catherine, under happier circumstances, have enjoyed the beautiful and varied scenery that began to unfold itself as they approached the Alps !—but now, alas ! hill and valley,—torrent and mountain, only seemed to

made her there and more conscious of her separation from Hamilton,—and

“To drag a sick woman a longening chair.”

For though she had relinquished all hope of happiness with him, herself she had not therefore ceased to be interested in his welfare, and above all in his honor and reputation—and sometimes she would exclaim in the grief of her heart—“his name will never reach me in these Alpine solitudes—and it is well!—I shall be spared the misery of hearing it coupled with obloquy and reproach.” The grandeur, the sublimity, of Mount Cenis, the novelty of the passage across it, and the interest inspired by the approach to the districts where they meant to take up their abode for many weeks, perhaps months, roused Catherine, however, from her melancholy abstraction, and her father from the

langour of the illness which still preyed upon him—his enthusiasm awakened amid scenes dear alike to the historian and the poet—Virgil, and Silius Italicus, presented many an appropriate passage to his memory; and when he could withdraw his eyes from the stupendous features of the view, and the somewhat startling wildness of the passes, he eagerly searched his Polybius, and Livy—for he had been careful to provide himself with half-a-dozen of his favorite authors, as travelling companions,—for the account of the progress of Hannibal over the same Alps, which he himself was now, even to his own amazement, so unexpectedly exploring.

Rugged, dreary, and desolate, was the way which conducted to the valley where the Waldenses,—the descendants of the pure and primitive Church of Christ, to which every other Protestant Church in Europe owes its origin; still retain their humble possessions—fenced in by rocks, and guarded by torrents; it should

seem that nature herself had resolved them from the oppressors, with their poverty and humility were left in the retirement their situation;—their peace, their piety, were insured to them. When, however, craggy defiles were passed, a more interesting scene presented itself, in the prettily situated village of St. Etienne, between Augrognon and which combined the natural beauty of the one, with the more sublime features of the other. It was to this village, that Mr. Neville were particularly directed; it was with its pastor Arnaud, that many years corresponded; the venerable was a descendant of the celebrated general, under whose martial arm, and acquaintance, "*La Glorieuse Rentrée des Peuples dans leurs vallées*," which he lived to publish twenty years afterwards, was effected by an heroic band of eight hundred

spirita, who, against the conjoined armies of France and Savoy, amounting to twenty-two thousand men, to use the simple, though energetic language of their leader, succeeded in opening a passage for themselves, through Savoy and Upper Dauphiny, putting their enemies continually to the rout, and at last miraculously recovering possession of the land of their inheritance; maintaining themselves in it sword in hand, and re-establishing therein the pure worship of God, which had been interdicted for the three years and a half before.

Never was a more lovely Alpine solitude beheld, than this pretty village: it was indeed "*una pianura fertile e graziosa*,"—The cottages were half hidden in the gardens and orchards, among which they stood, sheltered with stately chestnuts, and spreading mulberries; to the summits of which, the grateful tendrils of the vine aspired, and stretching from branch to branch, formed a luxuriant line of canopy between the

...which they intersected; the ground was beautifully varied with gentle undulations and rising hills, which gradually reached into a chain of lofty mountains, as when the sun shone the sun shone with living light. In the distance, forming a sublime background to the scene, were the high, dark, jagged peaks of the right, were seen a few, piled upon one another, and we had a view of many valleys from the bottom of the gorge, traversing the valley with winding roads, crossed by wooden bridges, and rising to our feet the water-fall on the left, which as an audience above, seemed to witness of a fearful crash, and on the right the great the venerable church, standing in the middle of the city of Castile. From the spot the land Catherine's eyes.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "it is like our own the Netherlands!" and as if already infected with the epidemic of rage, she burst into a flood of tears. Margaret, who had long been trans-

planted from the outside of the vehicle to the inside, and beguiled alike the tedium and the dangers of the route with her knitting, made it a point of honor to follow her mistress's example, and sobbed most audibly.

"It is like it, indeed," said Mr. Neville, "and let us hope we may find the same comfort within its sacred walls. Yes, to be sure, it is the very same thing, with that crag hanging over it; it is exactly as if Castleberg had prevailed on the genius of the Alps to bring it here to claim kindred with these primeval masses. The name too, has an affinity, Castleberg and *Casteluzzo*; singular enough. I doubt not it could be traced up to the same root. I wish I had brought my dictionary of derivations along with me."

The declining sun was now throwing a crimson glow over the whole scene, which lent it a thousand new glories—the driver quickened his pace down a long and comparatively smooth

discontent, as they drew near. Neville had taken precaution, who was going to the Pastor, of their arrival before they thought the time to deliver the unworthy minister advance to meet them; he carried a bearded staff, on which he had his silver hairs, and black short Geneva cut, floated in his breech, whilst his borrowed a temporary western sky, as from an hourning that a friend, who respected, through the device, should have come their mutual good under intercourse.

No sooner did Mr. Neville it was Armand himself, and

haste to greet him, than he alighted from the chaise to meet, and reciprocate his salutation. It was a lovely and an apostolic sight, to see two men so venerable, so zealous, so simply minded, locked in each others' arms, in a truly Christian embrace. Mr. Neville, at length, disengaged himself, and was the first to speak.

"My brother, and my friend," said he, "circumstances have unexpectedly occurred to me, which the weakness of my nature, shrinking from its allotted trials, has grieved over as afflictions—nevertheless, I cannot deem them altogether unfortunate; for through them it is, that I have been enabled to visit your sacred valleys, to become acquainted with yourself, to offer you my consolations for the trials with which you have been chastened, and afford you some trifle of relief, towards the necessities of your flock."

The Alpine Pastor would have expressed his

thanks, but Mr. Neville affectedly interrupted him.

"My stay among you," he could be of some continuance—therefore premature in my enquiries—perhaps, then, to introduce to you my daughter; she is familiar with your virtues."

"As the daughter of so kind a father already dear to me," said Anne, "I doubt not but she will be equal to her own sake, when I come to know her."

They now all proceeded towards the house and arrived at the house of the mother. The last gleam of twilight gradually faded from the sky. As soon as the little party crossed the threshold, the venerable Anna laid her hand on Catherine's head, and blessed her, in the most impressive manner; she, dropping on her knee, and

hands in all the fervour of the devotion his piety inspired,—silently raised her prayer to heaven, that she might derive eternal benefit from the example of religion and purity, its dispensations had conducted her to witness:—he then extended his patriarchal benediction to Margaret, who received it with as much awe, as humility; and then gave the kiss of peace to his brother, according to the apostolic injunction; and thus the ceremony of welcome ended.

The worthy minister next introduced the different members of his family, to his guests. Alas! it was but the remnant of what it had once been; of his own children, not one remained to him,—of five sons, three had fallen in battle—one died in prison—and one with his wife and infant, was starved to death, in a cave, wherein he was forced to seek shelter, from an infuriated band of Catholics; his only daughter he was, at that time, with all the rest of the family, in mourning for; and all that remained

to him were four of her children, whom he now separately presented; the younger two, Bernardin and Leolotte, a boy and girl, of twelve and thirteen years of age, stood one on each side of his elbow-chair; Victor, an elder brother, of about seventeen, of a pale complexion, and serious though sweet cast of countenance, laid down his mossy and antique folio, which bore for title:—“*Historia Générale des Eglises Evangeliques des Vallées de Piémont,*” and coloured with all the engaging, modesty of youth, as his grandfather introduced him, as an aspirant for the honor of ordination in the sacred calling of his forefathers; and lastly glided forward Mariette, the eldest of the little band of orphans, whom the miseries of war, and the oppression of intolerance, had cast upon their grandfather, for their sole support. From fifteen years of age, owing to the delicate state of her mother's health, this lovely girl had been the guide of his house, the comfort and prop of his

declining years, and the instructress, almost the mother of her younger brothers and sister.—Yet was she not what she had been only a few short months before!—then, hope and joy sparkled in her eyes, and playful as the kid upon her native mountains, she delighted in all the duties that devolved upon her, whether it were to set out her grandfather's frugal board, with the produce of her dairy and garden, or to assist him in visiting his parishioners, or to follow her little flock of sheep and goats through the winding ascents by which they loved to seek their herbage, or to bring them safe home again, and place them in security for the night, or to take her wheel, and beguile its labours with the devotional strains of her ancestors, or to impart her little stores of knowledge to her sister and youngest brother, in their evening lessons, still every thing was a willingness and joy. Now she was pale and spiritless,—her voice scarcely rose above a whisper, and sighs, of which she

seemed unconscious, when interrupted her replies; but it was only to reply that her voice was heard. Her grandfather regarded her with tender gaze, and spoke in faltering accents of her declining health. His expressions caught her ear, and rousing herself from her languor, she approached Catherine, and in an ardent manner, offered her her services.

It was easy at one glance to see that the minister's house was not capable of sustaining such an addition to his own family; and the scantiness of its furniture presented another obstacle to the entertainment of guests. Every where, indeed, it bore the stamp of poverty, but it was poverty combined with that comfort which cleanliness, cheerfulness, affection and piety will give to the humblest habitation. The blazing logs of wood on the hearth threw a cheering light upon the walls, the tendrils of the vine intertwined with the clematis supplied the place of drapery or curtains to the wide casements, a

coarse straw mat, spread here and there on the brick floor, served for carpet and hearth rug, the table of walnut-tree wood was surrounded with chairs of the same material, and though it was covered with a home-spun cloth, which atoned by its whiteness for the coarseness of its texture, yet on that cloth were only spoons of pewter, rubbed, indeed, as bright as the character of the metal would allow, wooden trenchers, and crockery of the cheapest description.

The only effect this survey produced in Mr. Neville's mind, was to make him recollect, with somewhat of uneasiness, that silver, china, and a few favorite pieces of cut glass were to be seen upon his table; and he would almost have felt like Diogenes, who cast away his bowl, blushing to find himself in possession of a superfluity, had not the sight of a curious, old-fashioned clock, of elaborate workmanship, and a richly carved armoire, evidently of very antique date, reconciled him to the idea that even the

remains of better days

and with somewhat of

Catherine was equal

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Marion and Lillian

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was all her little stores afforded ;—nothing more but a bottle of wine was added to the repast, and the travellers found altogether abundantly sufficient to recruit their spirits, after the fatigues of the latter part of their journey. Mariette, in the interim, busied herself with arrangements for the future comfort of Mr. Neville, and his daughter. Fortunately, an adjoining cottage was at this time vacant, in consequence of the occupant, with his family, having removed to Turin; the furniture, though sumptuous compared to the minister's, inasmuch as it comprised a tattered sofa, a remnant of carpet, two coloured drawings, in gilt frames, and a faded crimson curtain, which had not been thought worth removal—were therefore left behind, in the hope that some young couple might, one day, make altogether a bid for it—After a few minutes consultation, it was agreed that Mr. Neville, Catherine, and Margaret, should take possession of such rooms in this

cottage, as might be deemed most desirable; and Lolotte, on hearing the decision, immediately ran to get wood to make fires in the apartments.—Margaret went to assist her, and with much merriment of signs and words, rendered intelligible every now and then, by pointing to the things signified, their united exertions soon made every thing comfortable. Family worship was then performed—the greetings of the night exchanged, and Catherine kissed her father at the door of his room, close to her own, and very soon after, on a bed of beech-leaves, newly gathered, fragrant and soft, and covered with sheets white as the mountain snows, was lulled to sleep by the distant roar of the torrent of Augrognæ.

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTICATION ABROAD.

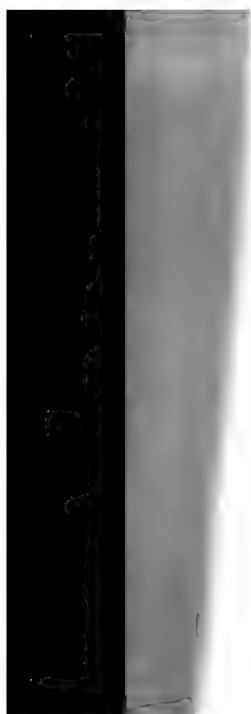
A VERY few days were sufficient to blend together, in friendly and unceremonious union, the families of the Rector of Nethercross, and the Pastor of St. Etienne; a stranger would have thought, on seeing them round the hospitable board, or blazing hearth, that they were knit together by bonds of consanguinity, or at least of long and familiar intimacy: the

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WEEK - 2 - CONCEPTS AND

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cutting out toys and figures in wood, carving models, and making small pieces of machinery. These however were recreations—all the business of the season was the acquirement of information. It was only in the winter that the schools were open, for at other times of the year the young people were too much scattered, by the pastoral nature of their occupations, to be able to congregate together for the purposes of instruction: now, however, they were thronged, and presented a most interesting spectacle of intellectual application, and craving after knowledge, even amid so many privations, and such excessive poverty, that some of the schools in the district had been of necessity closed, from the utter impossibility of affording the master any compensation for his time; though in many of the instances all that was required did not exceed in its annual amount the sum of twenty English shillings.—Yet beautiful was it to see the zeal by which the deficiencies



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adorn it with the graces of good life, and to keep "steadfast to the end," were the themes which the venerable Arnaud mingled with his instructions in the learned languages, in which he was thoroughly skilled. And delightful it was thus to see learning the handmaid of piety, and deference wait upon instruction.

Persecution in religion, like adversity in private life, knits those subjected to it, still more strongly together; and the pastors among the Waldenses, the support and comfort of their people in the hour of trial, were looked up to, in the brief periods of comparative serenity, as their tutors and friends, as well as their spiritual guides. Mr. Neville contrasted this dutious submission, and willingness to be instructed, with the cold indifference, the contemptuous criticisms of more luxurious congregations, begetting in return a mere lip-service and formal observance on the part of their ministers, thus estranged from all the sympa-

thies that ought to make their stations a labor of love; he contravened the pomp and indolence of spiritual life under the enervating influence of perpetual ease, with the unremunerated and scanty subsistence of the Walster. The parish of the venerable extended over many miles of mountain valley; crossed by torrents, impetuously exposed to imminent danger, from earthquakes and floods: yet these districts he traversed, in the most inclement seasons, for he could not afford other means of subsistence;—sometimes he went to preach to the remnant of a small band of parishioners among the mountains, in some accessible nook;—sometimes to console the afflicted, in a distant valley, and above all, where his cares called for his people from the constant efforts of the Catholics to perplex their belief,—to s

from the faith of their forefathers, and alternately to terrify them by threats of persecution, too often carried into effect in temporal things ; or to lead them away by the allurements of pleasure, and the cajolement of flattering promises. When these parochial visits were within moderate distance, Mr. Neville used to accompany his brother Arnaud, as he affectionately styled him ; but when they extended further, the good man would not permit him to do so ; and the state of cold and exhaustion, in which he himself too often returned, was painful evidence how far his exertions had been carried—but then, his grand-children hastened around him, with such affectionate attention, to revive his benumbed energies, that he soon recovered his wonted placid serenity.—Mariette had always a basin of warm milk ready for him ; Lolotte took his feet into her lap, to chafe them by the fire ;—Bernardine brought him his woollen wrapping-gown, and the rusty velvet

as it had the silver hair, as it had the silver hair, and Victor gave him a review of the whole and religious events of the day.

He would sometimes let advance of the comparative one of his own list, "cast in plaster" as if he had been a bishop, when he looked at the persecutions and persecutions of the suffering people, whose trials and sufferings and sufferings of them, had drawn him to the fact the practical sense of action he had a better ground, to become more intimately acquainted with them.

"It is strange," said Mr. Neville, one evening, as he was in friendly conversation with his son, while Catherine and Marianne were working at one end of the table, Bernardine and Louise were busy with and going out of box-wood in the other, and Victor patiently transcribing from a Greek Testament beside them—"it is, perhaps, a mistake to us, in our Established

Church, that centuries of peace should have released us from trials of every kind : we have, indeed, only our prosperity and its effects to contend with. And far more blessed is the task, to 'strengthen the feeble knees,' and support the innocent under suffering, than to rebuke the luxurious, in their indulgences, the profligate in their excesses. Scarcely ever that have I to do ; my flock live contentedly in the humble inheritance of their fathers ; and are secure by their simple habits and secluded situation, from any temptation to flagrant vice or enormity of crime. Little more is required of me than to keep them in the path of industry, in which providence has placed them, and in which they are so willing to remain that I have scarcely the pleasure of feeling myself accessory to their fulfilment of their duties."—Here Mr. Neville did himself injustice, and was reminded that he did so, by a look of affectionate reproach from Catherine.—"Sometimes my mind has aspired," he continued, "to

a more enlarged sphere of duty, more stirring exercises of the spirit; but, upon rigid scrutiny of my motives, I have generally found something of self-love, something like worldly ambition at the bottom of them, and, at any rate, I have the grace to feel and know, that if there were any state in our spiritual vineyard, in which I could be of more use to my fellow-men than in that which I now hold, I should assuredly be called to it by my Heavenly Father, in his own good time, even at the eleventh hour."

In discourses such as these, in schemes of benevolence, and in enquiries into the natural history and statistics of the country, the winter passed mainly to Mr. Neville; and could he have seen the true bloom again on his Catherine's cheek, he would have felt more assured, than he did, of unclouded health in himself.

Catherine, however, was certainly at times; and in longer periods together, less poignantly

unhappy than she had been at Nethercross. She was removed from those agonising alternations of hope and fear, love and indignation, resentment and pity, that had shaken her mind and desolated her heart, whilst exposed to impressions, that excited their perpetual recurrence. At first the languor that seemed to seize on all her faculties and affections, after the long overstrained excitement of them, was such, that she could only feel as if too suddenly had

——“ The whirlwind in her breast
Died into a dreary calm.”

but her sweet and feminine nature could never remain long insensible to the pleasures or pains of those around her; and now, as shes at like an elder sister, among the youthful branches of the pastor's family, generally teaching them what she knew, sometimes learning some pretty art from them in return, even the remembrance of her own sorrows

her opinion, of an earnest desire to chase
her of Rome.—The poor girl admired
him as a superior being; every thing
in his person, in his eyes, graceful, noble
and worthy of devotion, which she could
not but sometimes worship, was a still
stronger bond of sympathy with her, she
admired his state of health,
and frequently came to cheer her with reassu-
rance that he would recover. He endeavored to
give her calmness and was ever at her side
with soothing words, in the desire to accu-
stom her to the subject of her own
sufferings for she was weak, and it was only
that he was that raised her eyes
towards her grandfather alluded to the evils
which he suffered from the clashing of
Catholic and Protestant principles, and the
persecution and murder to which Protestants
were all subjects, were the evils incessantly sub-
jected the Catholics imagined her young

friend's griefs were in some measure connected with the state of religious feeling in the district.

Accident, however, produced that communication of her sorrows, which Mariette, though pining for sympathy, was too timid to offer ; and Catherine, though longing to console, far too delicate to seek.

CHAPTER V.

A LOVE STORY.

One morning, Catherine heard Mariette singing, in a low tone, an air of exceeding pathos and beauty: she had never known her to sing before, and after listening, till the notes died away in a melancholy cadence, she went into the parson, and found her there at work, and alone.

"Ah," said she to her affectionately, "this is the way you cheat us!—you are like the night-

ingale, you sing when you think there is no one to listen to you—but I heard you, and now to punish you for not singing to me before, you shall begin that pretty dove-like dirge again.”

Mariette's pale cheek was suffused for a moment with a blush, which told how much the glow of health would have become it.

“O Miss Neville,” she said, “you are used to far other music than mine; I can sing nothing that could interest you.”

“Yes, indeed, my dear Mariette, any of your pretty native airs will please me; and I shall like to learn some of them from you—let me begin with this which I have just heard—it is so full of feeling—tell me the words.”

Mariette blushed more deeply.

“They are nothing,” said she, “at least, they express only the feelings of an insolated, unhappy being.”

The tears rushed into her eyes;—Catherine took her hand affectionately.

"O dear Marjorie," said she, "I fear I have troubled your sorrow by my importunity; if I have, pray forgive me."

"Oh no," Marjorie exclaimed, with an energy which she had not before shown, "my sorrows must wait, for mine! they never sleep," and she wept, while Catherine at the sight of so much affliction in one so young, so gentle, so devoted, wept too—but Marjorie dried her tears, when she saw Catherine's flow in sympathy.

"Now Neville," said she, "do not let me trouble you—I will tell you all my griefs; you will comfort me under them,—for condolence is necessary to a heart bruised as mine—but I will not begin my story now—I will sing you the first song, as you rightly called it, if it will comfort you—but do not criticize it, for both the good and bad are a melancholy fancy of my own, and no one has ever heard them but your-

self."

She began in a voice tremulous with emotion,

and Catherine too well divined the cause, in the words to which she listened, with as much sympathy as attention.

"The grave! the grave! my hope is in the grave,
No other home, no other rest I crave;—

That dark and narrow bed
I long to press,—to sleep beneath the sod,
Where human footsteps never careless trod,
To wake the holy stillness of the dead.

"No stone to mark the solitary spot,
To tell a hapless name, a mournful lot,

By secret sorrow tried;
Yet should the sigh of recollection swell
One heart, alas! too dear—that heart can tell
The tale—'She lived, she loved,—loved, wept, and died.'"

Mariette paused at the concluding stanza, but oh what a chord it had struck in Catherine's heart!

"Ah, Mariette," she exclaimed, "in that one line, how many a woman's history is told! to love, weep, and die;—to love unknown, to

very unsexed, to die unpitied, has been the fate of thousands, gifted by nature, with every requisite for happiness—yes, Mariette, depend upon it, whatever your sorrows may be, you have plenty of companions in affliction, among your own sex—this world is truly called the school of suffering, and women begin to learn its lessons, as soon as ever they are capable of knowing why they weep."

Mariette smiled mournfully, for it was sweet to her to find that she had a friend, who could understand her feelings.

"We will walk out this evening," said she, "and see the sun-set, from your favorite point on the first plateau of the mountain—there is a seat in a recess near the chalet," and here Mariette sighed, "we can sit there, and see the glorious valley all lit up with crimson and gold; and then I will tell you all I have suffered—all that presses upon my heart."

"It will be a pleasure to me to walk with

you, my dear Mariette," said Catherine, "and to listen to you—at any rate I can sympathize in your griefs; and if I can advise with you, on them, or in any way lessen them by my condolence, I shall be happy to think that you have admitted me to your confidence."

So the two sisters in sorrow, parted;—Mariette to wipe away the traces of her tears, and prepare to meet her grandfather at dinner, with all the cheerfulness she could assume; and Catherine to write Mariette's stanzas, from recollection, to arrange them into English verse,—to sigh over the despairing sentiment they breathed, and to resolve to struggle against its infectious influence.

Towards sun-set, the young friends set out to walk according to their appointment—Lolotte, and her little brother, tripped by their sides, but soon, starting off in quest of their own pleasures, they left Mariette to begin the history of her trials;—

"My father, who was a minister of the blessed word," said she, "was slain in defending his little church, against a band of French soldiers. My mother, thus left destitute, in a solitary spot, immediately after his death, was turned out of her house, in order that a Catholic priest might be put into it, though all the people in the parish were Protestants, except the priest himself, and his servant; she removed with her infant children to my grandfather's. Her piety would have sustained her under the death of my dear father, but she had a heavy trial some months after, in the sudden disappearance of my eldest brother Pierre, not then nine years of age;—he had gone out early in the morning, according to his wont, with the gun;—the evening came, but he returned not;—my mother became alarmed, and insisted on going herself to look for him;—my grandfather accompanied her—they knew the little favorite well, the remains of a dilapidated chapel, where

He used to seek shelter from any sudden storm, and often loved to take his solitary meals; they hastened to it, and found his satchell, with the little store of provisions in it, destined for his dinner—the remains of his breakfast were on a square stone, which served him for a table, and beside it was his Bible turned down, as if he had been called away, whilst reading it—poor child!—it was at the history of Joseph sold by his brethren—this was all that could be traced of him—the goats were standing near as if waiting for him to conduct them back as usual; none of them were missing;—he therefore could not have gone astray, in search of any of them;—and as his dinner was untouched, it was evident that he must have left the chapel before the darkness of night could have exposed him to danger on that account. Still my poor mother was in a state of the most cruel incertitude; and my grandfather had great difficulty in persuading her to return home—all night she

watched, and would not even have closed, lest my brother should come in and find it shut—but day-light came, sun rose and set,—and rose and set day, and we never heard any thing of the unfortunate child. All the young men of the canton, the shepherds, and the chamois hunters, searched for him whenever they went out, but not the slightest trace could be discovered; and my mother was, at last, obliged to console herself with the hope that he was safe; as if he had fallen over a cliff, or been attacked by any rapacious animal, he would at any rate, would have been found. She was therefore, compelled to admit that he might have been taken away by some of the Catholic priests, who were continually on watch to kidnap the children of the Protestants in order that they might bring them to their own faith. But the grief attendant on this supposition added to the suspense in

feverish hope of his return constantly kept her, threw her into a deplorable state of nervous debility, which rendered every day of her succeeding existence burthensome to her; and a heavy affliction it was to my dear grandfather, to see all the active faculties and warm affections of his only surviving child thus clouded by the most distressing of all diseases."

Mariette's eyes swam in tears as she spoke, she kissed a little ring containing her mother's hair which hung by a black ribbon from her neck, and then proceeded.

"It was ten years last spring, after this event, that our little valley was thrown into alarm by the approach of a body of Sardinian troops, who were sent at the instigation of the Bishop of Pignerol, to levy fines upon our people, for having neglected to take off their hats to a great wooden image of Saint Donax, the bishop's patron saint. Our young men, indignant at the injustice, resisted the demand; the soldiers

threatened violence; and immediately the villages around, capable of bearing arms, in defence of their oft ravaged herds, the grandfather accompanied his flock, and by his prayers and consolations, the hearts of those who fought—the resignation of the old might fall;—my brother Victor, then about fifteen, headed a party of youths of his own age. It was a dreadful day for my mother and me;—we sat on my knees beside her—we heard the noise of shot, and at every discharge we started and shrieked, and uttered the most heart-rending exclamations;—suddenly we heard the sound of steps,—I flew to the door,—a young man, Victor in his arms; the blood was streaming from him;—I turned sick, and could scarcely support myself."

"Do not be alarmed said the young man,—"your brother is not dangerously hurt;—I will lay him on some straw, I will return in half an hour. His voice re-assured me—I went to my room."

dreading the effect of this immediately upon her ;—but to my great consolation, I found her excited, rather than agitated, it was only the incessant conflicts between hope and fear, the wearing agonies of suspense, that had shaken the energies of her naturally strong mind, but now that she comprehended the nature, and saw the extent of her trial, all the mother was roused in her, and the heroism of her character returned. We laid Victor upon some straw, and my mother bound up his wound, which was a deep incision across the shoulder of the sword arm ; he had fainted with the loss of blood, but came to himself as we removed him from the floor into bed ;—whilst we were doing this, his deliverer returned, supporting another young man, in a far more deplorable situation—his head was laid open, his arm hung useless at his side, and his countenance presented the most ghastly expression.

“ ‘ I have saved your brother ! ’ said the

young soldier, 'do what you like;—I fly back to try to intervene between your people and ours—God's blood may be shed.'

" 'Amen!' responded my mother now Mariette, let us see to this youth, we must do for him even for one of our own kindred.'

"We accordingly began to pull the hair from his temples, but the operation was more serious than our simple surgery; my mother trembled and was in tears, and I was so terrified by seeing the least motion gave him faintness in the arm, that I durst not render him assistance, but began to weep in the night might die before his kinsman should be happy; we were not long kept in alarm, we heard the drums beat retreat—we saw several peasants

damage that the adverse party had sustained, a considerable loss.

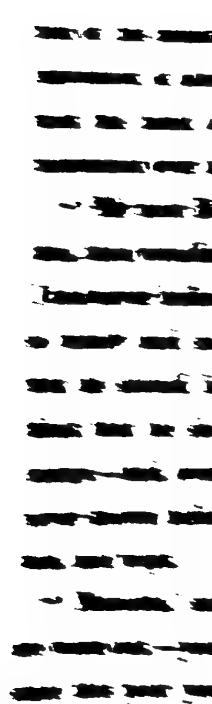
‘My poor Victor!’ said he, bending over him, ‘it might have gone hardly with thee, had it not been for that generous enemy, who had determined to rescue thee even from thine own party; but who is this?’ he exclaimed, and he looked at the other unfortunate, who lay motionless on the ground; ‘why it is the very man who separated thee from, who, with the fury of a lion’s whelp, would have cut thee down, boy, had he not been that I am, with his sabre, had not his companion staid his arm, as I called out to him to spare thee.’

My mother told my grandfather how it was that he was brought beneath our roof, entreas-

much as if he were my son:—
examine into his condition.’

“ My grandfather, used to fractures, and surgical cases, dressed his patient’s wound in the feared, he said, might be of a use then proceeded to set his arm. The youth was then put to bed, and a brandy-and-water given him, as we were doing nothing more stimulating; the next evening, all the night, and all day, my mother, my little sister and I were incessantly engaged in attending the invalids. Victor having only a slight wound, soon became convalescent. The poor youth, his antagonist, was unconscious of every thing about his situation, from which we had difficulty in waking him enough to take the solid and liquid nourishment, which sufficed to keep

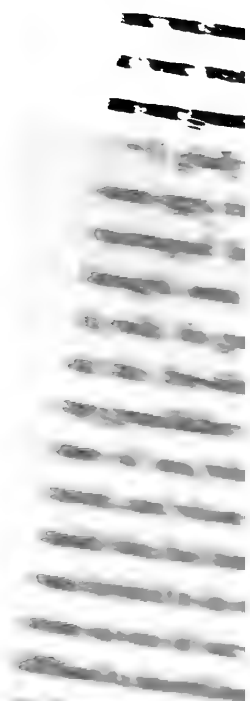
e. It was late in the evening of the third after he had been brought to us, when we heard a gentle tap at the door—I opened it—I saw the young soldier, who came with an order from the Hospice of Pignerol, for the return of the youth who was, he told us, an élève of that society; his removal, however, in his present state, was not to be thought of; his comrade went up to the bed-side to look at him, he took the lamp in his hand to observe him more narrowly—he was shocked at the situation in which he found him, and — oh, Miss Neville, how beautiful did his own countenance look, as it became overshadowed with sadness, whilst he leaned over the poor insensible sufferer: I had not till then observed how handsome he was,—I saw, indeed, when he returned the second time, (for the first time, I saw nothing but Victor,) that he was tall and graceful, I saw, too, that his eyes were dark and his eyebrows like the hunter's bow, but it



ed at me as if I had been his sister—he
my hand:

‘Yes,’ said he, as affectionately and as
ply as if he had indeed been my brother;
he looks pale and exhausted,—you shall all
to bed to-night. My name is Amédée
odin, I am Nephew to the Directeur of the
ospice;—I am come in time to watch over
my comrade, and when morning comes, I shall
not fear but you will extend your hospitality,
and make me welcome to a meal, if you see
that I am willing to sit down to your family-
board in christian fellowship.’

“ ‘Heaven forbid,’ said my grandfather,
‘that we should be so deficient in christian
charity, as to do otherwise,—nay, truly, I re-
joice that Providence should throw together
those of different persuasions, in moments of
peace; for then, in the hour of war, if alas, we
are doomed to be exposed to it, we may recol-
lect, at any rate, we are fellow-creatures, and I



with his gun, accompanied by Victor, never returned without some proof of his skill as a marksman or a hunter;—in the evenings he would go with me to bring the sheep home;—and when we all sat round the fire, he would make me sing our Swiss songs, or he would tell us some delightful story of other climes, which made Victor's heart beat to accompany him; but I thought I had travelled enough already, and—oh, Miss Neville—I could not help at times thinking, how happy I should have been if he had belonged to our village and our faith, that I might be sure of seeing him every day.

“Meanwhile, however, the poor sufferer began gradually to recover consciousness, and though at first first we feared the long stupor, occasioned by his wound, might, in some degree, have affected his intellect, we yet hoped, from the short sentences he uttered, and the notice he seemed to take of surround-

ing objects, that a few more days would enable him to sit up, and finally to return to Pignerol, the place to which our new friend Amédée Godin waited to conduct him.

“Alas! my dear Miss Neville, little did we think, when we prayed night and morning for the recovery of this stranger, thrown so mysteriously upon our cares, that it was destined to fill our cup with bitterness, to wing the arrow of death to some, and render life itself burthensome to others.”

The poor girl wept for some minutes, and Catherine entreated her not to proceed.

“Yes,” she said, “I will finish my story, I shall feel relieved when you know it all, you are kind enough to sympathise in my griefs, without being acquainted with their cause, and I wish you to know how much need I have of all the consolation your friendship can bestow.

“My mother was sitting one morning at

work by the bed-side of our invalid, and I was cutting out linen on a long table opposite; the clock was on the stroke of twelve,—at that hour it plays, as you have heard, the Bearnois hymn, on a set of little bells, —whilst the youth was very ill we had stopped these chimes, but now that he was well enough, to bear the sound, my brother Victor had set them again that morning, in order to surprise him with a melody that finds an answering chord in the breast of every inhabitant of the mountain districts. As soon as the clock struck, I turned towards the bed—the youth at the sound of the chimes gazed very attentively on the clock, and on the little figures that march round the gothic tower at the top of it. After the music ceased, he looked all round the room, and then turned towards my mother with a bewildered air, and gazed at her also;—at length he spoke,—‘The clock used to hang over the door,’ said he, ‘did it not?’ Delighted to hear

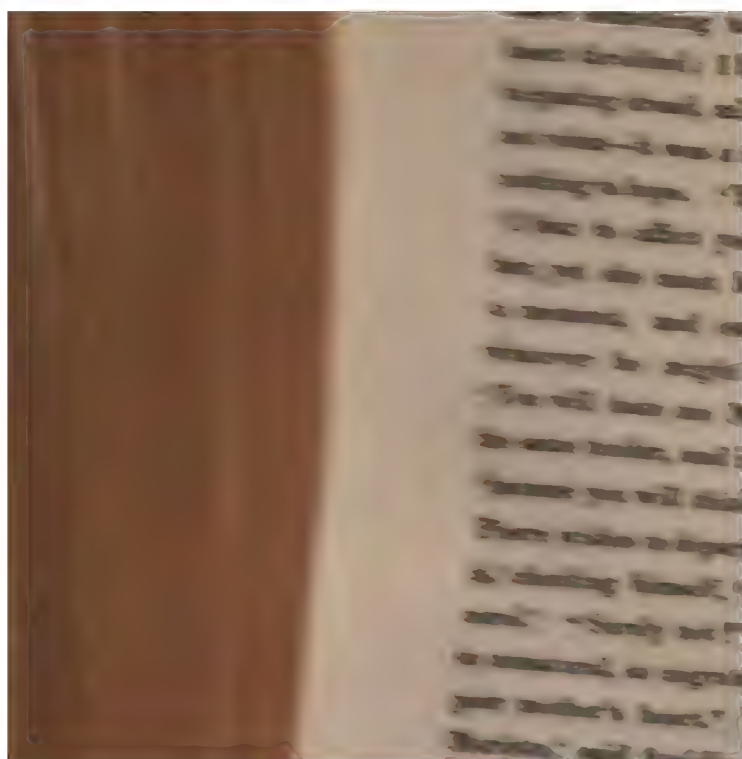
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entence, she had fainted on the bed, with
m thrown across my brother Pierre; for
was, Miss Neville, who had been thus
n, by the hand of providence, upon our
and who, now that he began to recover
ecollection, gradually recognised the ob-
with which he had been familiar in his
hood. It was a happy evening for us all!
lear grandfather returned thanks to the
ghty for the restoration of our long-lament-
ierre; my mother wept incessantly, but her
were those of joy, and her newly restored
kissed them off her hands as fast as they
Amédée alone appeared not to share in
general rejoicing. My brother Pierre had
us, in very few words, that whilst tending
boats on the mountains, he was accosted by
e strangers, who proved to be emissaries of
Monks of the Hospice de Pignerol; between
usions and threats he was induced to ac-
pany them. The brotherhood had educated

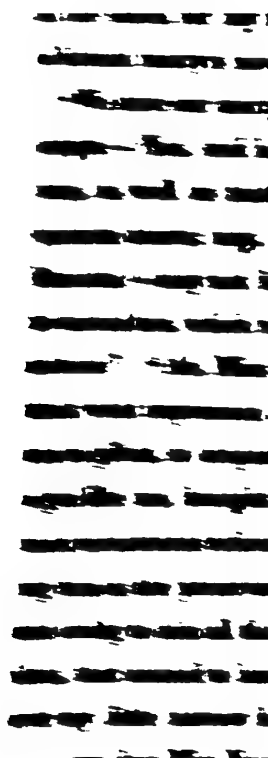
him, he said, in the holy tenets of the Church, and had treated him, had been under their pious parental tenderness.

“ We all sighed at hearing this, but my grandfather would not make either enquiry or remark that might diminish with our own joy, or cause him to feel in his weak state. ‘ Our son is now found,’ said he, ‘ and all that we have at present, is to be thankful and rejoice. He went out, and returned in laden with what little dainties he had in the village, and my mother showed her best stores, and we made a li-
amid our rejoicing, there was a li-
minds, that his long absence fi-
tenets in which he had been e-
operate in Pierre’s mind to proc-
like estrangement from his natur-
too surely it proved. As he

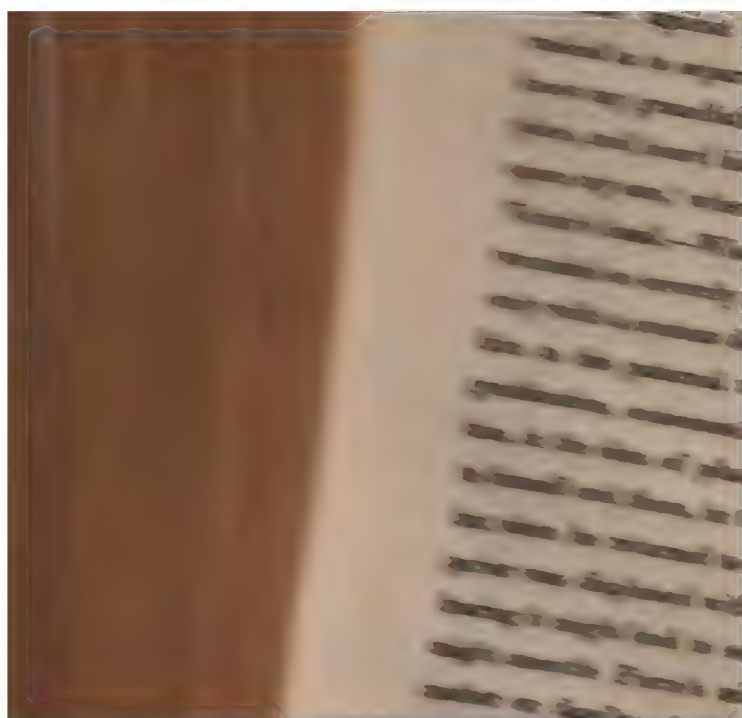
strength, he became more and more thoughtful, and it was evident his heart was with his instructors in the Hospice. When he could go about, he never staid in the room during our devotions, but would cross himself, and retire to the garden, where he had erected a wooden crucifix, before which he would kneel for hours together, and sometimes we could hear him repeat prayers to different saints, to preserve him from the evil influence of associating with heretics, as he, in the presumption of his youth and bigotry of his profession, dared to call my pious grandfather, and my meek and humble-minded mother, as well as his brothers and sisters.—Amédée saw the cloud that all this threw over us, and shared in the gloom, though, alas, he could not sympathize in its cause,—he came to meet me, one evening, when I had been on an errand into the village to a sick parishioner, ‘Mariette,’ he said, in a voice so deep, and yet so tender, that no one who listened to him would



thought of that, and I wept the more, for it seemed to me that I was about to lose two brothers at once.—‘I had hoped, Mariette,’ said Amédée, and he put his arm so affectionately round me, for I trembled like an aspen, ‘that your mother would have been spared this trial,—and that Pierre would have left you without any circumstance occurring, that should reveal his relationship.’ “Ah then,” said I, “you knew it, why did you not tell me at least.” ‘Because I feared to afflict you with the idea of his return—which I knew could not be avoided; for from my uncle, the Directeur of the school in the Hospice, I learned, long since, that the monks keep particular watch upon Pierre, because they think he has a vocation to a religious life. Yes, my dear Mariette,’ he continued, ‘I see this idea shocks you, who have, I grieve to think, been brought up out of the pale of the Holy Mother Church; but I do not love you less for that, because it is what you cannot be said to have

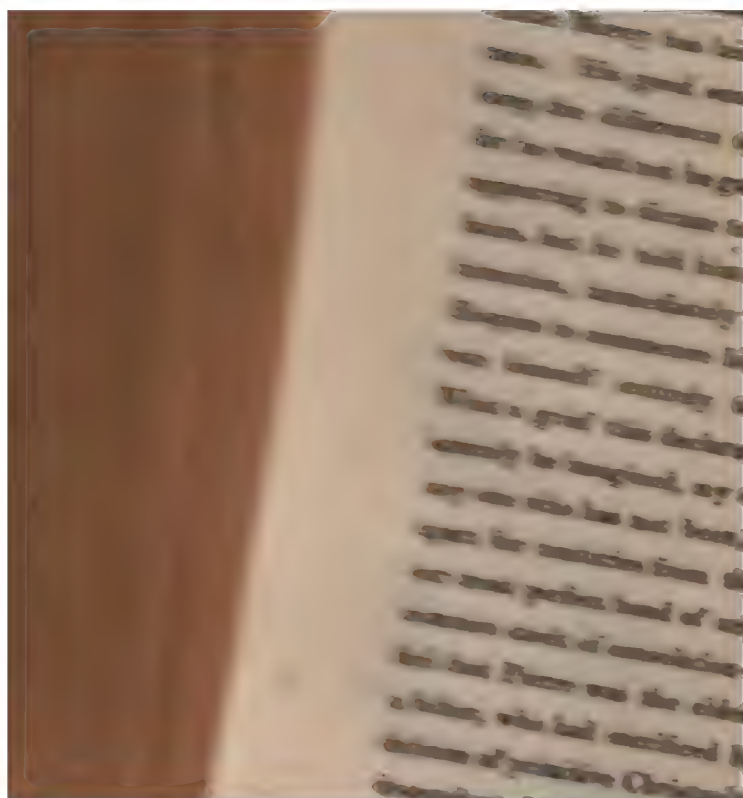


sweet consolation to me, that I can pour my griefs into your bosom—only a few days ago, I should have thought it impossible that I could have confided them so entirely to a stranger—but you are not a stranger—no, we are walking in the same road to eternal life. ‘And have the same obstacles to struggle with,’ thought Catherine. “We have the same blessed hopes—and we have both our sorrows, though of a different kind; but I will go on—my story will soon be at an end.—Amédée explained to my mother, and grandfather, that he was aware of Pierre’s connections being in this village; his uncle having informed him of the circumstances attendant on his being brought away from his native mountains; for the Catholics, so far from thinking it any crime to decoy, or steal a Protestant child, and thus plunge his parents and kindred into misery; glory in it as the meritorious rescuing of a heretic from perdition; and

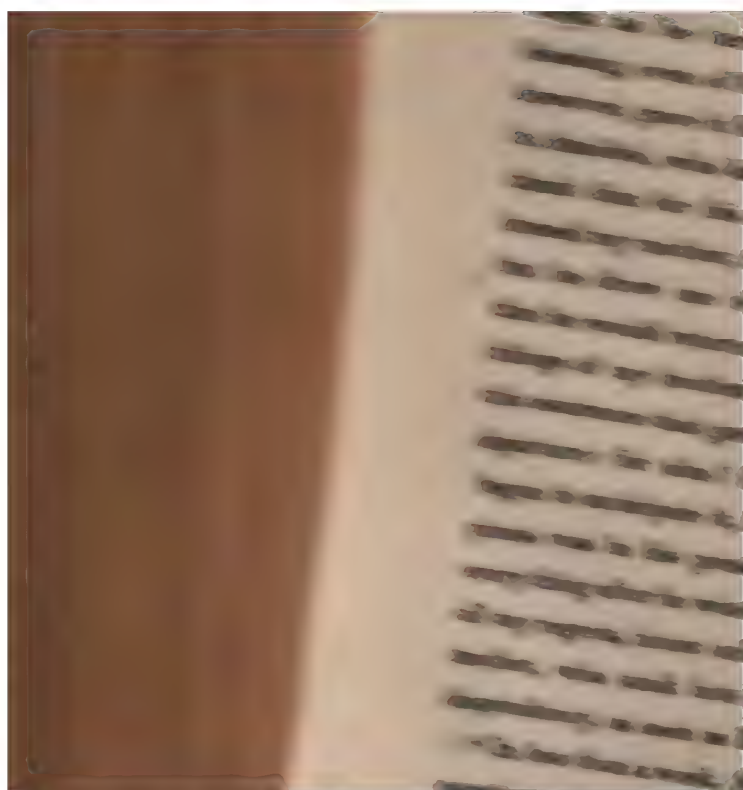


Pierre, or as they chose to re-christen him, Bonaventure, should be sufficiently recovered, to return with him."

"We owed too much to Amédée, to include him in our resentment against the cruel machinations of the brotherhood of the Hospice, for in them he had had no share; he had indeed been like an elder brother to Pierre, who entertained for him a degree of affection as well as of reverence; of which poor Victor, who had often wished for a companion of his own age, felt jealous. Indeed, from the time of our relationship being discovered, every day brought some wound to our feelings, it was evident that though Amédée might be no bigot, Pierre was a most decided one—he seemed to tremble, as if he committed a sin, in returning any of our caresses—he could scarcely bear to sit down at table with us, because we did not cross ourselves, before we ate, and whenever the Bible was opened, he turned away his eyes, as if he feared



for centuries, endured every species of persecution, faithful to their tenets, and glorious examples of their truth—and now, alas! when he might have been the comfort of us all, to see his best affections and principles thus warped by superstition! his natural love to his mother and kindred, swallowed up in the fervor of his gratitude towards the tutors of his infancy, overlooking entirely the atrocious means by which they had possessed themselves of the power of directing his education, and influencing his mind—his beautiful devotional feelings, and early abandonment of the world, all warped and twisted, and offered up amiss. This was a grievous trial to my grandfather, and whilst my mother, with the tenderness of her nature, wept the estrangement of her child, her first-born, my grandfather deplored in it the loss of a ‘burning and a shining light,’ which might, in time, have guided his own congregation on their way through this weary wilderness of a world.—



cheered my mother with an affectionate letter from Pierre; for it seemed as if the poor youth, finding himself once more secure within the pale of his monkish seclusion, felt a little more at liberty to express some, at least, of the dictates of nature; and the monks, who had in this instance, their own policy for appearing liberal, and indulgent, had laid no restraint on his manner of communicating them; and my mother both wept and smiled, as she perused his assurances, that he supplicated the Virgin for her conversion every morning and every evening, at Matins and Vespers—and had already repeated fifteen-hundred Ave Marias since he had left her, in furtherance of the cause.

“As soon as Amédée could find himself alone with me, he poured forth all the feelings of his glowing heart; he told me he had obtained a promise from his uncle to procure him a dispensation for our marriage; for you may



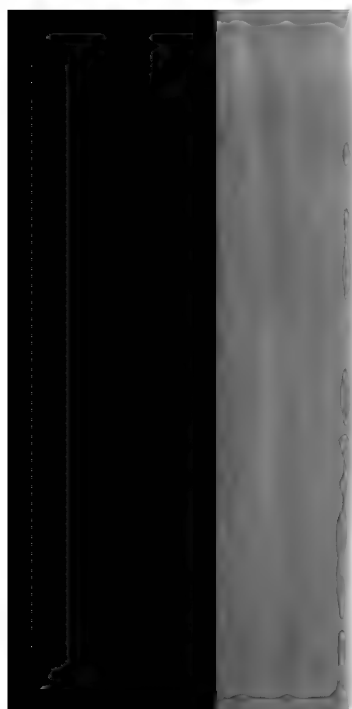
would not to solemnize
Catholic and a Protest
ant would interfere
or obstruct his own
time and Heaven to be
of his Church.—He p
dent on the union of two
harmful colors, that I v
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whilst I listened, I fel
not destined for me. I
lear to damp his hopes
convinced with them
I suffered him to open
subject, but alas! she
immediately on his pr

of her children being in any way allied with his betrayers; she acknowledged all the virtues of Amédée, but she weighed against them the difference of his religious sentiments, the misery of having the offspring of our marriage brought up in tenets so opposite to all in which I had been educated—the obstacles those tenets must perpetually throw in the way, even of our own domestic happiness; I had not thought enough of these things, but now I saw that to act counter to her wishes, would be to fill up her cup of sorrow with its last and bitterest drop, and I conjured Amédée to withdraw his suit, at any rate, until her health might be in a state better able to bear a discussion, which, feeble as she then was, shook her almost to dissolution. He loved me too truly not to comply with my wish,—he went away, but only on condition that I would permit him to return at the expiration of a month, to make one more effort to gain my mother's consent to our union.

Alas! before that month expired, she was laid in the silent grave! she had worn out her powers both mental, and she never recovered sustained in the sudden discovery of nursing her own dear child subsequent voluntary desertion of her. No other light could she ever be taught his return to the Hospice; though even had he wished to remain within the canonical laws against our devoted not have allowed it. After my mother I strove to forget every thing, to supply her place to my grandfather, brothers and sisters; for oh, Miss, the loss of a mother is always severe though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the family, still she is a sweet radiance around which affection and obedient thousand tender endeavors to please

trate; and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn,—it is like that lovely star before us, neither its heat nor light are any thing to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it, when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain, over which it rises when the sun descends.

“ Amid all my grief for my mother's loss, and the additional cares which I took upon myself in consequence of it, I yet could not help counting the days that were to elapse before I should see Amédée again, and I found afterwards, that it was his image which consoled me so amidst my trials.—At length he came, on the very day he had mentioned,—he started when he saw us in mourning—he instantly felt our loss—he wept it with us—he seemed to my grandfather like another son; O, if it had pleased Heaven that he could have been so in reality.—But so far from conceiving any obstacle to our union to be done away

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for him so immeasurably, that I felt as if I could not, of myself, support so terrible a struggle between my duty and my wishes:—I resolved to tell my grandfather every thing, and to entreat that if he could not conscientiously authorise my affection for Amédée, he would aid me by his prayers, to surmount it.—He listened to me with the kindness you must have seen is a part of his nature, and I was encouraged by it to pour out all my feelings into the bosom of him who was now my sole parent and guide.

“ ‘Ah, my poor child,’ said he, when I finished my appeal, ‘thou hast an early and a bitter trial, but He who visits thee with it can support thee through it—if it had been poverty, my child, or any other mere worldly obstacle, that interposed between the union of two faithful and uncorrupted hearts, like thine and his, I would bid thee hope, and I would trust that time and patience would

work through all difficulties, forth, at last, rejoicing; but this of worldly property, or work Marriage, my dear child, in the vout Christian, is an eternal com most holy of all states, the on and according to the degree i estimated, the spirit with which upon, may the state of religion i the parties be surely ascertain on their religious state prognost what it is, my dear child, for to link their fates, as to desire to soul between them,—think wh a transcendant blessing it mus that desire fulfilled, as it und be, in time, to all who appro of the Lord, in a right spirit, t blessing upon their union; to th image of himself, the union of h love, shadowed forth in his favo

us in the union between Christ and his Church, adorned as a bride for her husband; by which we may understand also, the natural delights and endearing ties, which are all sanctified to us by the approbation and blessing of our heavenly Father, when acknowledged with thankfulness, as coming from his parental hand,—but then, what a continual growing in grace ought such a state to be! How ought all its trials, for the happiest state must have its trials, to be made to tend to its purification! How ought you to give up to each other, to seek counsel of each other, to support each other, to heighten each other's faith, to rejoice with the same hopes: ah, my child, think seriously of this—those who have no religious feelings in common, however sincere each party may be separately, can never be married in spirit, their union can never rise beyond that of the body only, their affections can never sublime beyond natural things,—in all



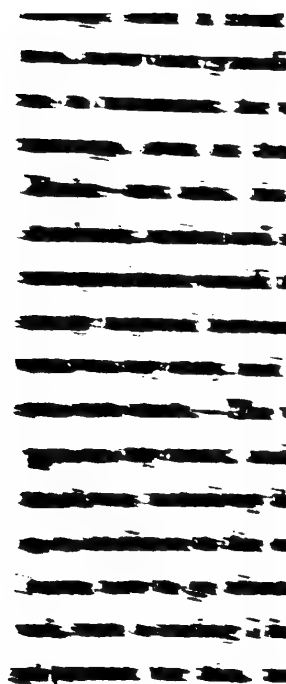
and even enable
dom and death, not
out with triumph; how
prayers of my childhood,
of my dear grandfather,
superstition, cruelty, and im-
g the pure spirit of Christi-
which had acted upon our people
ge and a curse, from one generation
; how could I leave my dear kindred
ranger brought up in this creed, with
friends and relatives nurtured in it, and
every principle what to him appeared
onor and religion, concerned in the propaga-
tion of it.—O no! he was himself, by nature,
noble-minded, liberal and tolerant, but his early
impressions were stronger than himself; and
though his love for me inclined him to look
upon my heresies, as he did not scruple to call
my freedom from his errors, with pity, rather
than displeasure, yet, I was aware they would

the most solemn interests of immortal beings, they can never be of any use to each other;—and after the endearments of youth are passed, old age comes on, without any increase of confidence, and at last they go down solitary, and by different paths to the grave.—”

Marietta made a long pause, but after a while she exerted herself, and continued.

“After this conversation, my grandfather said me that he should leave my decision entirely to myself; adding, that it was a matter of conscience as much as of affection, and if I sought for counsel in prayer I should not be left without guidance; and so too surely I felt it to be, and too well did I feel which way my conscience ought to guide me: how, indeed, could I think of forsaking the simple and primitive worship of my forefathers, preserved for centuries, a peculiar people consecrated to God, and blessed continually by his holy spirit, supporting them under every description of

penury, privation and sorrow, and even enabling them to meet martyrdom and death, not only with resignation, but with triumph; how could I forsake the prayers of my childhood, the venerable offices of my dear grandfather, for a creed of superstition, cruelty, and imposture, belying the pure spirit of Christianity, and which had acted upon our people like a scourge and a curse, from one generation to another; how could I leave my dear kindred for a stranger brought up in this creed, with all his friends and relatives nurtured in it, and believing every principle what to him appeared honor and religion, concerned in the propagation of it.—O no! he was himself, by nature, noble-minded, liberal and tolerant, but his early impressions were stronger than himself; and though his love for me inclined him to look upon my heresies, as he did not scruple to call my freedom from his errors, with pity, rather than displeasure, yet, I was aware they would



of my own griefs, to you, who are so anxious yourself about your venerable father, but I have not any thing more to say—I took my final leave of Amédée, here, on this spot—I felt his tears drop upon my hands, I saw his last look of agony and reproach; I heard him call me cruel, unfeeling, the destroyer of his happiness—and ever since that moment, I have longed to die—it is very wrong in me, very sinful; I feel it is not resignation—but I am endeavouring to teach my sister Lolotte, to manage the house and dairy, and to do every thing that can be useful to my grandfather; and I hope, he and my brothers and sisters will soon be reconciled to my departure, if it should please my heavenly father to call his murmuring child early to everlasting rest.”

Mariette paused, and Catherine affectionately drew her towards her.

“You have done your duty, Mariette,” said she, “you have made the greatest of all sacri-

from for conscience sake, and it may please the Almighty to console you for it, even here."

Mariette made no answer, but by a mournful shake of the head; and as they proceeded homewards in silence, Catherine could not but think, as she looked on the fading cheek and animated form of her young companion, that she was indeed not likely to remain long on earth struggling between the good feelings of her heart, and the stern dictates which duty laid down in her mind, enlightened as it had been from her tenderest years, with the pure and unsophisticated rays of heavenly truth.

But how many painful feelings,—what lively self-reproach, did this young creature's simple statement excite in Catherine's breast, as she wandered on the brow of the mountain, and pondered over the similarities, and the differences of Mariette's griefs and her own.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "her's is truly the rendering up the idol of her worship to Him

who has said, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me.'—And in what a fine spirit of humility and obedience she does it!—the object of her love is faultless in her eyes;—he loves her with passion still more ardent than her own;—every idea that either of them can form of happiness, is connected with each other; every tender feeling bound up with each other; their hearts, their unsophisticated hearts are entwined together; yet, at the voice of duty and religion, this gentle girl gains courage, to unloose the knot that binds them, to separate them; and even then accuses herself, because she weeps in doing so! What an example she sets me;—alas! how differently have I conducted myself under the same trial!—incessantly cherishing an image, of which even my own partial eyes see all the sad disfiguring imperfections; grieving my dear father's heart, with my sorrows; daring to murmur even against the merciful decrees of Providence. Oh, let me be thankful to heaven,



and to be generous in
your favor. I may
suffer, without that
which might have
I fear for your grand
and noble of his
great love in secret
heart, which and a
many great heart—
—as for the sake of
all—I will support it
that the heart of a
or doing, perhaps the
long back that power
and my heart, with it

CHAPTER VI.

AMENDMENT.

FROM the day that Catherine took the good resolution of sacrificing her own regrets to the happiness of those around her; she did indeed begin to experience, that in all endeavours to conquer feelings, which cannot be indulged without injurious consequences,

"Whilst the busy means are plied
They bring their own reward,"

Knowing that on the health of the body, much

of the health of the mind also depended, care was to recover her own, by habits which had always preserved it, until they had been interrupted by the excess of a sensibility, which came, in her, equally cause and expression of her spirits communicating to her frame, and the languor of her body unavoidably affecting her spirits. On some nights she resolved to overcome her weariness by days: for she was aware that the tear-worn eyes must eventually lose their natural rest, under the influence of a degree of fatigue, and exposure to the elements.

The spring was now rapidly advancing, and every day developed more and more the variety of beauty, which these Alps afforded.

Catherine wandered incessantly through the sublime scenery that surrounded her, and glorified herself with nature in her

among mountains, whose summits seemed to reach the skies;—forests of aged trees, that appeared covered with the globe itself;—torrents that rushed headlong over rocks, whose grim precipices seemed to rejoice in the whitening foam, and deafening roar;—the shifting magic of lights and shadows, more beautiful, more transporting than any thing that imagination could conceive, every thing speaking the greatness of the Creator's hand. Catherine continually felt her heart swell with devout admiration, her spirit lifted up with holy gratitude, to "Him who sitteth in the heavens over all from the beginning." And when amid these, his own inspiring works, she found herself reflecting,—
"Lord what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him."
Amid these scenes of primeval greatness, linked, in their origin, with eternal duration, how trifling appeared the ephemeral events of the short span of human life!—amidst this deep silence

•

of nature, how could the murmurs of human passion venture to make themselves heard! No!—as Catherine's soul mounted on the seraph wings of contemplation towards heaven, it gradually lost sight of the baser things of earth, which appeared but as specks in the vale of suffering and folly over which she soared.

Hamilton's characteristics were not of a kind to be assimilated with the sublime, either in material creation, or in abstract reflection; and gradually his image ceased to associate itself in Catherine's heart, with the surrounding objects: gradually she began to be conscious that, occupied with higher thoughts, moments and hours had passed without his being recalled to her memory: but satisfied with this conviction, half consolatory, half painful, she took care to run no risk of renewing her tenderness by any analysis of her feelings on being sensible of what she scarcely could bear to acknowledge to herself was a diminution of it. As the affrighted

traveller, when he passes the couchant lion, stops not to ascertain whether it sleeps, so Catherine, content to know that every step she made, in the path of self-controul, took her further from the dangers of the road, resolved not to look back upon any part of it, but steadfastly to keep her eye fixed upon the recovered peace which she hoped might await the end of her journey. Her resolution, however, was a little shaken by a letter from Louisa Longcroft, who, although she had laid it down as a rule to herself, after the explanation they had had on the subject, never to mention Hamilton's name to Catherine, either in conversation or in writing, thinking with Madame de Stael that "*les maladies de l'imagination s'augmentent, en les communiquant,*" now mentioned the name of one so nearly connected with it as to require fully as much resolution in Catherine to peruse the passage in which it was introduced.

After detailing all the little particulars con-

nected with Nethercross, and with herself, which she thought would interest Mr. Neville and Catherine; Louisa thus proceeded—

“Mr. Dacres has just called with the intelligence, that Sir William Forsyth is dead—a long eulogium on his virtues, follows the announcement of this event in all the papers; and in some of them a covert censure of her ladyship; which, if she have any feeling left, must, at such a moment, bring her to some serious reflection—but I fear that to expect this, is more charitable than reasonable. Mr. Dacres says that Sir William’s death is attributed, among his friends, entirely to his domestic chagrins; the idea of exposing his wife to public censure was insupportably painful to his feelings; the continuing to live with her, after the disgrace her conduct had brought upon her, was incompatible with his honor—the gout stepped in, and decided the conflict—her ladyship, if report does not belie her, will console herself as soon

as the period of her first mourning is expired by changing her name for one to which additional rank and influence may not be wanting as inducements.

Catherine was thankful that this allusion did not agitate her as it would have done a few months before ; her predominate feeling was for Hamilton ; but it was one of that disinterested regard of which only woman's heart is capable. She was thankful for any thing that spared him the disgrace of being held up, not, certainly, as the seducer of innocence, for of that his worst enemies could not accuse him, in the case in point, but as the betrayer of social confidence, which is one of the greatest injuries that can be committed against the spirit of society.

“ His crime, as it regards heaven,” said she, “ remains the same, its degree can only be known to that heaven and himself—let us hope that his repentance may be proved by his future conduct ; and that the partner in his guilt may

were interrupted, by the
noise, at the door.

Those who have ex-
posed often have received
misadventures, which, as
never more single, but
of comparative import-
ance, in comparison, has given
him. The receipt of a
letter, was an incident
which at St. Elmo; /
when one occurred drew
a stranger.

"A handsome young
fellow smiling," with
a voice that invites it

ask if divine worship would be celebrated to-morrow, as it was both his friend's wish and his own, to attend. I believe they are going to stay some time, and I am glad of it, for it will be a little society for you and your father."

"We want none, my dear Mariette, beyond what we have," said Catherine, "but I shall be very glad if this stranger find favor in your eyes, from his own being like Amédée's; I think it has had a little effect already."

"No, Miss Neville," said Mariette, with sweet, yet solemn earnestness, "you know me better than to think so—it is my greatest consolation to think, that I shall take Amédée's image with me, in all its freshness, into the next world."

"Yes," said Catherine, "you may indeed be consoled by that thought; for, however unfortunate your love may have been, no censure attaches to the object of it, and you may well

seek consolation in sympathy, but ask it without a feeling of degra-

This was the difference between situation and her own, which was painful to Catherine to be reminded of Mariette, with all the ingenuousness of nature, could pour her sorrows into Mariette's bosom, and dwell for hours on the graces, the virtues of Amédée.— Catherine was obliged to bury her secret in her heart, and felt as if she should have sullied the purity of Mariette's mind, by communicating to her, in return, any of her own griefs, or the defalcation of him with whom she was associated, and the vices of society were so mixed up, that she could not distinguish the cause of her unhappiness, without blame to the cause. Catherine knew, from experience, that when those thoughts began to take possession of her, the most dan-

she could have, was her own, and seeing her father pass the window, she seized her straw hat, ran after him, and entwining her arm in his, insisted upon his strolling with her on the borders of the lake.—It was near the hour of sunset, the lake reflected all the bright clouds above, with the deeper shades of the chestnut-trees, with which it was fringed,—the tinkling of the bells round the necks of the cows, who were returning homewards, alone broke the stillness all around, and every thing breathed of beauty and peace.—Whilst they gazed on the tranquil scene, they heard the sweet notes of the flute from some unseen point of the rock,—but presently the performer appeared, though at some distance, accompanied by a young man, who carried a portfolio under his arm.

“English travellers, no doubt,” said Mr. Neville.

“Yes,” said Catherine, “that one is En-

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ANONYMOUS.

What I am sure—it is that beautiful
words.

What kind of words, I am sure.
Will they be such that more?

"Yes, my dear, the words are Sheridan's."

It was I who wrote them,
The words left to me;
He who, as you well know,
The words are almost things,
Thought for me they are very easy,
To write the words easy.

Yes, very enough it is the air,—your dear
mother thought the words in Sheridan's happy-
ness—
on me—I quoted them once in a letter to
her, in one of our long separations, and she
loved them ever afterwards."

"And I love them too," said Catherine,
"as sure for that than for their own ele-
gance, elegant as they are—and the air too—
how nice and English it sounds on this even-

ing breeze. I dare say they are the two strangers that Mariette told me of, just before I came out."

"Well then, my dear," said Mr. Neville, "we will walk up to them and give them a welcome."

"Without being introduced?" said Catherine with a smile.

"Why yes; as I am not at either of the universities, just now, I may venture on the solecism; though I have heard of a gentleman-commoner, who made the standing etiquette an excuse for not pulling a fellow of the same college (to say nothing of his being a fellow of the same species) out of the water, when he fell into it up to his neck."

The Rector was led on insensibly into a dissertation on the duties of benevolence, on the gregarious nature of man, and the force of opposing sullenness, or pride, or shyness, or whatsoever else it may be called, that must be

brought into action by an Englishman, can resist, as he generally does, this principle of his moral constitution, by invariably estranging himself from his men, in the very situations in which lenience would prompt him to claim affinity with them.

"Now here are the strangers," said they drew nearer and nearer to the party quickened their steps towards them into which showed no inclination to avoid proffered courtesy. "These strangers for ought we know,—— But my dear, do you press forward?—what is it you look so eagerly?"

"Strangers!" repeated Catherine, "why is—it must be—yes, surely it is Edward Longcroft and Lord Hervey!"

Scarcely had she uttered their names, ere they also joyfully exclaimed—

"Catherine! Miss Neville! Mr. Neville!"

“ Oh, what a pleasure ! ” — “ What an unexpected delight ! ” — “ Why, how came you here ? ” — and “ What stay are you going to make ? ” — and “ What a gratification to meet dear friends at such a distance ! ” — and “ How we shall enjoy these beautiful scenes all together ! ” — “ When did you come ? ” — “ Where have you been ? ” — “ How long shall you stay ? ” — “ Where are you at ? ” — Such were the questions, for answers nobody waited for or listened to, that formed the conversation of the first five minutes, of the happy party.

Ah, is there any happiness like that of the affections ! from the soul-absorbing influence of individual love, through all the endearing gradations of natural ties, and selected friends, down to the generalised claims of our fellow-creatures : it will ever be found that all our real enjoyments are solid only as the feelings of the heart are connected with them ; and long after the traces of external objects may be

effaced from the memory, moments and participated feelings they may have been connectable in the interior recesses of they fill with a sweet indistinct enjoyment.

Ah, what remains to the illusions of youth disappear ambition fade away, the happiness vanish in "thin forms beloved, with whom ated, drop one by one into what indeed then remains, brance of moments of reciprocal and social intercourse; mark scarcely a trace on the memory affections of its youth may to

"blossom in the

for even on the edge of the and cheer us with hopes of

the realms beyond, where all the fine sympathies of our nature, here, too often, our grief and trial, will be restored to their original destination, endless sources of purification and felicity.

Mr. Neville was the first to recover his equanimity, and to release the hands of his young friends.

"It is indeed," said he, "a most fortunate rencontre. '*Quam sæpe,*' as Terence says, '*fate temere eveniunt, quæ non audeas optare.*' And how many chances against it, my love! it would puzzle the greatest mathematician, I fancy, that ever lived, to calculate the *chances* and *changes* that might elapse before such another coincidence of circumstances took place, as has brought us altogether at this moment."

This matter-of-fact remark, brought all the party to their senses, and gave a sort of—

"sober certainty of waking bliss;"

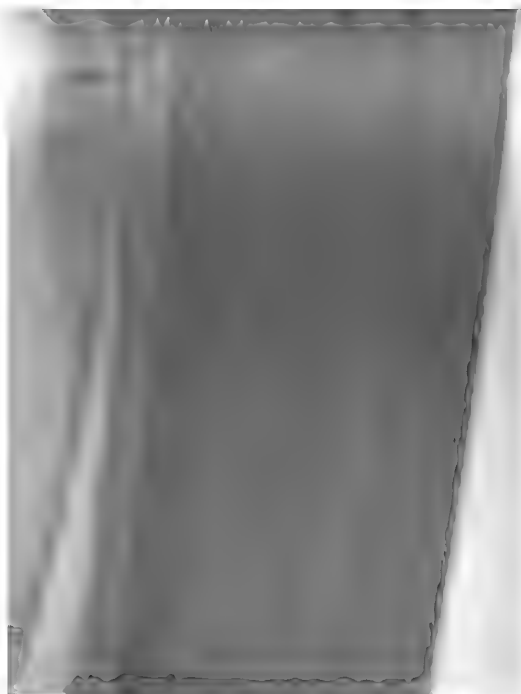


to Edward Langstaff, and
a man that he was in a
dark, mysterious, and
mysterious way—that he had
known in the first place
his child—that that of
himself as seeing his
grand upon her, with
love, to whom every day

“ But such new scenes
he thought how intimate
and in the pretty person
that she had done in his
London: and then he
were no bulk, no fashion
more.

“ We can dance on the

and so he lost himself in sweet reveries, with short discourse between, for Lord Hervey and Catherine, and Mr. Neville, all talked more than he did ;—at length they reached the Pastor's hospitable door, and in half an hour, Edward and Lord Hervey, seemed as thoroughly at home, in the little circle, as if they had never been beyond the valley :—but they respected the venerable Arnaud too much, both in his office and his person, to disturb the simple habits of his family ; and therefore, they early retired to their quarters, at the "Eagle's Nest," as the little Inn was called, by somewhat of a misnomer ; the house being in the lowest and most sheltered spot in the whole valley, and the widowed hostess, having all the attributes of the dame, without any admixture of the eagle in her composition.



that made the blood mount into his pale cheek, yet he felt, that in the greeting, all the ease of friendship was on her side,—all the anxiety of love on his own; he could almost have wished her manner less affectionate, less easy; but who could look upon her, and wish it otherwise than what it was!

Lord Hervey had had a restless night, and Catherine was shocked to see, now that the hectic flush, which had deceived her the evening before, by the appearance of health, had passed away, how wasted he had become.—He had spent the winter in Italy, with Edward Longcroft for his companion, and at first thought himself benefitted by the climate; but as the spring approached, he, with the restlessness peculiar to his malady, longed for something of a more invigorating air; and what he, as well as Edward, considered a most happy chance, in their chart of destiny, tempted him to fix upon

the valleys of Piedmont, as the next scene of their wanderings.

"You will soon be better in these sweet scenes," said Catherine, to him, as she took his hand with the endearing tenderness which suffering inspires and authorises, "my dear father is surprisingly better, in the few months we have been here—you must drink goat's milk—I will bring it to you myself, every morning. I have a favorite goat, which Mariette has taught me to milk—and you cannot think how gentle the pretty creature is."

"She is a happy goat," said Edward, "And then, I dare say, was nothing to her, though she was the nurse of Jove."

"At any rate, the milk, will be nectar, from your hand," said Lord Hervey, catching Edward's style of compliment.

"Very pretty, and very classical," said Catherine, laughing, "but you must neither of y

say fine things here: they do not harmonize with the manners of the good people we are among; and see, poor Mariette looks quite grave—you must remember, neither she, nor any of the family speak one word of English; therefore, all our conversations must be in Italian or French; and you must, moreover, prepare yourselves, not only to hear all my blunders unmoved, but to correct them, in all charity, whensoever they may occur."

Their chat was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Neville, and Arnaud, both in their canonicals, ready to set out on their way to church; for the service was that day to be celebrated five miles off, at some considerable ascent among the mountains, for the benefit of such families as had already taken up their residence for the approaching summer, with their cattle, in the more elevated regions of their minister's jurisdiction.

Nearly all the population of the village had

already set out, and might be seen in five or six together, taking their wonted paths, and engaged in the exertion for which they gladly on the Sabbath changed the toils of the week.

Lord Hervey was unequal to the fatigue of the walk, and the sharp breezes of the autumn rains rendered it equally ineligible to attempt the distance on horseback ; he therefore found himself reluctantly compelled to go on foot to the Presbytery, with Margaret, whose cheerful and familiar countenance was a great consolation in itself, to wait upon him, and to assist Mariette to join with him in the exercises of the day, which she proposed to perform in the simplicity of her native manner ; but when she found he was not capable of attending to the celebration of them in public worship.

Never was there a more delightful assembly, as it might be termed, to a sacred walk of Edward Longcroft with

to the little church among the mountains. At every turn in the road, every winding in the path, there was something to delight or awe: sometimes they looked down on a cheerful hamlet, sheltered with orchards, brightening in fruits and flowers, refreshed by streams, and soothed with rills;—sometimes they plunged into wild glens, or dreary passes, where nature itself appeared to have been rent asunder with convulsive throes, and to have scattered the rocks around, in appalling fragments, or inaccessible masses, among which the foaming torrents dashed impetuously along, giving a living majesty, a moving grandeur to the scenes which would o'herwise have presented only the stillness of desolation.

Every spot was fraught with some historic event, some moving recollection, which alternately awakened the zeal or sensibility of Arnaud, as he pointed them out to the observation of his companions.



them. And alas ! even now, they see and hear too much of the injustice we are exposed to, not to feel quite as lively an indignation against our oppressors, as it is wholesome to indulge in, and somewhat more."

Mr. Neville and Edward Longcroft, exchanged looks, that sufficiently expressed how admirable this Christian forbearance appeared in their eyes—they did not sully it by the language of compliment ; but the good Pastor felt that he was understood by them, and continued.

" It was among these mountains that Henri Arnaud, my favored ancestor, of blessed memory, girded on the sword of the Lord, and took a solemn oath, never to resign it, till he had reinstated the thirteen altars of our sanctuaries, in the purity of their original worship. It would turn your daughter's cheek pale, my good brother, were I to relate half, what he and his followers suffered in these fastnesses ; but you must read them in his own account of '*La*

Glorieuse Rentrée ; look at these what places for human beings to titute of a change of garments for want of food, not daring to fear of betraying the place of 'they wandered about in sheepskins, being destitute, afflicted of whom the world is not wondered in deserts, and in mountains and in caves of the earth.' Lift these cliffs, seemingly inaccessible eagle ! yet the Lord guided strengthened the hands of him scale them, even in the night ; the very darkness contributed to them often, when day-light came, to even the bravest of them, to see they had incurred, the apparent able difficulties they had overcome might they say, ' the Lord was : their feet, and a light unto their

was who 'taught their hands to war, and their fingers to fight, and sent them help out of his holy hill!' No, assuredly it is not among these mountains and valleys, that our people can ever lose sight of their religion, and of the mercies which have sustained them in it, even unto this day."

Mr. Neville uttered some words in a low tone, of which *Est genius loci* reached the ear of the minister, who smiled, and finished the quotation.

Such was the discourse that beguiled the the road, till they reached the point where, hollowed partly out of the rocks, stood the little church, where service was to be performed—the congregation were assembling, the bell which summoned them together, was answered by the bells in the distant valleys, the clear blue vault of heaven, seemed a fit and gracious canopy, for worship so pure, and devotion so fervent; and when the voice of the people



I cannot recall
the time when the
people began to offer up their
prayers in houses
and in "holy places"
for the Spirit of God.

When the service
was over, the people
were not satisfied, but
they continued to
pray. One woman had
said: "I cannot be
satisfied for my sins."
After church on serv-
ing the day, he agreed

tainees pressed the strangers to accompany the minister, and partake such fare as they could set before them; but the fear that Lord Hervey might think their absence long, prevented their compliance, which otherwise would have been as great a pleasure to them as to those who invited them. They, therefore, took leave of their host until the evening, and retraced their steps, being rested by their attendance at Church, and refreshed by a cup of milk from a neighboring chalet.

“What a contrast,” said Catherine to Edward Longcroft, “is this little church among the mountains, to the fashionable churches in London,—when I saw the benches of hewn stone, without any distinction of pews, the simple pulpit, the unadorned altar, the rough walls, backed by the solid rock,—I bethought me of your uncle’s pew, in Mary-le-bonne, carpetted like a drawing-room, lined with crimson cloth, padded like a carriage, for the more

luxurious ease of the should against it: the chandelier, the its polished cut steel fender and Mr. Longcroft rattling them stirring the fire, as soon as th out."

"Why, Catherine, you a child," said Mr. Neville, "I not you know that if these po were proud of the poverty of simplicity would be fully as offi of the Almighty as all the p bonne, or any other edific character."

"No, my dear father, I am to satirize," said Catherine, "to feel uncomfortable in that tinctions were so very aristo seem as if the object to wh erated, was merely a form of p fault might be in myself, b

that I never could feel half the devotion, sitting by the fire-side—with a velvet cushion at my back—and my feet on an ottoman—in Mr. Longcroft's pew, that I did at our own dear Nethercross, and at this little church in the desert here."

"Catherine is right!" said Edward, "there ought to be no distinction of persons in places of worship, there is none in Catholic Churches, the good sense of the people teaches them all to take their places, with a decent regard to their respective conditions, and that is enough—open pews and open doors, are what we might borrow, with great advantage, from our continental neighbours."

"Yes," said Mr. Neville, "and, as our friend Arnaud, is not here to start at my acknowledgment, I must say, I should be very glad of their pictured walls, and ornamented altars, now that we could combine them with the purity of an amended form of worship:—

I do love a religion of types, v
stand in place of the things
pose I may say so without fe
demned as not orthodox. The
real splendor and perfection of
the utmost pomp and magni
matters is combined with sim
life and individual habits, will
the ornamenting of churches,
tional treasures,—so it was in
and early Rome; but we sha
days in England, I fear, nor
where steam-coaches and rail-r
ships and aquatic-balloons, ar
work to minister to restless w
the money which might, if peop
and lived within their means
public benefits." And so, wit
description on the comparative
disadvantages of poverty an
many a pause to contemplate t

of nature, which surrounded them, they finally regained the Presbytery, and found Lord Hervey quietly engaged with a volume of "Arnaud's Discourses," whilst Margaret was milking at the door, and Mariette laying the cloth for dinner, which Lord Hervey, with amiable consideration had ordered to be brought from the "Eagle's Nest," in order to put the family to as little inconvenience as possible.

"Never have I had so enchanting a walk as that of this morning, Catherine," said Edward Longcroft, "my imagination, my heart, my soul, have all been entranced in it."

"Yes," said Catherine, "it was very delightful—I enjoyed the service so much too, and that beautiful sermon of our good Pastor's was so soothing, so consolatory;—it is enough to reconcile one to tears, to listen to his exposition of 'Blessed are those that weep.'" She sighed as she spoke, and Edward sighed too,



equal interest. Mariette and the younger branches having withdrawn, on account of attending an evening-school, Mr. Neville was enabled to enter freely into consultation with Lord Hervey and Edward, on the excellences and necessities of their host, as well as those of his flock : Lord Hervey venerating the piety, and charmed with the simplicity of the people, was liberal in his offers of assistance to them, and when the minister returned late, after a day of extraordinary fatigue, having officiated at three churches, and compassed a distance of thirty miles,—he was cheered over his evening repast, with his turning to the benevolent schemes which had been concocted in his absence, for the welfare of his people and himself; he would not, however, hear of appropriating to his own family, any unequal share of either Mr. Neville's, or Lord Hervey's bounty.

“ My brethren want it even more than myself,”

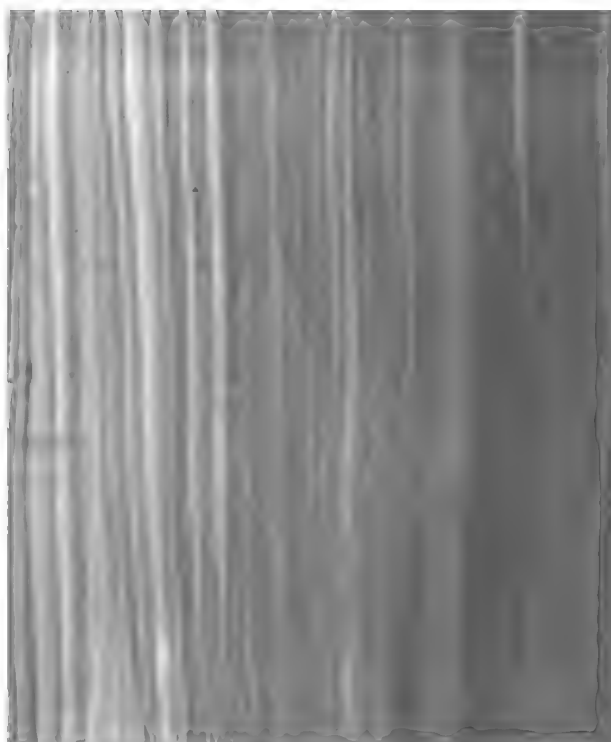
he said, "the venerable and our respected Moderator, at obliged, in his old age, actually of his books and bread; and few among us bare necessities of life, of the frugal kind—but I am content to have an income equal to for your money, and a field with myself, with the assistance of and blessed be God, I have wanted bread for my family or I ever been obliged to send it empty away, from my humble

Lord Hervey insisted upon sum necessary for the complete education, at Geneva,—and the grandfather acceded to, with tion, as his native district did means of advancing him in his follow them elsewhere, was u

own reach. To the schools also in the district, Lord Hervey made liberal donations, and Mr. Neville was thus enabled to appropriate the portion of his own funds, which he had set aside for that purpose, more immediately to the augmentation of the comforts of his clerical brethren, in these retired, yet persecuted regions. For these funds he had not the slightest doubt, in his own mind, but that he was indebted to Lord Hervey; and he had told him so, and returned his thanks accordingly;—but Lord Hervey did not reckon it among the most agreeable occurrences of life, as some one has said, who has at least the credit of sincerity, in confessing it, to

“ Do good by stealth, and *then* to find it fame,”

he was sincere in his desire of concealment, and looked so unfeignedly uncomfortable, when Mr. Neville imputed this service to him, that the good man, as single-minded as himself, thought



CHAPTER VIII.

OLD HABITS RESUMED.

THE next day, Edward Longcroft was early in his attendance on his friends, and had the good fortune, as in spite of all his resolutions he could not but think it, to find Catherine alone.

“What a dream it appears, that I should once more find myself by your side, Catherine,” said he, “and in these romantic valleys too!—how little did I think, when I longed to see them, that

their beauties would be as after-life, with the enchar having found the dearest among them."

"Yes," said Catherine in a low, embarrassed manner, and embarrassed was delightful to meet so the moment I heard the brought past scenes before n the ' Shepherdess of the Al tion—you remember the ol laide hears Fenrose playing

"Yes, I remember readi and Louisa, in the summer-my flute with me when we w it will sound among the mou Catherine, will you fancy i you be my Adelaide?"

Scarcely had Edward suffi escape him than he saw by therine's countenance, that

embarrassed her; and he instantly reproached himself for having allowed them to escape his lips.

“I am to blame,” said he, “dear Catherine, —may do not withdraw your hand this once:— I may call you dear Catherine, when you consider how long we have been acquainted. But I am aware that I ought not, situated as we now are, to make any allusion to the past: we shall be much together here, of necessity; we must— it is my happiness to think so—but I should grieve to find that our friendly intercourse might be any way irksome to you. Be assured, then, that I will never say one word that shall give you pain—regard me as your friend—your brother—and I—I will forget, or endeavour to forget, that I have ever wished to be any thing more dear to you.”

Edward spoke these last words with a rapidity that almost deprived him of utterance; and Catherine, with her eyes fixed upon the ground,



myself, "do not think that I regret my uncle's property—it would have been bought with years of dependence and enslaved feelings. I thank God, I have the will and talent enough to earn a subsistence for myself; alone as I shall henceforth probably be in the world,—” he then overcame with strong emotion; but he proceeded—"There is but one thing which I regret with the loss I regret, and that is the destruction of my parliamentary prospects. I had hoped to have had a voice in the councils of the first nation in the world, in the amelioration and enlightenment through her institutions, of the human race—perhaps to have been ranked among its benefactors; but the dream of glory is ended, and now I must be contented to do the duties that may fall to my lot in a humble sphere, and console myself with the beautiful assurance,

"they also serve, who only stand and wait."

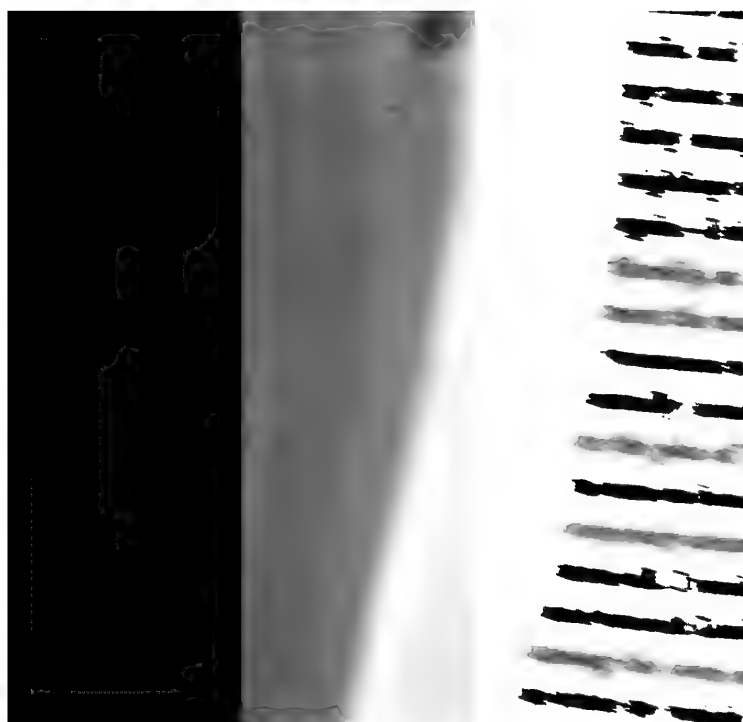


on I took a survey of my possessions,"

"and found that my wardrobe, my
y pencils, a few books, and thirty or
ands in money, which I happened to
my purse, was every thing in the world
ould call my own, I certainly felt an un-
ly awkward sensation for a few minutes.
ot the being cast upon my own exer-
at appalled me; but what form these
were to take that perplexed me—at
king that a dinner of herbs, with liberty,
and fresh air, would be far more palat-
n the 'stalled ox,' which I had latterly
ved up in Berkley Square, with the
ous sauce which rendered it so un-
in the estimation of the wisest of men;
mantic enough to think I would pedes-
à la Goldsmith,

h tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire.'

ght me, however, that wandering min-



cluded his health has kept him, from any extended intercourse with the world."

"True," replied Edward, "but then, by the same rule, he has not been exposed to the prejudices of the world—his judgment is always in the right, because it is impartial—it is only the unimpassioned spectator that can accurately discern the emotions of the crowd.—In my case, however, Hervey was guided solely by his friendship for me,—he entreated me to make his house my home, and to consider his purse as my own—this proposition, however, did not suit either my views or my feelings; not that I have the paltry pride of feeling uneasy under an obligation, for I think with Rousseau *qu' un don honnête à faire, est toujours honnête à recevoir*, it is only when offered as a bribe, or a bondage, that I would spurn it, did I require its aid—but a man, in full possession of his faculties, and in the prime of life, ought to be able to keep himself independent of individual obligation—reci-



involuntary movement; he had command enough over himself, not to notice it, and went on:—

“ I was sorry not to let dear Louisa know my plans immediately, but I was certain she would incessantly be imagining I must be in want of something, and endeavouring to supply these wants, in some way that might expose her to the displeasure of her father—I, therefore, did not write to her, till Lord Hervey had domesticated himself for the winter, at Turin;—and my letter being accidentally delayed, it is not more than a fortnight since I heard from her, most affectionately in reply.”

A slight colour mounted into Edward's cheek, as he concluded, and it was reflected on Catherine's, for she immediately felt convinced, that, it was owing to the information Louisa had conveyed in that letter, that Lord Hervey and his friend had guided their course into the valleys of the Waldenses.

From this day the little party seemed to re-

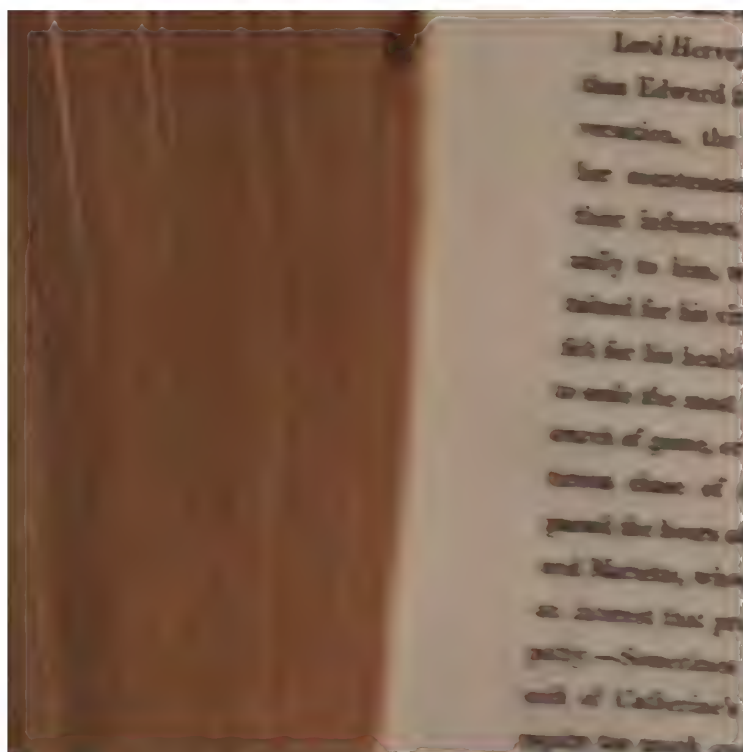


the trusting confidence, that his unremitting though imperceptible assiduities, her own good sense and affectionate disposition, would in time procure a return from Catherine to his own true love.

"If she is formed for me she must be mine," he would often say when he left her side, only to carry her image with him into some romantic solitude. "Nature cannot err when she is left to herself—when neither ambition, avarice, the restraints of the world, or its follies intervene, what can prevent congenial minds from ultimately finding their happiness in each other?" True the time was not yet come—he could not even flatter himself that he saw any signs of its approaching, but—

"Hope is the lover's staff,"

and this staff gave firmness to Edward's steps, whilst he proceeded stedfastly in the path he had laid down to himself, as the most likely to

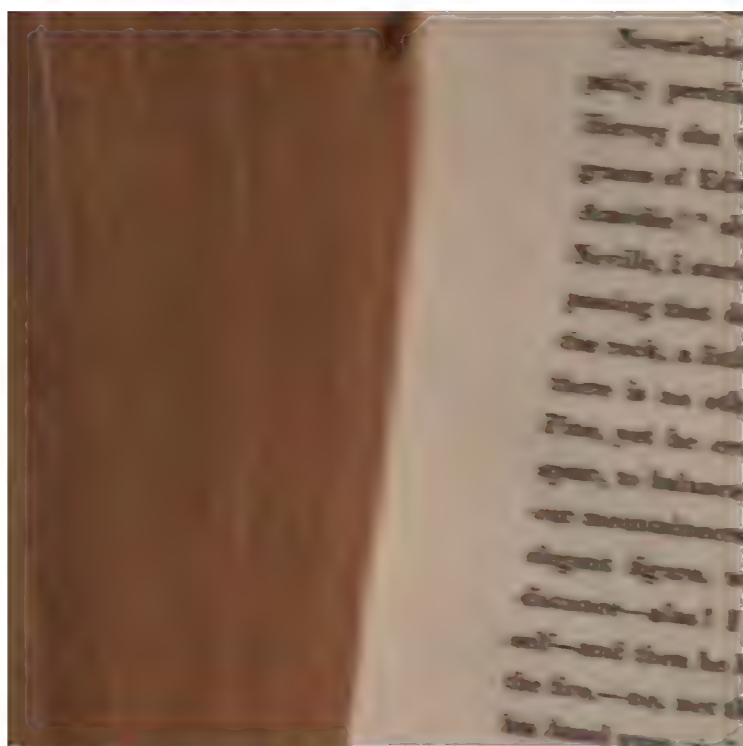


fishing-rod, no very formidable enemy to the funny tribe, but now and then interrupting a reflection of his own, or a remark of Catherine's, by drawing up a trout, which after admiring its

"scales bedropped with gold,"

and the piteous expression of its gasping little mouth, he would, at Catherine's request, restore to its liquid element, and derive more pleasure from seeing it rejoin its companions, than from boasting of his success as an angler.

Too often, however, the varying nature of his disease obliged him to keep entirely within doors; and then, whilst Catherine shared Edward's long walks with her father, and their botanizing excursions, he found a gentle companion and most attentive nurse, in Mariette, who gazed on him as on something unearthly, and saw too plainly depicted in the hectic flush of his cheeks, and morbid brilliancy of his eyes, the mandate of that early summons to a better



thus she would go on, thinking of Amédée, and describing Edward, till Catherine also began to look at him with a more enquiring eye, and could not help acknowledging that his attractions were, indeed, numerous, and of that happy kind, that stand the test of scrutiny, and increase upon acquaintance. "And then he is so good too," Mariette would continue—"he is as tender as a woman towards Lord Hervey, and how kind he is to all of us! and as to Mr. Neville, he is as attentive to him as if he were his son; and so would poor Amédée have been to my grandfather, had he been permitted."—And here the tear that dimmed Mariette's eye, prevented her from observing that her remark had heightened the colour on Catherine's cheek, as she thought to herself, "Yes, Edward would have been a comfort to my dear father—he would have been proud of him, for a son-in-law—Alas! wayward is the human heart—how often it will continue to love where it has

ceased to esteem; how often where it would gladly love."

Her reflections were broken from herself, by an event that revived her tenderest feelings of sympathy.

They were still talking, when a messenger came to the door, to bring a letter for Victor,—he brought it to the room where his sister and Catherine were at work.—He opened it in their presence, and found in it a letter from his mother. It was sealed with black—he looked towards Mariette, and the calamity made him hesitate to open it. Mariette saw his hesitation; and her pale face became paleness.

"Open the letter, Victor," said she, "the direction is in Pierre's hand—well; and there is only one person to whom that black seal from him belongs. Victor, more terrified at his mother's

ould have been by her wildest grief,
e open the letter;—Amédée had
battle,—had died with the name of
n his lips—but already Mariette knew
for in the parcel that had enveloped
black ribbon, to which was attached
heart, containing a lock of her own
lock which Amédée had cut off, and
he did so, to wear it in his bosom, to
g day—the ribbon was clotted with
he had kept his word—Mariette breathed
ng, deep sigh, and fell senseless on the

therine's kind attentions recalled her to
—She looked around her, and saw every
y in tears—"do not weep," said she "*he*
happy, and I am not more unhappy than I
s before—let me go to bed—silence, solitude,
d darkness, will restore me to fortitude. It
the decree of heaven, and shall I repine."

Two days did poor Maria leave her own chamber—Catherine herself, and would not suffer in upon, certain that she anxieties of all who loved among them, as soon as the first overwhelming burst—And so it was, for the twilight into the parlour, at the accustomed morning prayers, and kneeling in her usual place, opposite to the altar, whose voice faltered, even as he looked upon the phantom of his beloved child; yet she was more than before—her voice was broken, but her smile wore a holier sweetness, and it was as if her grandfather alluded to her prayers, that the tears were streaming through her slender fingers, as

face with her hands; no allusion was made to her grief by any one, but she felt that every one sympathised in it, and she showed her gratitude by going about her domestic duties as usual, and giving a tacit encouragement to the return of cheerfulness in others, by making an effort towards something like the appearance of it in herself.

Some days afterwards, Catherine ventured to express to Mariette, her admiration of the fortitude and resignation she had displayed:

"It has been a lesson to me, my dear Mariette," said she, "which I hope I shall recollect, in all my future trials."

"Alas! my dear Miss Neville," said poor Mariette, melting into tears at the voice of sympathy, "I must not take a merit to myself that I do not deserve, the apathy as it would seem to most, that you are kind enough to admire as fortitude, has its origin in a more selfish feeling than resignation: strange to say,

I do not regret Amédée
have ceased to weep on
inevitable—it was hope
and I am not more so
that he is laid in the grave
by obstacles which, to me
rable and insurmountable
sees him more surely and
O Miss Neville, shall I not
selfishness of my heart—
can possess him, and then
—Yet it is for that I would
selfish nature, that never
resign him, as it ought—
as disinterestedly as I do
have wished him to find
was blameless, and he
happy,—but I had not
for this—I would have died
him, thankfully, joyfully,
his ever living with another

my heart—it was cruel in me, but
give him up."

"Not in human nature to do so!" said
shuddering at the recollection of
she had felt herself.

"Not in human nature," replied Ma-
but it would be in a regenerated
which, alas! it is too evident mine is not
now, what is my consolation?—not
to my Heavenly Father 'Thy will be
in thinking that his will has met my
that Amédée is now for ever my own;
miserable sinner that I am, I feel that
my willingness to leave this world springs
from the hope of being joined with him,
the next, than from the humble and fervent
desire of the creature to find itself blest in the
adoration of its Creator, and safe in his glori-
ous realms, from either sin or sorrow."

Catherine deeply impressed with this search-
severity of self-censure, in one so young,

feared to offend a conscience
any thing that might soure
hers, the language of flattery
intercourse of the heart w
even to conjecture its result
and Catherine looked with
and awe into her own, whe
not even the Angels are pe
God; and that as the bright
betrays the breath that di
exalted natures are most
themselves, at the slightest
the perfection which they
siring to attain.

CHAPTER IX.

MAKING LOVE BY PROXY.

It was many days before the gloom inspired by Mariette's fresh trial could be conquered, in the little circle where she was so tenderly and so justly beloved. Edward Longcroft seemed infected with even more than his share of it, and the more Catherine endeavored to cheer and rouse him, the more imperturbable

did his gravity become,—he remarked it:—

“I think,” said he, “Edward not so cheerful as he was, getting a little tired of his mother. Catherine was certain this was a bare idea of it gave her a feeling that was unpleasant—was it that wounded, at the possibility of being weary of a retirement shared with Catherine had no vanity to be as far removed by nature as she, like a coquette, as the two different moral temperaments could admit of yet, was capable at once of the interested passion of love, and the indifference of coquetry? She certainly felt the loss of Edward Longcroft leaving whilst she and her father remained. It was unpleasant to her; partly because it was extremely beneficial to her

linually tempting him into excursions, from which he always returned invigorated and cheerful, and partly because, from habit, from esteem, from endearing associations, it had become one of her own greatest gratifications.—The very thought of being deprived of it, showed her all its value, and unconsciously, to herself, her attentions to him became more and more marked by kindness, and solicitude to dispel the cloud that had suddenly overspread his countenance.—Her efforts, however, instead of removing, seemed only to increase it,—and at length, finding herself alone with him, her anxiety prompted her to ask him at once the cause.—Still she hesitated—it might be something connected with his situation—his prospects—something over which she could have no power, and which it would therefore be of no use to enquire into.—Whilst she thus argued within herself Edward also seemed to be endeavoring to find words for some communication which he

felt reluctant to make—I
the room—asked a few co
—and repeated them di
that they had been a
length he took a chair,
her:

“Catherine,” said he,
when I had the happiness
to spending many weeks al
roof with you, that you sho
my lips any language but t
I did not then anticipate
would be put to the trial a
ment.” Catherine’s heart b
er—she saw Edward’s agita
lest she should have to re
again making him unhappy.
continued, “forgive me—na
must, I am compelled to ask.
are engaged!”

Catherine started at the qu

ed pale and red alternately. "Engaged!" she repeated, in a heart-touching tone of despondency, for did not the very word imply a return of affection, a mutual faith; "if you mean by that question to ask me if there is any human being who has a claim upon my affections, assuredly I can answer that there is not;—but you promised me never to introduce a subject of this kind, and I entreat you to spare me the pain of telling you that I cannot listen to it."—And yet, whilst she spoke, her heart smote her for the wound, she could not but be sensible, she was inflicting on a spirit at once gentle and noble, and attached to her with a devotedness, which had shown itself more in its silence, than it could have done in all the utmost eloquence of impassioned phrases; his amiable turn of mind, the real congeniality of his habits and pursuits with hers, the esteem in which he was held by her father and her sister, all pressed upon her reason,

and fain would her feeling its assistance.—Perhaps Egle, for with increased age, “And did you imagine, should have forced you to should have no excuse to pl voluntary promise to you, myself, but as a brother ; it speak, not of myself, but of you every thing I am in consideration in society, Catherine, you know for whom else could any have induced me to solicit the treasure—the word love he could not utter, “of your hand,” he said Lord Hervey?”

“For Lord Hervey?” Catherine with surprise, in which was more like disappointment, than she could well account for. “

him!"—This exclamation so full of nature, decidedly expressive of pity to the object of for seeking a boon which she felt it impossible to grant, instantly restored Edward Longstaff to courage and cheerfulness.—

"Dear Catherine!" he could not help saying, in tones which told the relief it had given him: scarcely could he refrain from seizing the hand which hope, ever busy, again told him might, one day, be his own, but he recollected himself—he recollected that his office, at that moment, was to set forth the feelings of his friend, not to give way to his own,—and he acquitted himself tolerably well, to his conscience, by beginning to descant, with all the ease of one who knows they will have no weight with the party to whom they are addressed, the usual arguments of amiability and eligibility, and so forth, but Catherine relieved him immediately from a task equally displeasing to her as to himself, by saying,—

“ There does not need on the subject,—even could I Hervey the affection he deem myself utterly unworthy capable of taking advantage not yet out of his minority and limited circle of association his performing a marriage his inferior in station and for not that I think equality always to be insisted on, who may have the superiorly experienced in the world to value,—but this is not the case—vev—he has as yet seen not to judge by the standard of fear, will he live to do so,

have the opportunity of showing myself grateful for his generosity, by devoting myself to his comfort."

"Catherine!" said Edward, "you are every thing you should be—delicate, disinterested, noble;—but now tell me what I must say to poor Hervey, whose desire to secure to you all those worldly goods, which he, poor fellow, has never hitherto been able to enjoy, has blinded him to the short uncertain tenure, by which, under the mysterious decrees of Providence, he holds them."

"That is what both pains and perplexes me," said Catherine, "and so, dear Edward, I must entreat you to take it entirely upon yourself,—only, be sure, that you say every thing you can think of, that may best soothe his feelings, and convince him of the gratitude which will, from this time, be added to the tender and affectionate esteem I have always felt for him."

The "dear Edward" had involuntarily

appeared to Edward so much like displeasure, that he dreaded the answer he might have brought upon himself.

"That enquiry," said she, "has nothing to do with the subject,—and it is one that—pardon me for saying so—you ought not to have allowed yourself to put."

"No; I was wrong—it was an indelicacy in me," said Edward, "I ought not to have suffered myself to have been betrayed into it:—yet, Catherine, there is a question I would ask, oh, grant me an answer to it, and I will carry that answer with me even into exile, or to death."—He was pale as he spoke, and, sinking on his knee, he said, in a voice almost inaudible, "Has Colonel Hamilton any thing to do with your rejection of Lord Hervey?"

"No, Sir," said Catherine, firmly, "it is due to myself to assure you that he has not.—And now I beg that our conversation may be concluded."

for a dear
master,
and her
suspected,
been the
Harvey, who
spirit of the
strongest of
under which
with its bright
facilities.

Edward L
improving C
so difficult or
improving L
not unreasona
mental though
Harvey, given

entirely unsuspecting of Edward's
for her, little imagined the embar-
nation in which he placed both, by
Edward at once the confident and in-
of his affection for Catherine; her
attentions, and endearing character-
ed inspired in his breast, during his
ay at Nethercross, his first, and as it
fated to be his only passion, heightened
r renewed intimacy, into the conviction
should renovated health and length of days
granted to him, neither his fortune nor
tion in society, could afford him happiness
hout her; and that, on the contrary, should
be destined early to resign these worldly ad-
antages for himself, it would be a consolation
o him to know, that a portion of them would be
secured to one so amiable, so lovely, so favored
by nature in her moral, as well as her physical
organisation, that she was calculated alike to



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a list or a series of notes. The text is arranged in several lines, with some lines starting with a small mark or symbol. The handwriting is somewhat slanted and appears to be from a historical document.

his state of health, that formed the barrier to his wishes; there was a cruelty in that not to be thought of; he placed it principally upon his youth, and Catherine's shrinking repugnance, from the appearance of listening to any declaration of preference, from one who had hitherto had no opportunity of forming his judgment by comparison.

"Love is not a matter of judgment or comparison," said the poor sufferer, the crimson spot on his cheek heightened by his agitation; "there does not need much judgment to decide on excellences like hers; and who is it she would have me compare her with? who would you?—with my fretful, sickly, red-haired cousin, pray? or with my uncle's conceited ward, Lady Augusta—with her pedantry, and criticisms, and her scorn for every thing English?—no, I want no comparisons to satisfy myself with my choice—and, as to my youth, I shall



too truly has one of its most gifted victims
made consumption say—

“ Lover, do not trust her eyes,
When they sparkle most, she dies,
Mother, do not trust her breath,
She will comfort breathe, in death,
Father, do not try to save her,
She is mine, and I must have her.”

CHAPTE

A BLANK IN TI

NOTWITHSTANDING C
creased attentions to Lord
standing the touching assur
him of her sense of his ge
she annexed to his esteem,
with which she reciprocate
but feel that he had no ch
happier circumstances of he

her with any feelings more in unison with his own; with a lover there can be no medium degrees of satisfaction,—a passion once declared can rest contented with nothing short of return—and Lord Hervey began to feel that Catherine's kindness, on which he had before built his happiness, was now to him only the grave of his hopes. He tried to rouse sufficient fortitude in himself to meet the conviction which his own solitary, unanswered feelings forced upon him,—but it was his first trial, and he felt it more than he could surmount, in the presence of the object:—he tried to withdraw himself from Catherine's society, and would pass hours with Mariette, who was alike attracted to him by the ties of similarity in their states, and sympathy in their sentiments,—they sometimes went forth together to enjoy the prospect around, from some sheltered nook, or look at the setting sun, lighting it up with a thousand new splendors—but their intercourse



that of a
not really
formed no
there's a
is still seen
nature, even
your line
about action
my right to
Largest: all
connected, he
and he over
into with me
under, that he
himself is his
for every thing
his hope—Edward
conflicting feelings.
he would

instance, for the first time in his life, he stood convicted, in his own eyes, of selfishness,—and had not resolution enough to propose leaving the place where Catherine *was*, for the place where she *was not*—according to St. Preux's definition of the two hemispheres of the globe. The restlessness, however, inseparable from bodily uneasiness, such as Lord Hervey labored under, suggested, of itself, the effort which alone was likely to be of any service to that of his mind; he had for some days, probably under the agitation of his feelings, been sensible of increased oppression at his chest, and his cough which had, for a few weeks, appeared to yield to goat's milk, and the balmy breath of spring, now returned with distressing violence.

“I must,” said he, “leave these mountain haunts, which were I as that healthy shepherd, whom I could not help envying as he passed us, I could be well-contented never more to

quit; but I feel that, as
are not good for me, either
we must go—where shall
I should like to see Naples
gets too far advanced,—
scilles—or Nice—or where

Though Edward Long
solution enough to propose
had sufficient not to throw
way of it, though it was
which his friendship for
have been put. In such
always desirable—the same
Hervey's plan was settled,
to the little circle round them
but one, succeeding, was
leaving St. Etienne with

of it into an event, because we know full well that memory will cling to each moment as eventful; and in the anxiety to annex to its very minutest incident, an interest beyond what our over-charged feelings are able to sustain, we lose the affectionate enjoyment in the remembrance of which we should afterwards find our greatest consolation.

Fortunately, at the very moment of setting off, a bright gleam of hope and cheerfulness seemed to irradiate the very soul of Lord Hervev, and touched his countenance with angelic light; he seemed to feel a foretaste of some unknown happiness,—the thought that his health might be benefitted by change of air, that when he saw Catherine again he should be out of his minority, and might be able to remove the scruples which Edward Longcroft had chiefly alledged as the reason of her rejecting his suit; the very tears that glittered on her eye-lashes as he bade her adieu, all gave him firmness in

doing so,—and as he entered the circle around him, and the expressions of the two ministers of almost equal esteem, he perceived not that they took leave of him; they could never hope to be settled, however, that Edward kept a regular journal of his life, which he transmitted to the friends of his family. Neville promised that these should be regularly answered by him, and an account of the transactions of the religious, of the valley.

This arrangement seemed to lessen of the parting sorrow—the first communication from him was the greatest anxiety in the world to whom he had left; for Lord's illness had increased so rapidly that when they arrived at Newcastle it was imprudent to attempt going

bed-side of the sufferer, his
 could prove his final resting-
 days passed away in sorrowful
 this letter occasioned—the
 arrived:—it was sealed with
 Catherine felt that all was over;—
 she took it to her father, for
 prevail upon herself to open it,—
 was true, and Edward thus com-
 the event:

My last letter, dear Catherine, will, I
 added, have prepared you for the
 event of which this will inform

My excellent friend was last night re-
 from this transitory scene to the eternal
 Sincerely do I sorrow, on my own
 account, for his loss; but on his—I feel, even
 as I write, how much the epithet of a me-
 morable event is misapplied when speaking of



see the flight of the nocturnal butterfly realised, at the moment that his soul was set at liberty, but to *know* the region to which its flight was winged,—with the ancients this region was only dreary space,—but oh, dear Catherine! what a moment of inexplicable awe is that which separates us, by eternity and spirit, from the friend beloved, the instant before, in time and mat'er! then a being like ourselves, whom, to the last, we sympathise in, and with:—but lo! in one last throb of the heart that has loved us, it is gone, changed! never more to be understood by us, till we ourselves shall for 'corruptible, put on incorruption,' and for 'mortal, immortality.'

"It was the first time, Catherine, that I had seen death—never could I have contemplated it in a form more divested of the terrors with which our early prejudice invests it; and well do I feel assured that when Man, yet ignorant of sin, 'walked with God,' as scripture language, with noble simplicity, expresses it, the

termination of the
nity, was indeed
passing, as in the case
the fair types of the
unspeakable glories
hath not seen, nor
entered into the heart
Catherine, alone, as
the vastness of my
lemnity of my soul
close to the couch where
him whose hand was
whose voice was ever
seems strange and bew
still, I can no longer see
therine, I want consolation
me returning to seek
the honored circle I had
too—the world is all before
fain be guided by your
to choose.'

"To-morrow, my friend

e committed to the earth;—I have chosen such a spot for it as he would himself have loved to think of, and I shall stay in its vicinity some time longer; for, though it may seem a weakness, I cannot bear the idea of leaving the place thus consecrated to me, till I have in some degree familiarised myself with it, that I may not seem to leave his remains among strangers—

‘ Unwept, unhonoured, in a foreign land.’

“ Farewell! whilst I write to you I seem to converse with you—it is only as I conclude my letter that I feel all the sadness of my isolated state.”

Lord Hervey's existence had so long been seen to hang upon an attenuated thread, that the intelligence that it had finally snapped, was only that which every day rendered more probable. The regret for his loss, which the remembrance



CHAPTER XI.

LOVE IN PROPRIA PERSONÆ.

STILL though Catherine was not dejected, she was serious ; she felt herself in the state that Edward Longcroft described, oppressed by the vastness of her own imaginings, the solemnity of her solitary thoughts, all even painfully exalted by the grandeur of the objects with which she was surrounded, shut out by them, as it were, from every trifling diversion to her medi-



statement of matters in which all around were concerned.

“It is to Lord Hervey’s kindness,” said he, “that I am indebted for what is to me independence; for it will make me independent of any man—Rothschild himself cannot be more, and, in fact, is not half so much. But it is not only myself that poor Hervey, in his affection, remembered; there is not one of his friends whom he has forgotten.” Edward took a paper out of his pocket-book as he spoke; it was Lord Hervey’s will. Catherine’s eyes filled with tears, as she recognised the crest with which it had been sealed; and it was some minutes before Edward’s voice was sufficiently firm to read the bequests of the generous departed.

At the time of his death Lord Hervey was still in his minority; his estates were all entailed, and, though simple in all his own expenses, the munificence of his charities and the liberality of his disposition had prevented him



subjects of devotion he left to Arnaud, for the benefit of his people: in short, in the minutest particulars of this his last transaction with the world he was about to quit, he showed himself governed by the same kind and considerate spirit which had regulated every action of his blameless life.

“It is said by our divine Master, that ‘it is more blessed to give than to receive,’” remarked Mr. Neville; “but in what a pure spirit of charity must that be given which makes the receiver as happy as the giver—grateful for the benefit—contented to be the medium for the exercise of another’s virtues. I believe that the uneasiness too often felt under an obligation, arises more from a covert tyranny, an offensive exaltation in the obliger, than in that pride or ingratitude on the part of the obliged, to which it is generally attributed by those who look on the darkest side of human nature; but by the excellent young man whose name we have all, and I more than



vey's feelings, she was as glad to resume as he was. They had now the additional interest of a decided object, in searching for some favored spot that should present sufficient attractions to decide Edward in the choice of his humble home.

"Yes, Catherine," he said, "I am determined to have on this habitable globe one spot of land on which I can place my foot and say it is my own. I will try to augment my little store, if I can, for I confess I am not naturally fond either of limited means, or limited importance; but I will be prudent, and do nothing to risk an independence which, however small, is enough for my real wants, and for which I cannot be too grateful. I have indeed, Catherine, seen more of the world in the short space of my altered fortunes than I should ever have done in years of prosperity: and well may it be said, that he who has known nothing else, has never seen more than one side of the human heart."

"Well, no one could look more steadily on

the worst side than yours
"or make a better use of
take from it."

"I do not know that,"
"it made me guilty of writ
of spleen."

"I am glad it was a sonnet
"because you were obliged,
your ill humour in small
proper penance for indulging
mand you to repeat your fault
that I may know whether it
according to rule."

"I cannot repeat them,"
cause to do so with proper em
be as angry as when I wrote
scarcely possible for a frame of
exactly opposite to that in which
moment—but you shall not be
gratification of crucifying me
said, with your criticisms—he

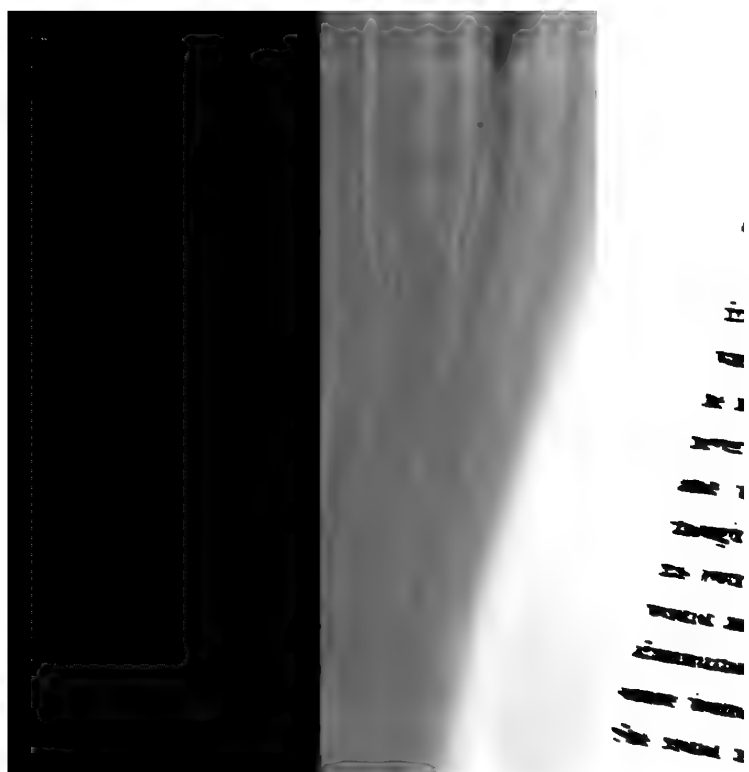
forth the sonnet from his pocket book, and gave it to Catherine:

' I hate thee FORTUNE! not because thy frown
Hath robbed me of hereditary right,
Of social comfort and refined delight,
For I could bear their loss, though early frown—
But that thy fickle breath aside hath blown
The veil that hid men's *motives* from my sight,
And kept my best affections from the blight
Of chill distrust, to sad experience known.
No,—should the turn of thy inconstant wheel
Lift me above ambition's wildest dream,
Save I could drink of Lethe's fabled stream,
Thy flatteries could not *now* this truth conceal
The voice of praise, the sacred name of friend,
On no desert beyond thy treacherous smile extend."

Catherine returned it to him with a smile.

" Well," said Edward, " what do you say to my *coup d'essai*?"

" I shall not say it is a *coup de maitre*," said she, " because I am very angry with you, in ' the sacred name of friend,' for making any such sweeping denunciations."



"I feel all the value of your regard," said she, "it is returned fully and entirely on my part with esteem, nay, more than esteem—but—" she could not proceed, she could find no words to tell him that she had loved.

"I know what you would say, Catherine,—I will spare you the pain of telling me it," said Edward, with a rapidity of utterance that betrayed his agitation, "you have loved another—alas! for me to have the misery of knowing it; but an affection like mine can pardon even that—yet, why did you Catherine suffer any other to make an impression on your heart? you ought to have felt that it was mine, that I had a right to it, for having given you my own, almost before I knew its language."

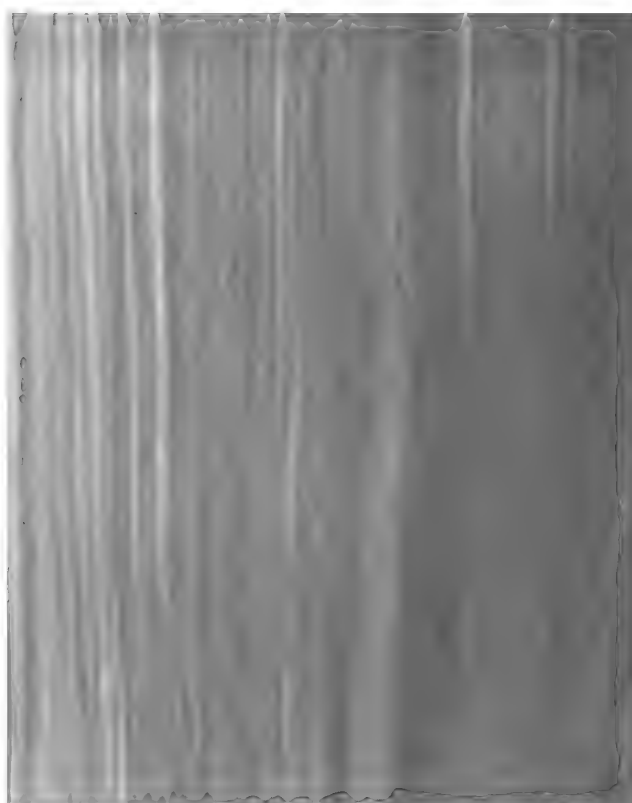
"You must not be unjust," said Catherine, "how could I imagine any thing of the kind, when I knew of your engagement with your cousin; it was that knowledge which made me always feel so at ease,—so happy in your company."



mine in your girdle—it fell out as you left the pew, I picked it up, and behold,” taking a withered sprig out of his pocket-book, “it still retains, at least I fancy so, some of its fragrance. I longed for the next Sunday; and when it came, my dear mother commended me for being ready to go to church, so long before I was summoned—that Sunday, Louisa went with us; and after church, we called at the Rectory, and ever after, how many, many happy days did I spend there, from time to time, when I came to Longcroft Hall, in the vacation;—but, after Mrs. Barton’s marriage, I was so afraid my attentions might be remarked, that I seldom ventured to come alone, for I knew too well my own feelings, and I thought if my uncle suspected them, he might forbid my visiting at the Rectory, at all—and then my troubles began.—Ah Catherine, you know not half what you have caused me.”

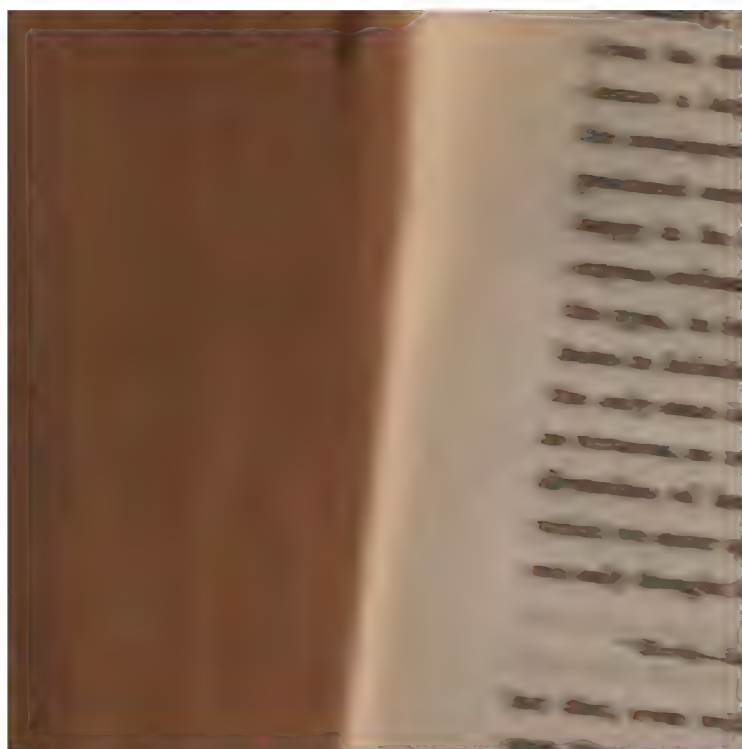
“Do not reproach me,” said Catherine, “I must behave better for the future.”

Edward seized her hand.



reaped all the benefit of it, in gaining her consent, or rather, in meeting with no opposition to his entreaty, that he might be allowed to lay his proposals before Mr. Neville.

To see his darling daughter the wife of Edward Longcroft was indeed the dearest wish of Mr. Neville's heart, the height of his ambition; and he would have received him full as gladly with his little income of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, as if he had been in possession of all his uncle's landed property—besides he could give Catherine a thousand pounds himself, which he had saved for her, out of the moderate proceeds of his living, and she had now another of her own, through the kindness of Lord Hervey. All this together would make up to the young couple an income fully equal to that of Nethercross, for which his own beloved wife had waited, with patient constancy, eight years; for he loved her too well to join her fate with his on the slender provision of a curacy.



petual remuneration of self, that sweet reciprocity of kindness and forgiveness, that sincerity of mutual advice, that enlarged sphere of charity and usefulness, which the marriage state admits of, in its conjugal, its paternal and its social obligations. Much of the celibacy which he regretted to see so prevalent, Mr. Neville attributed to the short-sighted ambition of parents in the middle ranks of life; inducing them first, to educate their daughters on a scale inconsistent with their own position in society, and, then, banishing them from their paternal roof, all the spring-time of their life, to hide their bloom and consume their youth, in seclusion and dependence, as governesses in some titled, or fashionable family, the habits of which might ever afterwards unfit them for their natural station. Far, rather would Mr. Neville have seen his own daughters, with the simplicity of patriarchal times, spin thier linen at his fire-side, and wash it in the nearest

and acquiescence
to qualify themselves
more, but the
indefinite and
and nature, in the
expected for her
had always advised
others among the
house, from giving
only, which was
in their hands, and
have been happy
they remained at
most employment
female character is
attractive light, and
rich and mental ref

mestic life, and the active superintendence of its duties.— Warmly then did Mr. Neville advocate, with his beloved daughter, the cause of Edward Longcroft; in whom he saw every qualification likely to make the marriage-state, with such a partner, honourable and happy.

Catherine listened to her father's arguments with duteous submission; her own reason responded to their justness—her heart acknowledged Edward's virtues, and was touched by his devotedness; she had no longer a single plea, even with herself, for refusing to reward it with her hand; and in his transports of gratitude, and her father's approving blessing, she found all the compensation she desired, for her virtuous subjugation of her own feelings, her solemn resolution to subdue the Memory of the Past.

The abode that Edward fixed upon was in the true Swiss style of pastoral beauty, and with more of refinement in its interior than he had

hoped to find; for the walnut wood, and the furniture enough, with the additions made to it from the nearest idea of English comfort. The declivity of a gentle rise swelled into a background of tains. It was shaded by a which the aged trunks and few chestnut and walnut trees solemn character of a grove garden, well stocked with sloped down into the valley, by a little river, which ran on a pebbled bed, as if imitative of torrents by which it was some the very verge of its enamel was the farm-yard, with all

feature of domestic cheerfulness, another, commanding the distant mountains by their ever dazzling summits, caught the rays of the setting sun.

"Can you be happy here, dear Catherine?"

Edward, when he shewed her the place of choice—"In such a secluded spot?"

"Such a sweet retirement rather," replied

she, adding, with her usual frankness,—

"Edward, indeed I can, if I make you so;

I have nothing more to wish for, except—

we could have Amelia and Henry Barton,

and dear Louisa transported to us."

"Perhaps we may," said Edward, "at any rate we can transport ourselves to them, when I find myself farmer enough to venture on my agricultural speculations in England. It is not a bashment, dear Catherine, that I would have asked you to share with me."

In fact Edward had been determined in his desire to spend some time in Switzerland, by

the most delicate regards. He wished to see of even hearing the time should have absorption of him, in the fulfilment of the about to take upon her matter in the same light necessity of any verbal perception of right, empathetic understanding, that was satisfactory to

Amid the grandest combined with her mildest of a deep and cloudless very hue of serenity and Therine Neville plighted altar, in the little church became the wife of Edward. Eventually did her father bow her knees, with tears at

But benedictions, flowers, and
dness, forbade every thought,
tion, save that she was now join-
ed indissoluble union, to an excel-
man, in whose wisdom she might
structed, in his love to be protected
d, the remainder of her earthly
y his example to be guided in the
al life.

CHAI

A PEEP AT OL

WE will now let
deck her cottage-home,
entrance with her smile
heart by the sight of her
bless the inhabitants and
tesies and willing charit

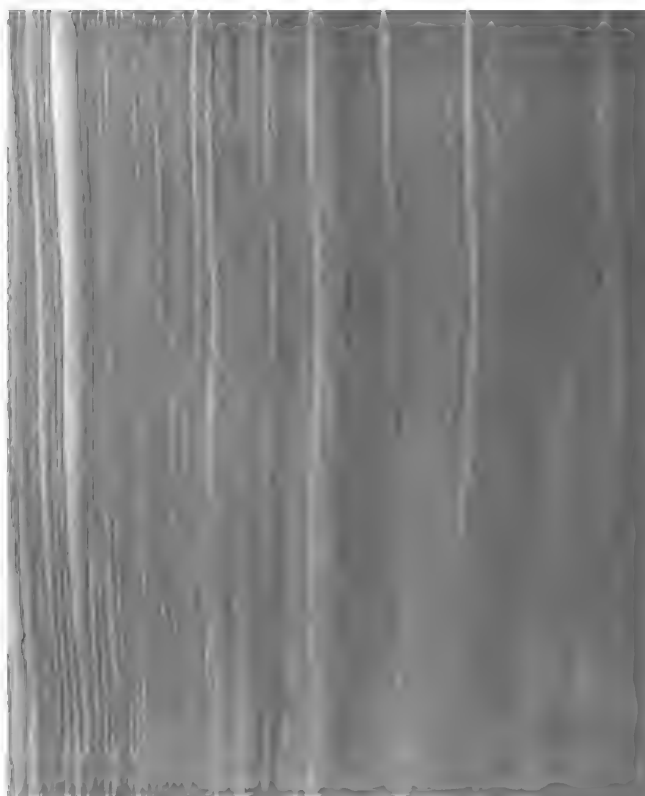
What, meanwhile, w
tions, retrospections and

the legal advisers of Sir William preparing their instructions for a divorce, Hamilton remained at home, haunted with vexation and overwhelmed with self-reproach, or rather, we may say, with reproach; for it is too often the consequence, and not the nature of a crime, that the guilty party laments over, and if Hamilton had escaped that promulgation of his guilt which he knew would draw down upon him the condemnation of every one whose good opinion was worth having, we fear his own knowledge of it would have troubled his conscience as little as his countenance. A hundred times a day he execrated the folly of Lady Louisa, but her guilt he treated much more leniently; because that alone would not have exposed himself to personal inconvenience—not that he was without considerable qualms on the subject, as he contemplated the near approach of that period when, according to the punctilios

of modern honor, she
her his wife, as, accor
through him, she we
liam's. At such tim
trast to him of Cath
graces, her genuine t
tues, and above all, l
himself, with the forei
the showy superfices
tiable appetite for pra
mestic duties, which l
the meteor of a circle
herself. He knew, too
Catherine's heart, not
would be almost broke
He knew that the sigl
shadow Mr. Neville's p
—he knew, in short, th
grief all those whom i
lighted him to have ma
was too good not to feel

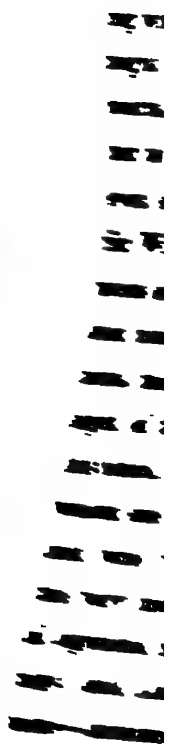
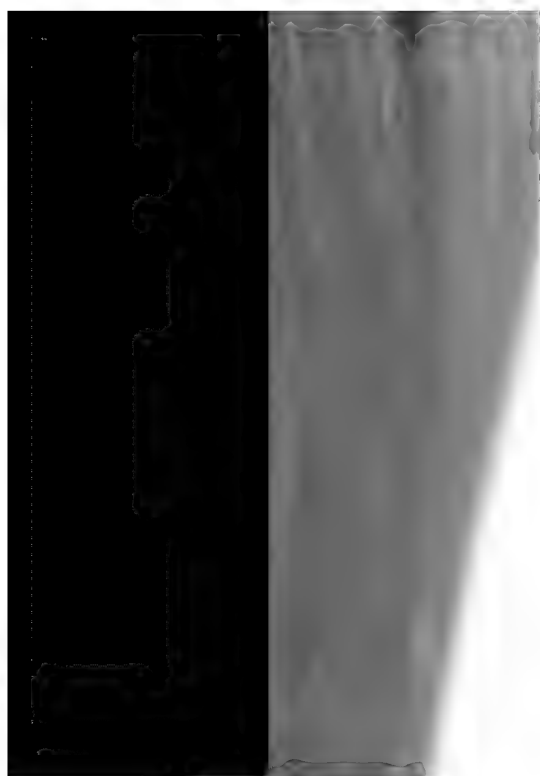
he thought of the unhappiness he had caused in the little sheltering spot where he had sought an asylum, and found peace. His regrets had not the relief of communication, for he felt that to attempt to renew, either by letter, or in person, any intercourse with those whose hospitality he had already so outraged, could only be deemed an aggravation of his offence, and he passed month after month at Brussels, fretted by "the law's delay," yet dreading that determination of it which would call upon him to assert the honor of the lady he had subjected to its decision, by resigning his own into her keeping.

The death of Sir William Forsyth filled Hamilton with as much remorse as if he had seen him fall by his own pistol-shot; for he felt he was the real cause of a more painful and lingering exit to him. But alas! the habit of calculating the effect of every occurrence on our own immediate interests, is, in the worldly-minded, at any rate, all-powerful; and few indeed are



on the continent, when things were *amicably settled*, as Lady Charlotte Hamilton, and, at a future, though she hoped not far distant, period, as the Countess of Winterdale. To be sure the old Earl had publicly turned his back upon her, at an entertainment given by Prince Petersbourgskoi, but that only shewed that he was a Goth, and boxed himself up, in his old castle in Northumberland, till he forgot how to behave himself when he stalked forth into the world—she was willing, also, to hope that he might be excused on the score of growing blind—he was certainly deaf, as when she addressed an enquiry after his health to him, in her most mellifluous tone, he turned away, as if he heard her not.

Like Hamilton, her ladyship had her feelings of remorse, on hearing of the death of her husband, and, like him, she speedily consoled herself by considerations of the advantages to be derived from it—the foremost among which was that it would save her the unpleasantness of an *exposé*, which, after all, was “a very annoy-



what reparation remained to him for the wrong he had committed.—Never before had he deemed it possible that Lady Charlotte might in herself possess any thing that could reward him for his self-sacrifice in doing so—but now, as she stood like Melpomene, in her flowing sables, her ebony locks combed plainly on her lofty brow, the lustre of her eyes softened, not dimmed, in tears, her voice musical in its sadness, and every gesture eloquent in the agitation that dictated it, Hamilton only thought of her beauty, her graces, and, still selfish, congratulated himself with the idea, that he might trust for her favourable reception in society, as his wife, to the argument placed under the portrait of a lady of similar attractions, and eccentricities, in the last century,

“ If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you’ll forget them all.”

Ladies, however, cannot always look their most interesting looks, or attitudinize their most

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and in ev
Charlotte
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not continually alone, often inattentive,—sometimes and ; lounging on a sofa, almost unconscious of her presence, with half-closed eyes, before which the form of Catherine Neville seemed to flit, as in a waking dream,—Then came jealousy, and its inevitable companion, ill-humour, to cloud her ladyship's countenance, and mar the efforts to please, which her habitual vanity would otherwise have suggested—and Hamilton had the misery of finding it irksome to spend a single evening alone, with the woman, with whom he felt himself bound to pass the remainder of his life.—The time, however, approached, which, at any rate, would have the advantage of entitling them to keep out of each other's way.—The first six month's of Lady Charlotte's mourning were expired—she found out that to lengthen the period, would be affectation.—Hamilton tried to say it would be cruelty, but he could not bring himself to add to his moral responsibilities by so gratuitous a falsehood, for he felt it would not deceive even

her to whom it was addressed, contented himself with saying they were in the eyes of the world, they joined their fates, and the sooner they should have been, the more respectability would have been their comfort in society.—Elizabeth, at this plain statement, herself was in no humour to feel that she desired nothing more than to be whirled in a handsome carriage and four, to Paris, on her side, and a lawful claim to the possession of her into circles where she should see him sufficiently to her choice.

“And when he is Earl,” thought she, “he will look better always sets a man off, and I shall be less attractive myself.”

So with this agreeable idea,

sent, and sate down to her writing desk, to give directions to her jeweller and dress maker, whilst Hamilton begged a sheet of paper of her, for an epistle to his uncle. After beginning that and another, he finally succeeded with a third, in making a beginning, a middle, and an end; in which he informed the Earl that he was about to lead the beautiful and accomplished Lady Charlotte Forsyth to the altar—not forgetting to add, that the lady was without incumbrance, and had a splendid jointure, entirely at her own disposal.”

To this statement Hamilton had the following answer by return of post.

“DEAR NEPHEW,

“Since you have so high an opinion of matrimony, as to imagine that you may find honor and happiness in it, even with such a help-mate as Lady Charlotte Forsyth, you cannot be surprised, when I inform you, that I



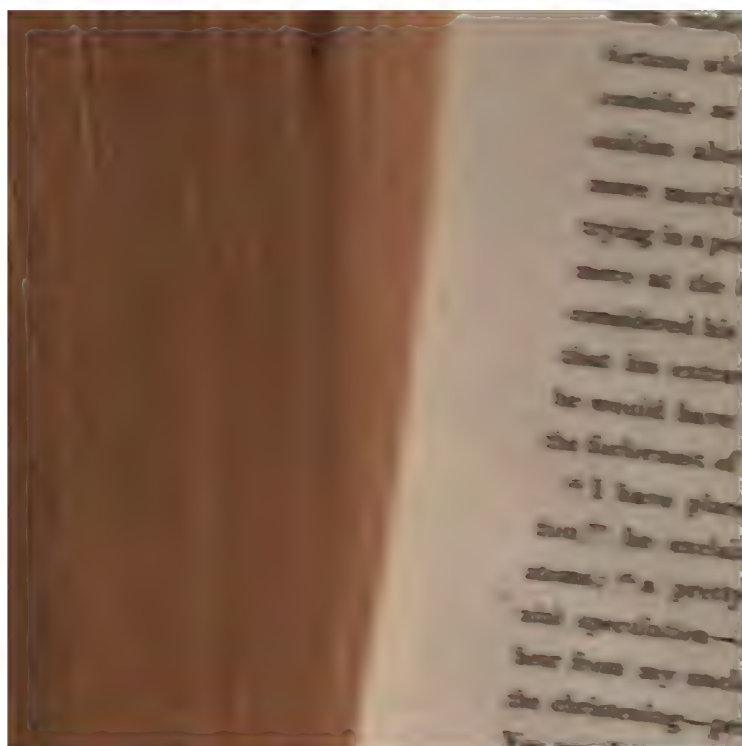
be better employed in reforming themselves, make so much talk about, I hope they will be declared illegal. I shall be very happy to introduce you to your Aunt, should you choose to come into Northumberland, and take the chance of breaking your neck after the hounds, before you noose yourself for life, barring the not unusual remedy of divorce. I must beg leave to premise, however, that this invitation does not extend to the commencement of your honeymoon, or to any period after its termination.

“ I have the honor to be,

“ My dear Nephew, yours, &c.,

“ WINTERDALE.”

This letter stung Hamilton to the quick, by its satire, and very seriously concerned him, by the blow it gave to the hopes in which he had for the last ten years been encouraged to indulge in, of succeeding to his Uncle's titles and



bated the idea of a titled wife and an untitled husband.—No not in one single iota, should a woman ever fancy herself superior to her husband."

And here Catherine's deference for him, so beautifully mixed up with her love, rushed into his mind, and he could not hide it from himself that if he had been faithful and true to her, he should not have been exposed to the mortification he then felt, for he knew his uncle would have been contented to see him make a choice comparatively humble, that had so many virtues and graces to plead in its behalf.

Three days after this, Hamilton saw the announcement of the Earl of Winterdale's marriage with Lady Mary Chipchase, seventh daughter of the Earl of Tynemouth, in all the papers—attended with an account of the bridal festivities which were stated to have been celebrated by the tenantry, and a large party of the surrounding nobility, and gentry, in the true style of genuine old English hospitality.

deprived Colonel Hamilton of the hope of future augmentation of rank and fortune, had at least the happy effect of releasing him from a forced union which would inevitably have rendered all his possessions joyless to him.

Lady Charlotte Forsyth was just inhaling the aromatic perfume of her chocolate, when the newspaper was brought in, and on the same salver with it a note folded with elaborate ingenuity from Prince Petersbourgskoi; when opened, her ladyship found it to contain an offer of marriage—accompanied by references to his Highness's rent roll, and genealogical tree, which might have awakened ambition in the bosom of many a less aspiring lady than Lady Charlotte.

"Princess Petersbourgskoi," she repeated to herself, "Countess of Winterdale—there is something more sterling, after all, in an English title,—but then that is to wait for, and this to be had immediately; but then again,



rendered him one of the most unhappy of men ; yet he did not receive his congé from her fair hand, written the evening before her marriage, on rose-coloured paper, and sealed with the graces decking the altar of Hymen, without considerable mortification to his vanity—his better feelings also were deeply wounded in the recollection, that to secure to her, as far as he could, her position in society, and make her all the amends in his power for yielding to her guilty allurements ; for in fact, his conduct had all the blandishments of female artifice to plead in its excuse, he had broken off the only real attachment he ever felt, plunged an innocent confiding heart into affliction, ruined all his own prospects, and, in return, was cast off unfeelingly, at the very moment when, if she had had a spark of generosity in her nature, she would have rejoiced in the power her own large fortune afforded her, of making up for that alteration in his, to which he had exposed himself by his

sense of honour and
self.

The illusions of
away from Hamilton's
fortune were now rap-
found he should very soon
thrown in his way, by his
self and the world exactly
had flown to Paris in the
vexation; but meeting an
acquaintance, with gayer
than he was at that time
he proceeded to Italy. By
usual route, and the usual
and folly, he only found
others, and his disgust with
"I shall become a misanthrope,"
Timon," said he, "if I do not
remedy for my vexations, than
same follies, in different latitudes
when Catherine chid me with

nestness, for all my bad qualities, and warmed all my good ones in her sunny smiles."

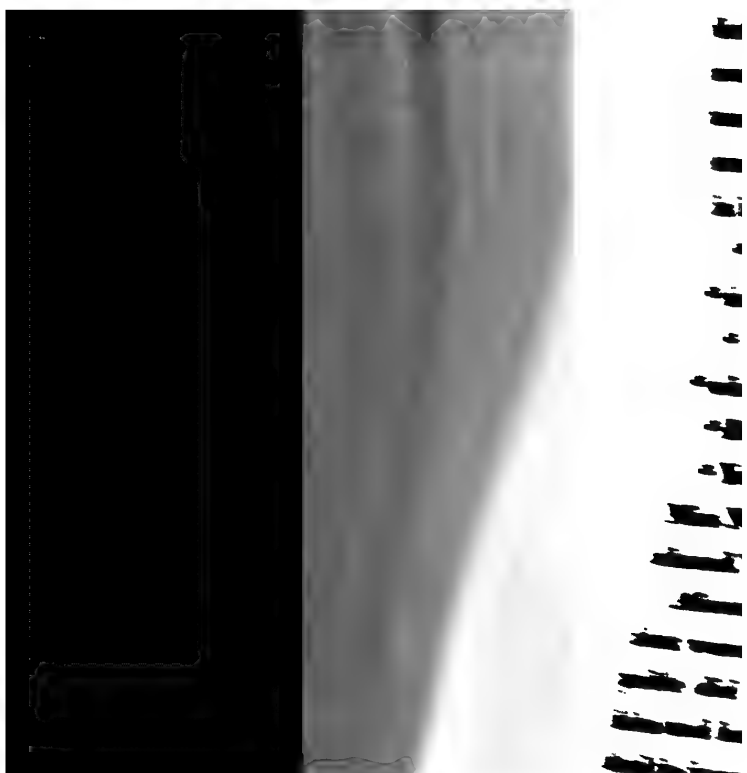
It was near Christmas when he made this reflection, and in the beginning of January he was in England, and on his way to Nethercross.



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stirring screech, regularly flitted at even-tide; the Rectory was almost hidden in the piricanthus that covered the walls, and relieved with its scarlet berries the dazzling whiteness of the snow that sparkled, like frosted silver, on the leaves—it seemed emblematic at once of the purity of Catherine, and of her cheerfulness;—such as it was when he first knew her. His heart reproached him with the thought how much that innocent cheerfulness had been subdued, under his unkind neglect; but it throbbed with delight at the prospect of so soon pleading for her forgiveness, and restoring smiles to her countenance, and sunshine to her breast.

Agitated with feelings which were blended with every thing good and noble in his nature, he could not bear that the noise of the chaise should rudely break the stillness of the Rectory. He would approach it gently, and alone—so he dismissed the chaise at the bottom of the lane, sent it to the King's Arms, and walked up to



some powerful feeling, and opening the door wider,—

“Pray walk in, Sir,” he said, leading the way to Mr. Neville’s study,—“this is the only room with a fire—but Rachel will return in a quarter of an hour, and she shall light one in the parlour—I am Mr. Neville’s Curate, and I prefer this little room for myself, because it contains the books more immediately connected with my duties.”

“A fire is unnecessary for me,” said Hamilton, though he shivered as he spoke, “I cannot stay,—but, with your leave, I will sit down a few minutes, in the parlour.—I know the way.”

The pale young man, whose placid countenance was the index of a sedate and well regulated mind, concluded that Hamilton must have some reason for preferring to be alone, in a room without a fire, in a frosty night in January,—he therefore turned quietly round, to resume his studies, and Hamilton was left to “chew



He would have left the house, but the desire to obtain all the information he could from Rachel, for he felt an invincible objection to putting any questions to the young Curate, still detained him.—At length, the little gate creaked on its hinges, and he heard Rachel coming up the garden, accompanied by Cæsar, who gave a growl, as he sniffed out the presence of a stranger; but the moment he saw Hamilton, he flew up to him, with all the welcome of a friend.

“Ah poor fellow, poor Cæsar, still glad to see me!” cried Hamilton, at the same time that he thought to himself, “had he flown at my throat, instead of licking my hands, the reception would have been more truly what I deserve.”

Rachel screamed with surprise at the sight of Hamilton,—a surprise not unmixed with pleasure; for he had won all hearts in the Rectory, but the pleasure was made up of a many remembrances and regrets, that the tears ran down



to disobey her master by telling
ne's marriage—for Rachel was
in the language of the heart to
us feelings that were struggling
she thought it would be quite
ough for all his faults, whenever
it.

all not be now," thought she, "at
en he is so disappointed, and tired
nt, with travelling, and mercy me!
cold too—for it went clear out of
that we were standing talking, with-
k of fire in grate!"

is just beginning her apologies, and
among the tea-things, but Hamilton
e could not take any thing.

r, you must have a cup of tea," said
but perhaps you have not had any
f you came by coach—they tear away
ard folks say, that there's never time
outhful of any thing in a comfortable



the book.—Hamilton seized it,—kissed it;—shook Rachel by the hand, slipped a sovereign into it; and casting a farewell look round the apartment, left the house; and in a quarter of an hour afterwards was on his road back to London.



was actually overwhelmed with the excess of feelings so new, and so delightful, and often hid her face, to hide also the sensibility so beautifully so mysteriously awakened, that it could only express itself in tears. How exquisite was the joy of Edward at this accession to his Catherine's happiness! this precious seal to her affection—and doubly did he caress the infant whom he thus regarded as the most sacred bond of their mutual confidence, and daily increasing love. Mariette petitioned so sweetly for the office of head nurse, that Margaret, who looked upon it as hers by right, relinquished her claim, because, as she told her mistress, the poor young lady having been crossed in love wanted something to be fond of.

Mariette did indeed find a soothing solace to her own desolated heart, as she lulled the innocent little being upon her bosom, listened to its first murmuring notes of satisfaction, and marked the first dawnings of intelligence in its tiny features. It was not long after this accession



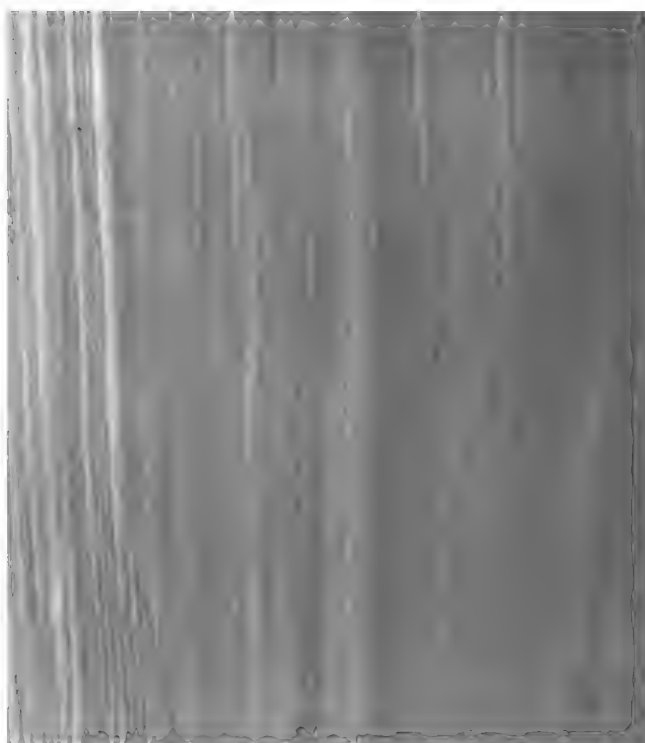
name of Hamilton ; but she felt a sadness that day, for which she could not account. Perhaps if there is one act of heroism that human nature is unequal to, it is for a woman to rejoice sincerely in the thought of the man whom she has loved being entirely happy with another.

Six months had now passed away, and the infant Neville, for so he was called after his grandfather, was every day becoming a personage of more and more importance in the delighted eyes of his papa and mamma, when one morning a letter arrived from England, directed in an unsteady hand ; but still Edward saw it was the hand of Mr. Longcroft—and he forthwith read its contents aloud :—

Longcroft Hall.

“ SIR,

“ Your cousin, Miss Longcroft, has been as wise as yourself, in chusing to be guided in her election of a partner for life by

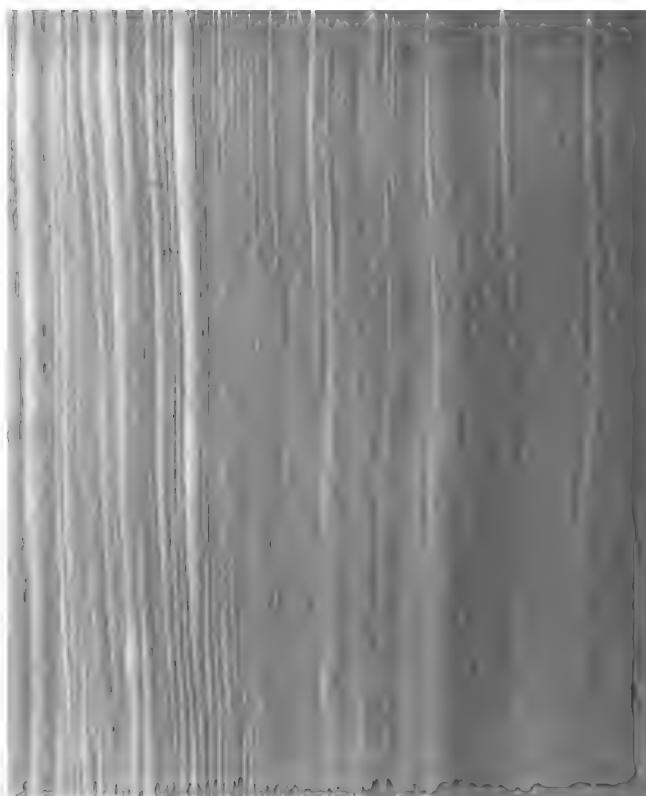


No sooner was the letter concluded than a cabinet council was held relative to the proceedings to be adopted. That Edward must set off for England was agreed to, on all sides; though tears came into Catherine's eyes, as she said so, and then she kissed her baby, and smiled through them, when Edward told her he would be back in less than a couple of months.

"But it is indeed indispensable," said he, "not only on my Uncle's account, but on dear Louisa's. I must reconcile her father to her marriage—I am sure he may be much more proud of Mr. Dacres, for his son-in-law, than of that empty-headed Lord Blakeney; though I beg pardon for speaking of him so disrespectfully, before Catherine—I recollect he was one of her prime favorites."

Catherine laughed—but she coloured too, as she recollected the grounds on which this alleged favoritism had rested.

Mr. Neville, ever since he had seen his daugh-



would be found in a region that had neither gaiety nor fashion to attract strangers. Now, however, there was no longer any excuse to be found for further delay. Catherine's abode had certainly got as home-like a look as she could desire—her child had received its grandfather's blessing a thousand times told—and her husband would be his travelling companion, and see him comfortably reinstated at Nethercross.

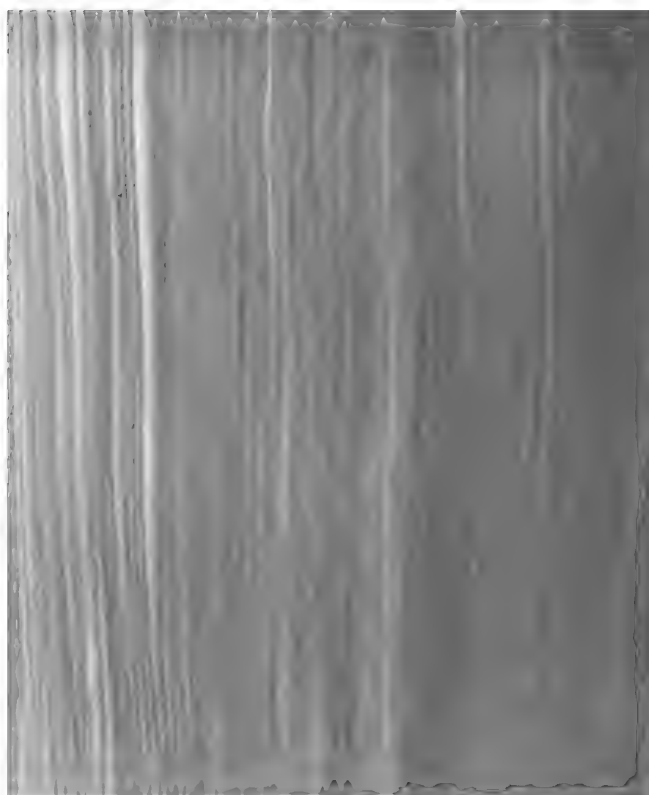
Catherine's affections, warm and expansive as they were, had nothing selfish in them. She felt that her sister had equal claim with herself to the affection and society of their dear parent, and she acknowledged also that his people had a right to expect him back again. She therefore, when the moment of parting actually came, unexpected as it at last was, made a strong effort over her feelings, that she might not cloud her father's remembrances of the happy time they had spent together, with the thought of having taken his farewell of her in sorrow from the

same real affection,
to his bosom, with
graced by a tear that
looked first at her and
on her bosom, though
was about to sustain
she yet cheered both
speaking only of his
almost superstitious
might be construed into
not willingly accept.

It was not, however,
cause for regret, in this
household—the village,
lets, the Pastor and his
whilst their prayers for
their kindest attention
Catherine herself, to less
absence. Her anxiety to
was relieved by letters from
nay, the driver, at the ve

ly two leagues from St.
earer in his return, of an
d, fraught with all the ten-
d and father, joined to the
—At length he wrote from
gcroft Hall.—He had seen
ately welcomed by Amelia,
ho were in readiness to re-
o greeted Edward as their
h equal pride and delight;
same evening to his uncle,
bouring under severe indispo-
by his displeasure against his
being pressed by him to listen
of the Marquis of Carhampton,
r attachment to Mr. Daeres, and
tion never to listen to the over-
her person; expressing, at the
readiness, nay, her desire, never
her, during his life time.

I may be reminded every day



dearest wishes of her heart, in
to her father's will; but she
ough not to suffer them to be
his tyranny. She had ten
her own disposal, in virtue
inture—the income arising
addition to a living in the
Skipton, which had been
s before to Mr. Dacres, would
e up the mastership at G—,
rmed her father, respectfully,
if he was resolved to exile her,
ernal roof, she should prefer a
own, where she might still find
the performance of her duties, to
to her aunt, from whom the ut-
on to her caprices, would not gain
of kindness in return."

croft was inexorable, Mr. Dacres
ad the consequence was, that
gh drowned in tears, at the absence

of her father's blessing, man who had long past marriage ceremony was utmost privacy at Nether from the altar, to Mr. D at Skipton; where in his respectable tenderness, and others suited to her feelings, received to devolve upon the Christian minister;—Longerft console herself for her future sentiment.

When Mr. Longerft saw a gleam of satisfaction lighted Edward, greatly affected at his looks, and recollecting at the real services he had received his offered hand, and pressed which for some time could words. Mr. Longerft felt and
“I am glad to see you here”

Longcroft," it seemed to give him pleasure to dwell upon the name, "you have lost no time in complying with my wishes—yes, you are more really dutiful than your cousin, who made greater professions, has proved herself. I make no doubt that you saw how matters were with her and that puritanical fellow she has chosen for her husband. If it had not been for him, you and I should never have misunderstood each other—but, however, I now wish every thing to be considered as made up between us. You are my brother's son, after all; and your children will have more of the real family blood in their veins, than Mrs. Dacres's will. Yours will have the name too,—and that pragmatical puppy, Mr. Dacres, had the insolence to tell me that nothing should induce him to change his own name; because, forsooth, it was linked, somehow or other, with that of Sir Philip Sidney. I am glad you have a 'boy—I wish you had married a little higher—but you did not

er parted from him without tears, at the thought that any, she might send by him, should be unattended to;—but with all of us,

“ Our web of life is of a mingled yarn,”

and if it had not been for the alloy of grief to Louisa, on account of her father's unkindness, and concern to Mr. Dacres at the sight of it, their portion would have been one of perfect felicity; a state, which we may rest assured, would be inimical to the eternal interests of man; as, never since his creation, has there been a single instance on record of its having fallen to his mortal lot.



ratified by her assurances to the contrary,
that he really imagined it.

"No," she replied to him, "my dearest friend
is not the want of any other society, but
being deprived of yours, that would make
feel solitary equally in a crowd, and indeed
more so, than amid this magnificence of
nature, where all around me tends to soothe
and elevate my soul;—but I hold with Rousseau,
that there is no real separation for those who
love—and that hearts truly joined in sympathy,
would touch each other, even at the very ex-
tremities of the earth. When I want more
immediately to communicate with yours, I take
your little son, (I have only just now sent him
out with Mariette, that I may write to you;)
into my arms, and kiss him, and then I am cer-
tain both our hearts throb in unison;—it is a
theory of my own—a new discovery in gal-
vanism—tell me if you are a convert to it.—
No, assuredly I am in no danger of suffering

l'avoit pas été. C'est ainsi qu'il est doux, de passer sur la terre—"

Catherine was just concluding her quotation, when a shadow was thrown across her paper—she looked up, to the window—a figure had flitted past it, so swiftly, that she scarcely discerned it—yes surely,—but it could not be—the height, the gait, the impatient tread, was that of Hamilton—the blood seemed ice-bound in Catherine's veins.

"It is impossible," said she, and that instant the shadow again obscured her letter;—the figure returned,—the doors were open,—and in rushed Hamilton.

"At last, Catherine!" he exclaimed, "at last then I have found you!" he was going to embrace her, but Catherine drew back, and her deadly pale was exchanged in an instant for a suffusion of the deepest red. He felt that he deserved the rebuke—but that did not prevent him from kissing the hand she extended towards



believe it is called the Eagle's Crag, and being in the condition of Hamlet, though not fat, yet 'scant of breath' I paused to take a survey of the valley—this little English-looking spot, with its neat stacks behind, and its flower garden in front, immediately caught my eye. I asked a goatherd who was cutting 'the human face divine' out of a turnip, who lived there. The boy replied an English family that had done a great deal of good in the canton. I instantly made myself sure I saw the object of my search, "An old gentleman and his daughter, and I forget who besides," the boy was proceeding to tell me—but I waited for nothing more. I astonished him with a sovereign, reward small enough for the joy he had given me—and in about a tenth part of the time it had taken me to ascend, I found myself at the gate—I saw you, Catherine, and now I am once more blest with being at your side. Will you not say you are glad of it?—glad for my sake, when you see me happy?"

Catherine immediately had no idea of her embarrassment at the time, telling it to him every morning brought to its climax by her boy. She took his face to her lips, to cover it with kisses, and then caressed the infant, and held him in her arms.

"How well nursing he is," and the little fellow is like one of Mrs. Barton's. I shall you then?"

"No," said Catherine, with pride inspiring her with confidence, she added with a smile, archness of which gave new charms to her animated countenance. "Mrs. Barton to be the only privilege of the family?—This little fellow, belongs to me."

"Your adopted, I suppose you

Hamilton, carelessly. "Some little orphan mountaineer?"

"No," said Catherine, "I simply mean what I say,—he is my own."

"Yours!" exclaimed Hamilton. He turned pale as death—but in a moment recovered his self-possession. "I have to apologize then," said he, with an air of ceremonious coldness, in which bitterness and reproach were too evidently deeply mixed, "for having addressed you by a name which it seems belongs to you no longer."

"Nay," said she, "you called me Catherine, and that name surely belongs to me still."

"Did I call you Catherine? I beg your pardon, I ought to have said Miss Neville."

"No," said Catherine, endeavouring with a forced laugh to give a tone of gaiety to a scene which she felt was beginning to assume a painful interest, "that you most certainly ought not—but, however, I can pardon your ignorance

of my new title—you will find it in the Court Calendar. I, however, had no plea to urge, with respect to my position, continued, wishing to remind him of his position, and no right to hang so dark a shadow over the head of a married man,—“I hope Winterdale is well?”

“In good truth,” replied he, “I have made no enquiry, nor received any information on the subject.”

Catherine was petrified. “What a state of mind,” she, “so soon, so entirely separated from the child?” she asked, in a voice of intense emotion.—Hamilton started up.

“Catherine! do not drive me to despair,” he claimed, in a voice that startled her. Mariette, and drew forth a cry of alarm. Mariette took him out of the room. “but you did not mean it,” said he, pale with agitation, “forgive me,

will not give way to such violence again. But Catherine, you know not, you cannot conceive the height of felicity you have dashed me from, by telling me you are married! I had garnered up all my hopes of consolation in your affections—unworthy as I was of them—yes, consolation—you may be surprised at the term, but since we last met, nothing but vexation, disappointment, and, I may add, poverty have pursued me.—I am not married nor ever shall be—I am not Earl of Winterdale—nor likely to be. But your husband I had hoped to be. I trusted to your angelic disposition for forgiveness, I trusted to your disinterestedness to be contented with that remnant of my fortunes which, to me, is poverty, but which would be competence to prudence and simplicity like yours; and I trusted to my sword, to win me back my reputation in society—of all my hopes that alone remains to me."

What conflicting feelings did this disclosure

of Hamilton's situation awaken in Catherine's bosom; who can see an object once fondly loved, unhappy, without sympathising in its sorrows?—who can listen to the self-accusations of one once fondly trusted, without according a full forgiveness of every fault?—but Catherine felt, too, that her sympathy might awaken more pain than it could heal, that her forgiveness of the past might create danger to the future, and now it was that Hamilton paid the penalty of having been a libertine, for he saw that the recollection of it deprived him of the confidence, the friendship of a virtuous woman.—He could not, however, deny himself the pleasure of passing the remainder of the day with Catherine, the presence of Mariette was sufficient check upon his giving way to any feelings that might have made her uncomfortable; and in the course of the hours they spent together, she frankly related all the circumstances that had led to

her union with Edward Longcroft, of whose virtues, and her own happiness with him, she spoke in terms sufficiently enthusiastic, to shut out from Hamilton all hopes of awaking, in her breast, any return of the passion she had once so fervently, so exclusively nourished for himself.

At an early hour he took his leave, for he thought by this observance of propriety, he should deprive her of any plea to refuse him admittance the next day; a pleasure he began to anticipate as soon as he had left the house.—Catherine, on the contrary, no sooner saw him depart, than, overcome by unaccountable feelings, she burst into tears.

“Why do I weep?” she asked herself, with all the alarm of a sensitive spirit; “am I not happy? most assuredly I am, blest above the common lot of mortality! would I exchange the object of my affection? oh, no,—not in all the world could I find another so congenial to

The next day Hamilton took up his quarters

at the Eagle's Nest, and took care to give Catherine a favorable account of his accommodations there, in order to convince her that she had no chance of persuading him, as she had endeavored the day before, to go to a village five miles further off, in search of better; but he did not tell her that he had silenced his landlady, when she was launching forth in praise of Edward Longcroft, and relating the festivities of the village, on his marriage with the sweet young English lady, by informing her that he always made it a rule, when he was travelling, never to talk about his countrymen, and therefore begged he might not hear Mr. Edward Longcroft's name pronounced again.

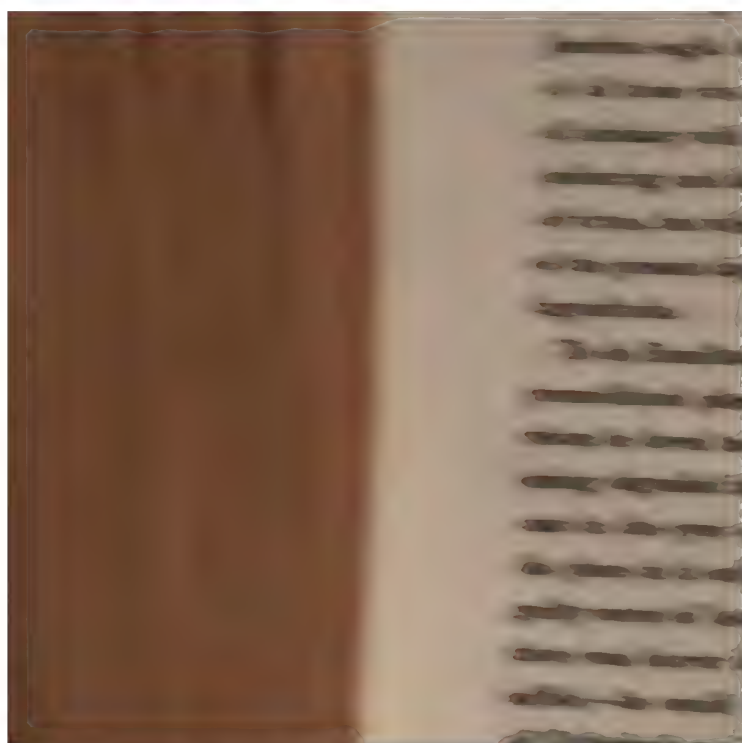
Catherine now found herself exposed to daily visits, and incessant attentions from Hamilton—visits so artfully timed, and attentions so delicately manifested, as to leave her no excuse for declining the one, no ground for objecting to the other. Skilled in the course he was

showing, he paid equal court to Mariette, who Catherine felt sure should always be present when he came, as to herself—the difference would only be felt, not seen—he never asked leave to join them in their walks, but he took care to do it as if by accident, and sometimes he absented himself for a day or two, on an exploring excursion among the mountains, in order to give something of plausibility to his pretended duty in the country.—He had likewise another plea for it, on the score of his health, which had, in truth, suffered considerably from his last two years' exertions; and, whenever he spoke of himself, it was always as of one who had no longer pleasure in looking forward to any thing in life.

This was a great trial to Catherine—had he been gay and buoyant in hope, as when she first knew him, the sight of him again, securely as her own affections were anchored, in her husband and her child, would not have agitated

her—but he was now ill—he was unhappy ; he required sympathy—it was natural he should seek it of one, who he knew had once loved him better than herself.

Yet Catherine's pure mind shrunk from the most distant idea of having a thought, which she would wish to be concealed from her husband ; and she continually subjected in her own mind, every look, every word of Hamilton, to the rigid question, “ would he have looked in that manner—would he have said so, if Edward had been present ? ” for she felt intuitively that this was the only true test by which she might be assured of the safety of their intercourse. Would that all married women were equally sensible of its importance. “ *Embrassez votre sœur et votre amie,* ” says Volmar to St. Preux, when he receives him under the same roof with his wife, the adored Julie ; “ *plus vous serez familier avec elle, mieux je penserai de vous : mais vivez dans le tête à tête, comme si j'étais*



feelings. At first he had taken no notice of her child, but by degrees he began to caress it, as the unconscious medium of the most flattering attentions to its mother.

"Do you remember that pretty stanza of Lord Byron's?" he said to her one day, whilst she had her child upon her knee—

"When first I saw your sleeping child
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when it looked on me and smiled,
I kissed it, for its mother's sake."

"No," said Catherine, a slight flush of displeasure reddening her cheek,—“You know I never read Lord Byron.”

“Ah, but you must read those stanzas. What pathos, what simplicity, what a history of absence, wrongs and disappointment, do those few lines contain—volumes could not tell me more—but you do not feel them, Catherine, as I do.”

“I cannot feel the beauties of any poetry whatsoever,” said Catherine, “when I think

the poet has no feeling his many passages in Lord even to enthusiasm; but most unfeeling mockery pathos he had raised storm, by the odious levades it, I closed the another page of his w ever after as of those n of beautiful beads, and spired me with the same

"Ah, Catherine," said what you ever were and as pure as your principles the influence of both together, in those happy form the only period look back upon with such that satisfaction is my regrets of my soul."

"How cruel you are

tenderness struggling with her indignation, as she turned away from his eyes, fixed on her with an expression she could not forgive him for,—“but you are selfish, as you have ever been.”

Hamilton was stung to the quick.

“Catherine,” said he, “that is the first reproach you have ever made me—I would that I had died, before it had passed your lips, for I shall take the remembrance of it with me into my grave—why does it not open to receive a wretch accursed as I am, with not a being in the world to shed a tear upon it !”

“How you terrify and agitate me !” exclaimed Catherine, trembling, as he strode up and down the room in the greatest disorder—she could not go on—her tears dropped on the cheek of her baby.

Hamilton threw himself at her feet.

“Forgive me, Catherine,” said he,—“forgive me this once, and I will never offend you again.”

"I will, I do forgive you
 "but prove yourself generous
 ate—remember that I am a w

Hamilton pressed the hand
 him fervently to his lips—his
 of feeling for a moment assert
 "tell me," said he, "do you v
 farewell—to quit the country

"I do," she said firmly,
 takes."

"You shall then be obeyed
 he took up his hat—but Cath
 the impulse of her heart, put
 his arm.—

"Not yet," said she—"do
 in anger—spend this last, in
 Mariette and me, as usual—a
 ing, when you cast a look at o
 you will know 'that prayers,
 for your welfare and happiness
 it, for a blessing on your journ

CHAPTER XVI.

WOMAN'S BEST GUARDIAN.

SOME days after this trying though salutary exertion of her influence over Hamilton, Catherine was rewarded by the return of her husband; and as he pressed her in his arms with a rapture heightened almost into pain by the anxieties of his absence, she felt that his love was her surest refuge, his tender anxiety her safest precaution.

"There is no friend
husband—we will never
smiling through her tears
that made Edward smile
that she had grown thin,
having taken his absence

Catherine coloured—
have any reserves with the
beacon—

"I have been retired, but
she—" for Mariette had
I have latterly seen an
Colonel Hamilton has been
find my father in this part

Edward in an instant
Catherine's so suddenly ex-
and penetrated into all her
their delicacy and rectitude
more fondly to his breast
perfect not to cast out fear
jealousy could harbour in

therine's image was enshrined in all its loveliness and purity.

"You have been uneasy, my best beloved," said he,— "that Colonel Hamilton should have happened to come here during my absence—and I dare say you treated him less hospitably than I would have done."

Catherine's heart swelled against his, as she returned, with grateful fondness, his tender embrace, and here Mariette entered, with little Neville, who was asleep when his father returned, and who now reconnoitered him with such a pretty stare of wonder, as drew forth a thousand exclamations of delight in both his parents, which effectually turned the conversation into a more agreeable channel.

Edward had reserved for the evening, when Mariette should retire, as she generally did, to it by the child's couch with her work, the important communications he had to make respect-



ciety, which he had from his boyhood been taught to expect, and which it was his uncle's last earthly wish that he should fill.

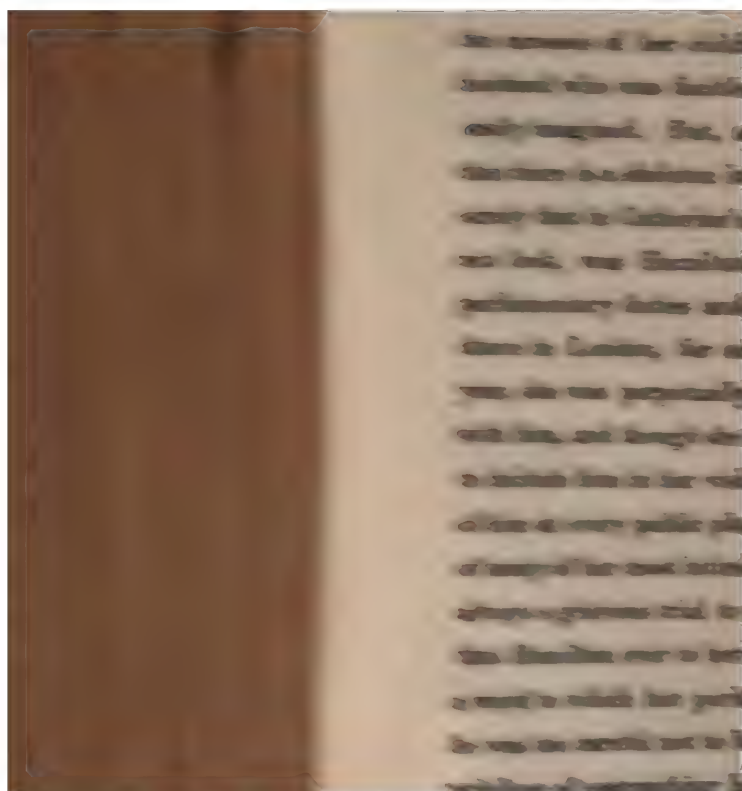
At the very shadow of a mandate from his Catherine, Edward had flown to her on the wings of love, as soon as the funeral obsequies of his uncle were performed, with the pomp which he had always liked. But it was equally necessary that he should fly back again on those of interest, as early as possible; for already the importance of his situation pressed upon him with its accompanying cares, or rather its enlarged exertions.

"Yes, we must leave this pretty cottage," said he, "where we have known such pure felicity, and we must build another exactly like it, in some pretty secluded spot, where we will retire, at times, to retrace our past happiness, and be thankful for all that we enjoy. And most thankful indeed I am, dear Catherine, that I have had that slight taste of adversity that will



that contains the bones of my Amédée, I should have that fever of the soul which we Swiss are too subject to, when we lose sight of our native mountains. No ; I am thankful for all the consolation I have found in your sweet society, grateful for the benefits you have conferred on all of us ; and the prayers of the Waldenses will long be breathed for the benevolent travellers who sought them out to relieve their necessities and sympathise in their sufferings."

Arnaud expressed the same sentiments, and gave his parting blessing with as much fervour as had marked his greeting ; and with many a retrospective look and many an eulogium on those whom they had left behind, Catherine gradually lost her regrets in the joyful anticipation of seeing again her father and sister, and listening to her husband's plans for the proper employment of the affluence which justly regarded as a sacred deposit, placed in his hands by the favor of heaven, for the benefit of all around him, as well as for himself.



every thing around him, discontented with himself—he saw that he had lost, by his own folly and dereliction from morality, the only woman in the world calculated to make him really happy. He saw her as elegant and admired in fashionable life as he had ever seen her, simple and affectionate in her domestic circle—he heard her praises in every mouth—and he incessantly said to himself “She might have been mine, had I been worthy of her—it is in the loss of her that all my faults find their punishment.”

It was the misery of Catherine to find her thoughts reverting to Hamilton with painful sympathy, whenever he had approached her in those moods—her pure mind shrunk from his image intruding itself among her most sacred affections; and often, in the silence of the night, her pillow was bedewed with tears for his unhappiness, and for her own, in having to lament it.—How truly has it been said,



selfishness with which they have sought the gratification of their vanity, or their senses, at the expense of the peace and reputation of the innocent.

Had Catherine trusted solely to her own strength of mind, or reasoning powers to conquer her deep-rooted affection for Hamilton, it must have continued to dominate over her with a tyrannic and absolute force, fatal alike to her principles, her happiness and perhaps her reputation. But religion, and religion only, practical and vital, could do for her what she never could have done for herself. Her understanding shewed her all the evils, all the disorders, all the sinfulness to which a divided state of the affections must ever give rise, even though the conduct be irreproachable—the observance of outward duties exemplary. Happily for her, her humility taught her to seek for assistance against the dangerous suggestions of her own heart, in incessant prayer for strength to root



of the first-born of my soul ; but, shall I shrink from offering it up, when my heavenly Father asks it of me !—will he not himself kindle the flame that shall purify it, and make it acceptable in his sight ! One only proof is required of my gratitude for the blessings which crown every moment of my existence, yet my selfish, stubborn heart ventures to say, any proof but that willingly would I manifest. Yes, I set up an idol within the inmost recesses of my heart—I worship it in silence and darkness,—and dare I call the temple unpolluted because its false deity is covered with a veil impervious to mortal eyes ! I should die of shame and grief, did those of my husband, my father, my sister, or even of the humble individual by any accident ever pierce it, but to my heavenly Father I presume to withdraw it. He sees the image it conceals, He notes it, and that which I hide so carefully from human beings, the creatures of a day, is, I know, manifest to God and his angels,

is itself the base of every Christian virtue, the germ of all true happiness, both here and hereafter.

Edward Longcroft had marked all the inward struggles of his wife in silent sorrow. Whilst the cause of them was bitterness to the pride natural to man, her conduct under them was balm to his better feelings—regarding himself as the being appointed by heaven, not only as her friend and companion in this world, but also as her support and guide on her passage to the next, he laboured with a humility and zeal equal to her own, to lay aside his personal feelings, and to rejoice in all things that “worked together for good,” in their common lot. If her consciousness of the injury she had for a time involuntarily committed against his affection for her, increased her dutious attention to his very slightest wish, her grateful acknowledgement of all his solicitude for her happiness, his knowledge of the pains she had taken to sacrifice to her duty every

feeling that might in the re-
sult, increased his
his sympathy in the grief
real from him increased
added in him the assiduous
affection of a husband. It
depends on the same source
found them gradually light-
they could look upon each
smile, which said, in the fi-
tural understanding, that
entirely and for ever.

There are some favoured
summerskies, purified by one
and clear, the remainder of

Thus it was with Edw-
occupying that condition in-
titles them to associate with
without being shackled by
possession of a fortune, libe-
fulfilment of all their duties,
all their tastes ; yet not so

that display of profusion, which is often a source of vexation, and never of enjoyment; placed amid scenes endeared to them by their earliest associations, and surrounded by beloved relatives and chosen friends; they luxuriated in all the delights of rural life, cheered by hospitality, dignified by benevolence, refined by mental cultivation, and occasionally varied by the Metropolitan residence and public duties, which were necessary appendages to patriotism, and abilities such as Edward Longcroft was thankful to possess, and proud of exhibiting.—At such seasons Catherine assumed the character of a lady of fashion, as naturally and as unassumingly as at others, she did that of the Lady Bountiful of her little districts of Nethercross and Longcroft—and whilst her husband was commanding the applause of “listening senators,” the fervor of his eloquence, and the attention of ministers, by the soundness of his arguments, she was affectionately anticipating his return to complete the pleasure of parties arranged by her, with so







